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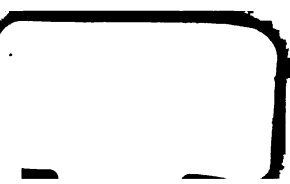
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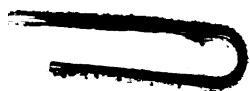
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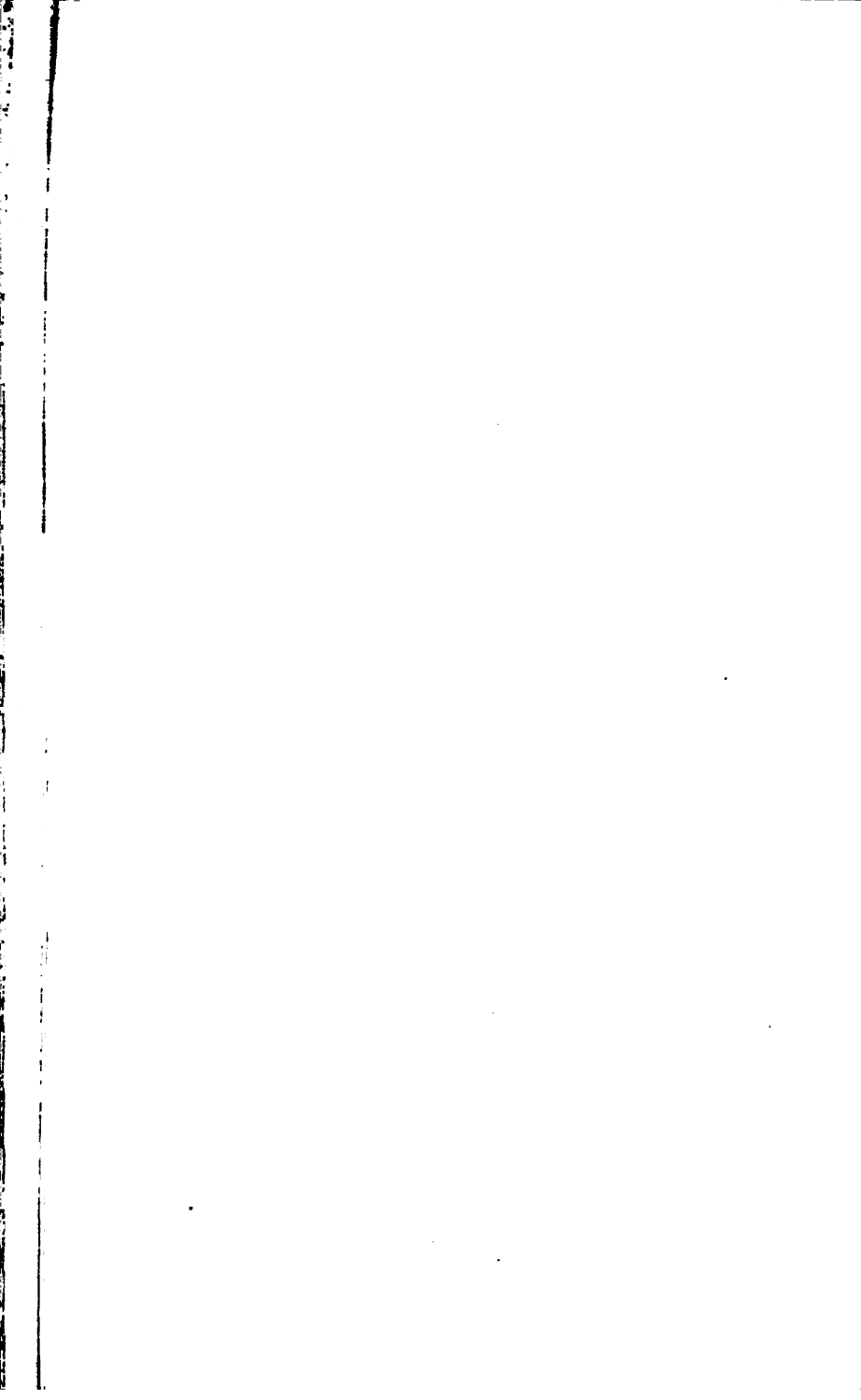


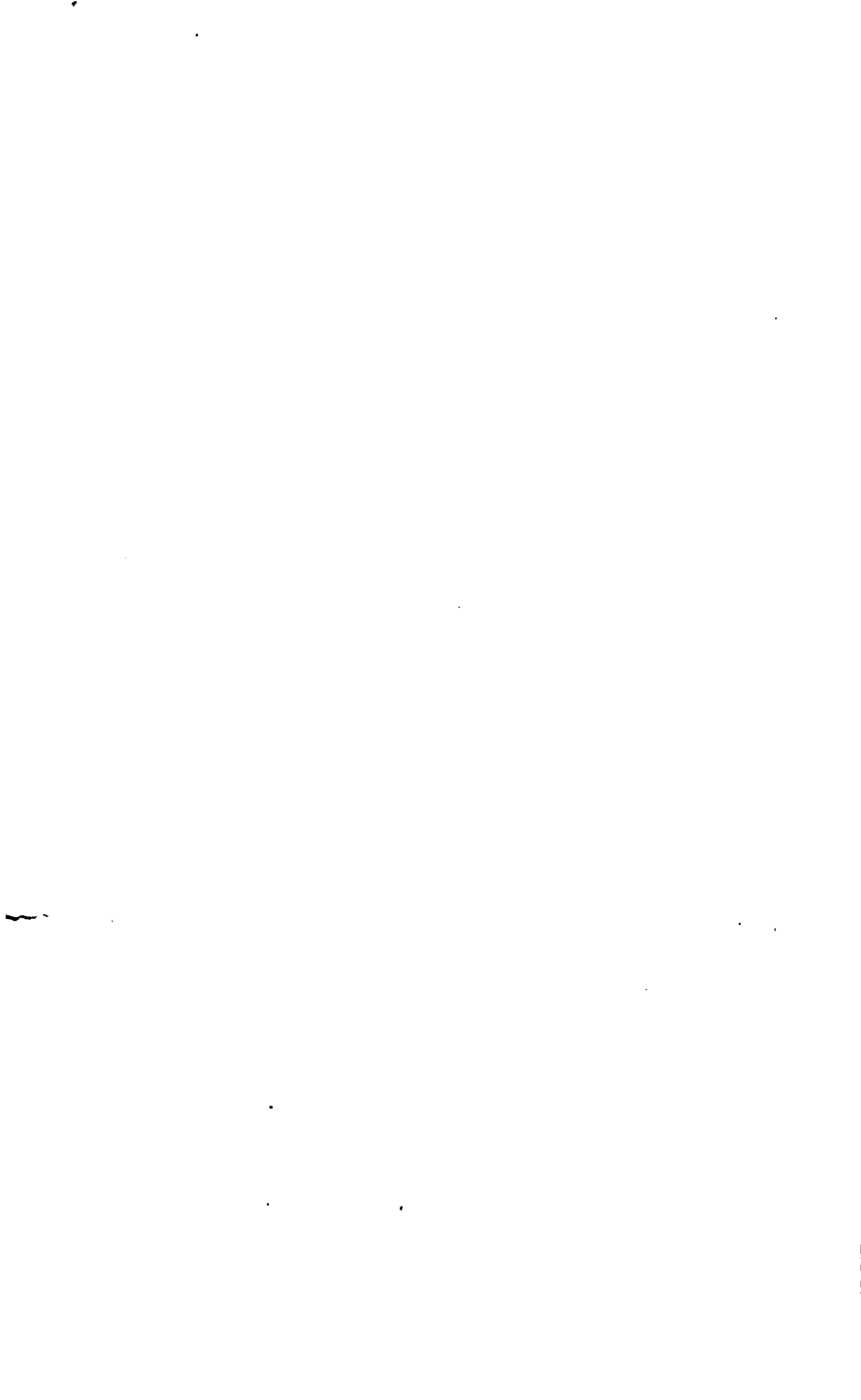
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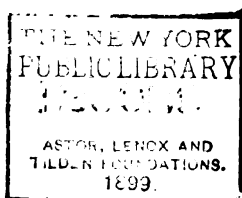
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THE
New Quarterly Magazine.

Lucretius and Modern Materialism.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"INSTEAD of God, the whirlwind reigns" (*Ἀντὶ Ζήντος ὁ Δῖνος βασιλεύει*), says Aristophanes, in the "Clouds;" to which may be added, in the words of a sadder and sublimer thinker, "Wo keine Götter sind, walten Gespenster." * According to the philosophers who plume themselves on having annihilated the Deity, Matter is come again, but in the very midst of Matter strut our modern "spectres" of the scientific lecture-room—the ATOMS. What a "whirlwind"! We hold our breath and stop our ears; we shut our Bibles, if we have any, and prepare our instruments; we look this way and that through a great darkness, and watch the fluent Tyndall declaiming, the otiose Huxley intoning, the silent Spencer musing finger to forehead and smiling knowingly at the Unknowable. There is darkness, and a great explosion of gases. The wise ones are imperfectly agreed among themselves. Peripatetic and epicurean dispute on points of detail, as they did long ago. Theologians rush in where laymen fear to tread, and call incontinently upon the Unconditioned. Amid the clamour of names and things, amid the whirlwind which already threatens to blow the roofs off all our churches and carry away one half of our libraries, one word we hear distinctly pronounced with reverence again and again, one name we hear, almost forgotten by all save students, until eager scientific dreamers recalled it,

* Novalis.

in order to give its owner his apotheosis—one name of a dead poet—LUCRETIIUS, the singer and expounder of the Cosmic “Nature of Things.”

Just as Democritus has dethroned Plato, Lucretius is dethroning—whom shall we say, when our choice of pagan theologians is so limited?—well, *Æschylus*. We have discovered that the real poet after our own heart is not one who can sing to us in noble numbers of superhuman endurance and the wrath of gods, of mighty ideals shattered or upraised by divine destroyers and demi-divine intercessors; nay, that we infinitely prefer a poet who can tell us in voluminous numbers how “nothing was ever begotten out of nothing by divine aid,” how flesh is grass, and all things, like the flowers, must disappear; how and in what measure we may conduct the breed of the human species; and how, finally and chiefly, we can give the liliputian *Atoms* their just due as the creators of both protoplasm and poetry, substance, sense, and Soul. We wanted just such a poet for this period, and so, going back to B.C. 99, we find him ready made—a “cosmic creature,” as musical as need be to ears unattuned to the hexameters of Virgil, and as explicit in his physiological explanations as Walt Whitman; a great, indeed, and an eminently sincere poet, with the splendid qualification of never even having heard of that “obstruction,” Christianity; just, in fine, such a singer as our own Tyndall would be, if the Professor would only put his ornate periods into the flowery fetters of rhyme. Of course, and as the reader may conceive, he could not be always right, living as he did before the birth of Science, but his book is universally admitted to be wonderfully “correct” in essentials, and a sublime specimen of what is now termed the “scientific” imagination. We know now that the *Atoms*, which he dreamed of, are acknowledged facts; and if we only bridge over the gulf between his two first books and the other four by a few scientific links, such as “protoplasm,” we shall find in the “*De Rerum Natura*” an admirable exposition of the history of creation, as far as we can at present understand it. If the end of the fourth book is expurgated, the book will do to read even in young ladies’ colleges. For those who find a poem fatiguing which contains no imaginative pictures of the supernatural, we may point out the memorable dedication to Venus,

“*Æneadum genetrix, hominum divumque voluptas,*”

as an admirable substitute (somewhat out of place, it is true, in so precise a production) for any of those absurd religious conceptions with which we are familiar.

It is time to be serious; and lest the critic of the period, ever on the look-out for heresy against the spirit of the laboratory, should accuse us of treating a great and influential poet with irreverence, let us confess at once our deep and profound admiration for the poet in question. So far from grudging him his apotheosis, in which even bishops cordially assist, we rejoice over it as another token that justice, poetic or non-poetic, is done to all great thinkers sooner or later. We welcome even the Atoms, and the voluminous literature the little *semina* have created. We cordially agree with Dryden, who criticised nothing that he did not illuminate, and who has left us the best criticism of this author extant, that Lucretius possessed a "sublime and daring genius," to which, let us add, no amount of study can do too much honour. Who that remembers the lovely glimpses of nature so frequently given as we traverse the arid track of Materialism over which he leads us, can doubt the "genius," or deny that it is "sublime"? Sometimes, indeed, when we remember such pictures, we are inclined to place Lucretius higher than a final judgment may prove warrantable. As we behold the clouds above us,

"Dant etiam sonitum patuli super æquora mundi;"

and the "cœrulean of the great universe" (*magni per cœrula mundi*), and the vast tract of the ocean at our feet, "cœrulean" too,

"Maxima qua nunc se ponti plaga cœrula tendit;"

and the "dædal earth yielding up her flowers,"

"Tibi suaves dædala* tellus

Submittit flores;"

and in dark solitary places beneath us the "shadows of Orcus and hateful pools,"

"An tenebras Orci visat vastasque lacunas;"

and the "flaming walls of the world,"

"Flamanta mœnia mundi;"

* Mr. Munro translates this into "manifold of works," but surely he might have adopted the actual equivalent so repeatedly used by Shelley. Thus—

"Through thee the dædal Earth
Brings forth fresh flowers."

and beyond that even the "divine limits of light,"

"Dias in luminis oras ;"

so we know by these and many other tokens, beautiful and musical exceedingly, that a Poet is guiding us, not a peripatetic pedant pale with joy of the discovery that the moon is *not* green cheese. Nay, we forget, amid such glimpses, that a Lucretius leads us and not a Virgil, and that we are being guided—dare we say it under the new scientific Inquisition?—through an *Inferno*. It is only when our foot falls on the dark graves beneath our feet, when our breath inhales the lowest atmosphere of a poem which begins with a parody and ends with a pestilence; it is only when the ATOMS darken our vision and perplex our judgment, that we know we are visiting an *Inferno* indeed, and cry pitifully with Dryden,—our guide "is so bent on making us a materialist, and teaching us to defy an invisible power—in short, he is so much an *Atheist*, that he sometimes forgets he is a *Poet*."

It is perhaps too much to assume in the ordinary English reader, for whom we write, any special acquaintance with Lucretius and his writings; and it has seemed to us likely that a short sketch of the poem, with a few remarks *en passant* on its bearing towards modern thought, may not be unacceptable. Far be from us, whose scientific pretensions are infinitely modest, to wear and tear the reader with another disquisition on the Atomic Theory; even were we armed and ready for such work, we should not attempt it under the Inquisition, when the next unpardonable sin to believing in a Deity is to offer any reasons for so believing, and when even a semi-scientist like Mr. Lewes is listened to with ill-disguised contempt, simply because he has not spent even his suckling-time in a laboratory. Our attempt is much humbler on the present occasion. We shall be very respectful to the Atoms, and accept any explanation of their existence which their disciples—we were going to say their creators!—are willing to give us: we shall touch very delicately on Evolution, and not at all, perhaps, on Proto-plasm; and when we have given our brief account of Lucretius and his poem, we shall only suggest, in the most reverential manner possible, that good poetry was never wasted on a worse subject, and that, if this is the best poetic solution of Creation that MATERIALISM has to offer us, we shall feel our-

selves justified, *pace* Professor Tyndall, in resuscitating some Poet of SPIRITUALISM as soon as possible !

Our poet begins, as we have said, with a parody—the memorable address to Venus ; and the picture he draws of her power is very beautiful. She is the divine spirit of things ; all follow her and obey her, the winds, the clouds of heaven, the flowers of earth, the waves of ocean smiling at her advent, and heaven rejoicing in her light. That his picture may not be too insubstantial, he describes her with Mars lying at her feet, looking up at her in passion, while his breath is lingering on her lips ; and—*O si sic omnia !*—he begs her, in her own lovely language, to buy peace for Rome, that he may quietly sing to Mæmnius of the wonderful nature of things. The style of this invocation is at once Homeric and Virgilian ; it is both simple and ornate ; but it is, in the highest sense, a parody, because it is the mere imitative conjuration of a divine entity in whom the singer has no faith. What he really means by Venus, despite all his beautiful præmium, is made explicit enough in Book iv. :—

“ Sic igitur Veneris qui delis accipit ictus,
Unde feritur, eo tendit gestitque coire, &c.,
Hæc Venus est nobis ! hinc autem est nomen Amorùs ;
Hinc illæc primum Veneris dulcedinis in cor
Stillavit gutta et successit frigida cura.”

This “ alma Venus,” observe, remembering the epigram of Novalis, is the first of the Lucretian “ Phantoms.” We are now at the portals of Chaos ; passing which rapidly, we at once see the darkness gathering, but are detained for a moment while the Poet tells us of the curses of religion and the blessings of Epicurus :—

“ When human life lay foully desolate,
Crush’d ’neath Religion, who with hideous head
Lower’d horribly from all the gates of heaven,
A man of Greece dared to uplift his eyes,
And braved the dreadful Phantom to her face !
Him neither fables of the gods could tame,
Nor thunderbolts, nor the deep roar of heaven.
These only raised fresh hunger in his soul
To be the first to break with mortal hands
The bars of Nature’s yet unopen’d gate.
He conquered, therefore, by the living will

Within his soul; and lo! he swiftly passed
 Far out beyond the flaming walls o' the world,
 Traversing with unconquerable mind
 The most immeasurable universe.
 From whence returning victor, he expounds
 What can, what cannot, be, explaining clear
 The principles and boundaries of things.
 Thus, in her turn, Religion is cast down
 And trampled underfoot, and up to heaven
 We soar, exalted by his victory!

Thus singing I am haunted by a fear
 That thou* may'st deem we walk unholy ground,
 And tread upon the wicked ways of sin;—
 Quite otherwise! for 'tis *Religion's* self
 Who is the mother of most damnéd deeds.
 Thus once at Aulis gather'd mighty chiefs,
 The flower of Danai and the first of men,
 Staining with Iphianassa's gentle blood
 The thirsty altars of the Trivian maid.
 Soon as the fillet clasped her virgin hair,
 And dropt in equal length down each pale cheek,
 And she beheld her sire stand sorrowing
 Close to the arch-priests with the hidden knife,
 And all around her weeping countrymen,
 Then, dumb with horror, dropping on her knees,
 She sank upon the ground
 What could it then avail the luckless Maid
 That first her lips had prattled to the king
 The name of 'Father?' Shrieking, shivering,
 Uplifted in the cruel hands of men,
 She straight was borne, not with sweet bridal song
 And solemn rites of Love's first sacrifice,
 But stain'd while stainless, in her bridal prime,
 There on the bloody altars to be slain
 By that safe father's sacrificial stroke—
 That gods might give the Greeks a favouring wind,
 And prosper well the sailing of the fleet.

Such evils evermore to mortal men
 Religion teaches!" †

* Memmius.

† This and the other metrical renderings in the text make no pretence to constant literal correctness, though they are often pretty close for a free translation. Mr. Munro's unpunctuated prose, though admirable from certain points of view, is, as a rule, very hard to follow, and too full of attempts to get an esoteric and laboured meaning out of single words.

This passage, perhaps the most striking in the whole poem, is the prelude to the poet's avowal of simple and unvarnished materialism. Beginning with his first and cardinal principle, that nothing was ever begotten out of nothing by Divine intervention,

"Nullam rem e nilo gigni divinitus unquam,"

he proceeds to pile illustration upon illustration of this solemn discovery. We need not follow him through his long catalogue; enough to say that he is entirely at one with Professor Tyndall on such points as the efficacy of prayer. That the laws of Nature are unalterable, that it is absolutely decreed what each thing can do and what it cannot do, that phenomena of all sorts are produced by natural laws, and that nothing whatever can happen without a natural cause, are propositions on which we cordially agree with him,—and so, we presume, would any decently-cultivated Bishop. He proceeds forthwith to prove the imperishability of matter; next, the existence of void (*namque est in rebus inane*), without which motion would be impossible; and next, that matter and void compose nature, and that nothing beyond these exists. All this is expressed very admirably, with as much poetry as the subject is capable of bearing, and, moreover, melodiously—the lines making the hard, regular, metallic music of the blows of a smith's hammer on his anvil. We are now face to face with the Atoms, or first beginnings, out of which all other bodies, however simple, are fashioned; no force can affect them, they are indestructible; while all things we behold around us—even iron, stone, brass, marble—are destructible, consisting, as they do, of matter and void. Thus, the Atoms are solid, being without void. While ever entering into fresh combinations, they remain the same for ever. They are perfectly hard, indestructible, eternal. To paraphrase Goethe, "the wonderful eternal Atoms are great as in Creation's day." Nevertheless, they are invisible—lying "far beneath the ken of sense"; and yet, for all that, they have parts—each part being so small that it has never existed and can never exist by itself, being by its very nature a part of the Atom.*

* These first beginnings have parts, but their parts are so small as not to admit of existence separate from the atom. The atom, therefore, has not been formed from a union of these parts, but they have existed in it unchangeably from eternity. Such parts, then, are but one more proof that the first beginnings

With all the recent literature of the Atomic theory newly set before us, with Tyndall's Address, Clark Marshall's Essay on Molecules, Professor Jenkins' "North British Review" Essay on the Atomic Theory of Lucretius, and Professor Veitch's bright little *brochure* under the same name—all, doubtless, fresh in the minds of our readers—it would be supererogatory to describe the Atoms further in detail. Enough to say that the theory of Lucretius, averring the existence of ultimate and indivisible particles of matter, is now universally admitted by modern chemists. It is admitted, too, that there is a limited number of different Atoms, out of each of which is composed an elementary chemical substance. "And therefore," in the words of Newton, "that nature may be lasting, the changes in corporeal things are to be placed only in various separations, and new associations and motions of these permanent particles." This is the secret which keeps nature for ever fresh and new, this is the unchangeable law of never-changing change; by this the sun shines, and the flowers grow, and the bosoms of love rise and fall; and the world of things, despite its innumerable transformations, is the same world of Genesis, as fresh and fair now as ever.

This, so far as we have described it, is a satisfactory creed, and by no means naturally connected with the poet's other theories.

"The One remains, the Many change and pass;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity."

Towards the end of Book II., however, we get a glimpse which would satisfy Dr. Cumming. The fruit ripens and falls in its season, man grows and decays in his season, and in its season the earth shall perish—for want, Lucretius explains, of sustenance.

are of everlasting singleness. Again, without such ultimate least things, the smallest and largest things will alike consist of infinite parts, and thus will be equal. Again, if Nature went in division beyond the atom, such least things as these parts of the atom could not have the qualities which birth-giving matter must have—weight, motion, power of striking, and clothing, and combining. A passage necessarily obscure, because dealing with one of those questions which utterly elude the grasp of human reason. Epicurus, building up his dogmatic system, and hating all scepticism of first principles, determined that his atoms should have size, shape, weight—in his own words, μέγεθος σχῆμα βάρος—and therefore extension. But, if extension, then parts; and how can that which has parts be indivisible?—MURRO'S NOTES.

“ And in this wise, no storm'd, the walls o' the world
 Shall crumble into ruins and decay.
 E'en now the age grows frail, and mother Earth,
 Out of whose womb all mighty races came,
 With all the bodies of gigantic beasts,
 Grows sick, and scarce can bear her pigmy forms.
 For ne'er methinks by any chain of gold
 Let down from Heaven upon the nether fields
 Came down the races of humanity,
 Nor out of ocean and rock-rending waves
 Were any mortals born,—but the same Earth
 Which bare them in her womb, now with her milk
 Feeds them and suckles them ! ”

With this end of Book II. we find a great darkness growing upon us : and, in fact, such a darkness is necessary, unless we prefer to be led blindfold. Dazzled with the mystery of the Atoms, we move on, in humble expectation of having the whole further process of Being explained.

No explanation is vouchsafed us. Book III. opens with another eulogy of Epicurus, who, by teaching men that the world was not formed by a Divine Power, but by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, relieved men from supernatural dread—of the gods, of death, and of post-mortem punishments. It is a great jump from the fortuitous concourse of chemical atoms to the mind and soul of man—a jump which could never be forgiven in a theologic poet, but is highly eulogized in one whose “scientific imagination” favours modern Materialism. *Animus*, or mind, resides in the heart, while *anima* is diffused throughout the whole body ; and both *animus* and *anima* are simply combinations of minute atoms. We are thus gradually led to the main argument of the book, that what is called the soul perishes with the body—

“ Quid dubitas, tandem quin extra prodita corpus
 Imbecilla foras, in aperto, tegmine dempto,
 Non modo non omnem possit durare per ævum,
 Sed minimum quodvis nequeat consistere tempus ? ”

This position, that the soul is born and dies with the body, is sustained in a style of argument worthy, not of a supreme poet, but of the late Mr. Winwood Read or Dr. Draper of New York.*

* This, however, is not the position sustained by Dr. Draper in his “Physiology.”

“Death, therefore, I opine, concerns us not,
Since the mind is but mortal, and will perish!”

For consolation, we are reminded that the best men die as well as the worst—even Epicurus being turned to dust. This may be comfort to Professor Tyndall, who can look forward cheerfully, in his sweet poetic way, to “melting like a streak of morning cloud into the infinite azure of the past.” Unfortunately, neither the prospect nor the arguments would satisfy ordinary mortals who are not professional chemists. So far as our human guide is concerned, he has, we repeat it, led us into an *Inferno*, and already we seem to hear the wail of the lost—an infinite ululation. For all that, the poet contains such an abundant happiness within himself, that he sings figuratively to dispel our fears :

“The pathless tracks of the Pierian springs
I tread, before untrodden, and with joy
Approach the waters, stooping down to drink.
Gladly I pluck fresh flowers, and for my brow
Enweave a chaplet from those secret spots
From whence the Muses never yet have given
A wreath to cover any mortal head !”

His task it is, he adds, to free the mind from superstition, and to set forth a dark subject in the most lucid verses possible. He proceeds, still following the ideas of Epicurus, to treat of images—how they are discharged from the surfaces of things, how these images affect the eyes, and are in a certain subtle sense corporeal, as well as taste and sound. After a variety of striking illustrations, he comes back to Venus, and treats very physiologically of the nature of love and desire.

Book V. is chiefly devoted to proofs that the world is not eternal, because as the chemic elements are changeable and perishable, the world is changeable and perishable too. The world began and the world will end.

“Therefore, not closed is the gate of Death
Against the sun, the skies, the earth, and sea,
But ever yawning with wide-open'd maw
It looketh on them, waiting for their coming !

He proceeds, as explicitly as possible, to explain the world's beginning ; and to show, recurring here to his main point, that nothing was originally done by Divine Wisdom or Under-

standing. "The first beginnings of things, many in number in many ways impelled by blows for infinite ages back, and kept in motion by their own weights, have been wont to be carried along and to unite in all manner of ways, and thoroughly to test every kind of production possible by their mutual combinations; therefore it is that spread abroad through great time, after trying unions and motions of every kind, they at length meet together in these masses, which suddenly brought together become often the rudiments of great things, of earth, sea, heaven, and the race of living things."* He then describes creation according to the cosmogony of Epicurus—the birth of the earth, the uprising of the fiery ether, and of the sun, moon, and stars; and of course he is not to be censured for placing the earth in the middle of the world. Of day and night, of eclipses, of plants, animal life, and man, he discourses with "scientific" eloquence. Here certainly he gives us an inspired fore-glimpse of the doctrine of Evolution and the survival of the fittest:

"And many living things have died away,
Too weak to procreate and save their dead.
For wheresoe'er the breath of life is drawn,
By cunning or by courage or by speed
Each race has saved itself from the beginning.
And many things, through use to mortal men,
By us protected, prosper and endure.
By courage, lions fierce and savage races
Have been protected; foxes, by their craft;
And by their flight, swift stags. But faithful dogs
Light-sleeping, and all seed of burthen'd beasts,
And all the woolly flocks and hornèd herds,
Have thriven, O Memmius, by the help of man."

He proceeds to describe the early state of Nature, and soon, in a passage of surprising eloquence, he describes the condition of primitive Man himself:

"Then was the race of men a hardier race,
Like to the hard, strong earth from which they sprang,
And on the ground-work of their mightier bones
Strong thews and sinews knit the frame of flesh.
Not then, by quick extremes of heat or cold,
Or food unfit, or any malady,

* Munro's translation.

Did mortals sicken. While the sun thro' heaven
Rolled on thro' many lustres, they prolonged
A life as roving as the life of beasts.
No hand then guided the sharp crooked plough,
Or dug the fields, or sowed i' the earth new seeds,
Or cut old boughs away with pruning-hooks ;
What had been given by the sun and showers,
What green Earth freely on her bosom bore,
Was ample then to satisfy their needs.
Mostly on acorn-bearing oaks they fed,
Or berries of the wild arbutus-trees,
Which now thou seest in winter-time grow red
And which were then more large and plentiful ;
And many wholesome fruits and foods beside,
More than enough for miserable men,
The flowery freshness of the green earth bare.
Then rivers and soft fountains called to them
To come and quench their thirst ; as, now-a-days,
The torrent waters rushing from their hills
With bubbling murmur echoing far and wide,
Summon the thirsty tribes of savage beasts.
Within the silvery temples of the nymphs
Then, too, they rested after wandering,
And watched the quiet waters creeping forth,
Bathing with limpid flow the dripping rocks,
Trickling all silvery o'er the emerald moss,
Or bubbling brightly o'er the level plain.
And yet they knew not how to work with fire,
To tan wild hides, or clothe about their frames
With skins of beasts ; but deep in glades they dwelt,
In hidden forests, under mountain caves,
Sheltering their rugged limbs among the boughs
From the wild beating of the winds and rains.
They knew no common use nor common weal,
No common law nor custom ; for himself
Each struggled, taught to think of self alone,
And whatsoever he by fortune found
Each to his own lone cavern bore away.

* * * * *

And, marvellously swift of hands and feet,
With stones and great clubs fashioned out of trees,
They hunted down the forest-ranging beasts ;
And some they conquered, and from some they fled,
Crouching and hiding ; and when night-time came,

They rolled themselves like swine upon the ground,
And cover'd up their limbs with boughs and leaves.
Yet never wailed they for the day to come,
Nor wandered through the shadows of the night
With terror stricken ; silent, sunk in sleep,
They waited, till the sun with flaming torch
Illumed the heavens ; for they had ever known
Such alternations of the light and dark,
And so no wonder fell upon their souls,
Nor any fear that an eternal night
Might come upon the earth and cover it,
Veiling the golden sun for evermore !"

This is quite in the spirit of Sir John Lubbock, and yet it has also a flavour of Rousseau. What follows is much in the same vein, and quite *en rapport* with modern science. How men learnt the uses of fire, and sheltered themselves from the cold ; how men softened, and leagues of friendship were formed ; how speech was learned, and human intercourse increased ; how more and more every day those who excelled in intellect kindly showed men new methods—till, at last, kings were elected, towns built, wealth accumulated, and the worship of the gods began. Finally, civilization came. "Ships and tillage, walls, laws, arms, roads, dress, and all such things, all the prizes, all the elegances, too, of life without exception, poems, pictures, and the chiselling fine-wrought statues,—all these things practice, together with the acquired knowledge of the untiring mind, taught men by slow degrees as they advanced on the way step by step. Thus Time by degrees brings each several thing forth before men's eyes, and Reason raises them up into the borders of light ; for things must be brought to light one after another and in due order in the different arts, until these have reached their highest point of development."* So ends the fifth book.

Book the sixth and last opens with an eulogium of Athens, first teacher of agriculture and useful arts to suffering men, and the thrice-honoured birthplace of Epicurus. Lucretius then elaborately explains the nature of thunder, and of those luminous portents which from time to time affright the world. He shows that thunder is simply the collision and clashing of clouds, and that lightning is the fire struck out by such

* Munro.

collisions. Recurring again to his main point, he heaps derision on those who attribute storms to the instrumentality of gods.

“ If Jupiter and other gods above
Can shake the glittering regions of the sky
With awful sound, and wheresoe’er they will
Hurl down avenging fires, why spare they those
Who fear not to commit atrocious crimes ?
Why scorch them not with lightning thro’ and thro’,
Making a sign to teach us mortal men ?
And why is he whose conscience knows no sin,
Tho’ he be stainless, wrapt about with flame,
And caught into the fiery arms of heaven ?
Why aim the gods at solitary spots,
Wasting their labours and their thunderbolts ?
Is it to exercise their arms and thews ?
Why does the Father suffer this Himself,
And not reserve it for his enemies ? ” etc.

In the tame spirit he explains earthquakes, the secrets of the sea, the volcanic flames of *Ætna* and the inundations of the Nile, the temperature of wells and springs; and, finally, coming to the loadstone or magnet, he recapitulates all that he has said, in the first part of his poem, on the rarity of bodies. “ It is necessary to establish that nothing comes under sense save body mixed with void. For instance, in caves, rocks overhead sweat with moisture, and trickle down in oozing drops,” etc. This being understood, magnetism is a stream of atoms being pulled back to fill the vacuum in the middle of the loadstone. By a somewhat abrupt transition, Lucretius next treats of diseases “ and, from what causes the force of disease may suddenly gather itself up and bring death, dealing destruction on the race of man and the troops of wild beasts.” The air is full of seeds, some salubrious, some noxious to man; and as these predominate in the air, health or sickness prevails. This last part of the poem resolves itself less into an explanation of diseased phenomena than a mere catalogue of diseases. We are told of the Egyptian leprosy, of the Attic gout, and, finally, as a crowning picture, of the Athenian Plague. No detail is spared us of the horrors of that pestilence. The poet, as if determined to deepen into horrid certainty the mental dread within us, and to save us from mad belief in divine Beneficence, piles horror upon horror,

mingles a hospital with a shambles, and shames the Muse out of her own natural joy. These are the last lines of the entire poem—

“ And some were seized with such forgetfulness,
 Themselves they knew not ; and though corpses lay
 Piled upon corpses tombless on the earth,
 No bird or beast of prey came nigh the stench,
 But hovered far away ; and if by chance
 One came and tasted, it grew sick and perish'd.
 Yea, wild birds hung aloof, and savage beasts
 Hid in the dark recesses of the woods.
 Many dropped down in death ; hounds in the street
 Lay stretch'd, scarce struggling, and turn'd o'er and died.
 Then silently passed hurried funerals,
 Followed by none that mourn'd. And mortal men
 Knew for this evil thing no certain cure ;
 For what to one man gave new life and health,
 And suffered him again to see the sun,
 Struck down another into fatal death.
 In these sad days this was most pitiful,
 Most quick to rend the heart :—when any man
 Found himself prisoned in the fatal folds,
 He struggled not, but, lost to life and use,
 Lay on the ground awaiting certain death,
 And yielded up his spirit as he lay.
 Ever and ever, like to flocks and herds,
 They caught the direful plague from one another !
 And death was heaped on death, for those that fled,
 Fearing to tend their kinsmen stricken down,
 Were dreadfully pursued in turn and slain,
 To direful death condemned by dread of death,
 Unpitied, doomed, and in their turn forlorn.

* * * * *

Then every herd and shepherd in the hills,
 And every mighty guider of the plough,
 Sickened, and in their huts were left to rot,
 Dead, slain by poverty and fell disease !
 And so dead parents over their dead young
 Lay scattered, and upon their parents dead
 Dead children ; and from country into town
 The peasants, driven by the fatal plague,
 Came ever, bringing horror in their train,
 In all the public places sheltering,
 Until Death drifted them in direful heaps

One on another ; and, impell'd by thirst,
 Many crept forth, and crawled along the street,
 Until they reached the fountains, stooped to drink,
 And even in drinking died ! * * *

And all the blessed sanctuaries of the gods
 Were piled with corpses, and the heavenly shrines
 Were brimful, for the guardians of the places
 Had thrown them open to the coming guests.
 And no man worshipt now to any god,
 For each man's heart was full of present ill.
 And gentle rites of burial were forgotten,
 Which all that pious town had used before,
 And men ran hither and thither wringing hands,
 And burying their dead as best they might.
 And out of horror and of poverty
 Were born dark deeds ; for many, shrieking loud,
 Upon the funeral pyres of strangers placed
 Their kinsfolk, setting torches to the same.
 And there they fought, with flowing streams of blood,
 Sooner than quit their places by their dead ! ”

It is veritably the last circle of the *Inferno*, whence emerging at last, to our infinite relief we “again behold the stars.” *

Brief and insufficient as our glimpse has been of a work which stands solitary in the literature of antiquity, as the one great poem explaining the phenomena of nature, we have sufficiently expressed its spirit to show what attraction it has for modern materialists. Utterly in revolt against the Alexandrian philosophy and poetry, then so fashionable, Lucretius determined to be terribly non-ideal and realistic. “His poem is indeed,” as Professor Veitch has admirably expressed it, “a type in the world of thought of the irrepressible Roman spirit of absolute sovereignty, and love of orderly rule in the world of practical life and action.” He himself stands sovereign and centre of things, with no doubts and prevarications, but with a precision of conception which supplies the place of actual verification. Yet they have learned little of Lucretius, they have penetrated but little into his arcana, who aver, like many modern writers who would fain make him a mere enemy of the ancient polytheistic religion, that this poet had a divine consciousness of “something more than Matter.” To

* Dante *Inf.* xxxiv.

hint as much is to misconstrue Lucretius completely. He is a materialist pure and simple, solemn and staunch; as bigoted in his creed and as certain of his gospel as the veriest divine that ever thumped a cushion; as anxious to proselytize as any other more popular Apostle; with all the zeal of a missionary, and all the pomposity of a Bishop. He leaves no room whatever for that Unknowable in which our later prophets, such as Mr. Spencer, have so much faith. His individual knowledge may be inadequate, but all things are ascertainable by the human mind—and why?—because there is so little to ascertain. A void and a fortuitous concourse of atoms; a creation and a change; a march of elements for ever, destroying and for ever renewed—this is what he has to show us, pointing upward. Pointing downward, the Earth rolling on to some fiery end, and ever growing weaker and weaker; Man in countless generations passing from primæval simplicity to stages of degeneracy, decay, and death; gods fading away like wreaths of morning cloud, while pestilence and famine complete the cup of each benighted race. His ideas and pictures, like his language, are vivid and grandiose. We feel a certain sense of vastness, of expanse, of duration. We cannot, however, agree with his warmest admirers, that his highest characteristic is his extraordinary feeling for the Limitless. On the contrary, we are acquainted with no poet who confines our conceptions so specifically within a given area; who so persistently weighs and appraises the finite with so shadowy a conception of the infinite; who shocks us with so many prophecies of the scientific lecturing-table and the medical dissecting-room; who is, in a word, so supremely and absolutely blind to all the higher phenomena of Mind. His attitude is Napoleonic; he is master of all things, and conquest can no further go. He has the lowest possible conception even of atomic forces, the vilest possible estimation of the nature and destiny of Man. He is courageous, for he can live; he is not hopeless, for he can die. He knows that God is a Phantom, that Love is a physical desire, that Man is the creature of matter, and that both Man and the world must perish. This knowledge brings him no sweet assurance; it is a cup of hemlock, which only the Wise may drink, and which he therefore drinks with becoming pride, but utterly without joy. He is a materialist, for he believes the world is over-ripe, and is slowly hastening to decay; he is a pessimist, for he believes that civilization

brings no bliss to "miserable men." Passing out with Epicurus beyond the "flaming walls of the world," he has only discovered that there is nothing there. In truth, this passing the "flaming walls" was only a dream. All the time he was standing at his own door, contemplating the necropolis, and wondering when his time would come.

If modern Materialism had no more philosophy to teach us than we find in the pages of the "*De Rerum Natura*," we should despair indeed; but, fortunately, nothing is more jubilant and self-satisfied than the tone adopted by every demi-god of the modern lecture-room. The "grand old Pagans," as Professor Tyndall cheerfully calls them,* might despair, but our contemporary Pagans mean to do nothing of the kind. The condition of the world is every day growing brighter, the happiness of man is every day growing surer: these are formulas on which they habitually insist; and the inevitable amelioration of things is due, they add, not to Religion, but to Science. What they mean by Science they have never quite explained, any more than many of their opponents have explained what is meant by Religion; but some things are clear, for example, that just as the religion of such men as the Duke of Argyle and the Bishop of Carlisle is scientific, so the science of such men as Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer is religious. In the controversial jargon of the day there is a strange confusion of terms. For example, Dr. Draper (in that very superficial book on the "*Conflict of Religion and Science*," which Professor Tyndall is so fond of rashly praising) means by Religion chiefly the Roman Catholic Church, and by Science many discoveries which we might almost class as purely mechanical. "I have said nothing," he cries, with a mental confusion which would be fiercely reprobated in a theologian, "nothing adequate about the railway system, or the electric telegraph; nor about the calculus, or lithography; the air-pump, or the voltaic battery; the discovery of Uranus or Neptune, and more than a hundred asteroids; the relation of meteoric streams to comets; nothing of the expeditions by land and sea that have been sent forth by various Governments for the determination of important astronomical or geographical questions; nothing of the costly and accurate experiments they have caused to be made for the ascertainment of funda-

* Crystals and Molecular Force.

mental physical data. I have been so unjust to our own century, that I have made no allusion to some of its greatest scientific triumphs; its grand conceptions in natural history; its discoveries in magnetism and electricity; its invention of the beautiful art of photography; its applications of spectrum analysis; its attempts to bring chemistry under the three laws of Avogadro, of Boyle and Mariotte, and of Charles; its artificial production of organic substances from inorganic material, of which the philosophical consequences are of the utmost importance; its reconstruction of physiology by laying the foundation of that science on chemistry; its improvements and advances in topographical surveying, and in the correct representation of the surface of the globe. *I have said nothing about rifled guns and armoured ships, nor of the revolution that has been made in the art of war; nothing of that gift to women, the sewing-machine; nothing of the noble contentions and triumphs of the arts of peace—the industrial exhibitions and world's fairs.**

Nothing, let us add, about the Crystal Palace and the Barnum Hippodrome of New York; nothing of the kaleidoscope and the magic lantern; nothing about the school-board and the workhouse, of the treadmill and the penitentiary! When a scientific pedant writes nonsense like this, it is difficult to be serious. Blindly oblivious of all those enormous tracts of knowledge, both moral and physical, which have been gained solely for us by the religious instincts of man, he seems to be claiming all the victories of Art for peripatetic chemists and quacks of Nature's laboratory. The truth is, Religion and Science cannot be separated on the off-hand assumption, now so generally made, that the one is not "religious," and the other is not "scientific." To our mind, for example, Mr. Spencer is an eminently religious man; not certainly in the sense which confuses Dr. Draper, but as a man in whom, to paraphrase Professor Tyndall's pompous remark concerning him, "the ganglia are sometimes the seat of a nascent poetic thrill." Professor Tyndall himself "goes to Church," in a building of his own uprearing; and it is in no irreverent mood, though the irreverent may sometimes laugh at him, that he stands on a magnetic stool, or experimentalizes with a raw turnip. No one familiar with his higher ideas can doubt that

* "The Conflict between Religion and Science." By Dr. Draper. International Scientific Series. King and Co.

he is a man capable of the most noble emotions, and as beneficent in his social conceptions as any Christian of this generation. It is unjust, therefore, to call such men irreligious; and it is, moreover, very confusing. They are doing missionary work of a very fatiguing kind, and their efforts deserve our warmest encouragement, however much we may quarrel with their "ideas."

It was therefore in a truly proselytizing spirit that Dr. Tyndall, in his memorable Belfast address, while rapidly surveying the history of the atomic theory from Democritus downward, drew special attention to the scientific forecasts of Lucretius. He first called attention to the original propositions of Democritus, that (1) From nothing comes nothing; nothing that exists can be destroyed; all changes are due to the combination and separation of molecules. (2) Nothing happens by chance; every occurrence having its cause, which it follows from necessity; (3) the only existing things are atoms and void; (4) the atoms, infinite in number and infinite in form, strike together, and the lateral motions and whirling which thus arise are the beginnings of worlds; (5) the varieties of all things depend on the varieties of their atoms, their number, size, and aggregation; (6) the soul consists of fine, smooth round atoms, like those of fire, and in their motions the phenomena of life arise. "The first five propositions," added the Professor, "are a fair general statement of the atomic theory, as now held; as regards the sixth, Democritus made his fine smooth atoms do duty for the nervous system, whose functions were then unknown." Then, tracing the opinions of Epicurus concerning death, he introduces, by way of anecdote, a fallacy of his own, much in favour at the present day, and used as a constant argument by Mr. John Morley. "'Did I not believe,' said a great man to me once, 'that an Intelligence is at the heart of things, my life on earth would be intolerable.' The utterer of these words, is not, in my opinion, rendered less noble, but more noble, if the fact that it was the need of ethical harmony *here*, and not the *thought of perpetual profit hereafter*, that prompted his observations."

Now, we have already called Dr. Tyndall a religious man, a man of reverent and holy bearing towards all the great mysteries of creation; but here, simply by passing beyond his depth, he is childishly unjust to those who, not without

mightier reasons than any he can ever find among the atoms, believe in the infinite possibilities of spiritual existence. Surely the history of religion, not as set forth by a superficial pamphleteer, by Dr. Draper, but as contained in that aggregation of individual history which we call "Biography," should teach him that Hegel's favourite joke is not worth this repeated reproduction. The religious thirst for future life is quite another thirst than that for the *bonus* for good conduct often sought by so-called Christians, and seeing that it exists most in those who are content to accept life as an interminable labour darkened by sorrow and by suffering, it should not be classed as altogether a selfish hope of reward. From the modern utilitarian point of view, of course all effort is selfish; and from the same standpoint, there is no particular nobility in struggling after truth before astonished Belfast audiences, or experimentalizing in the interest of humanity on an electric stool!

Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delight and live laborious days!

Noble as is the Professor's desire for fame, we question his capacity for martyrdom, and his insinuations concerning religion are more in the spirit of a bigoted bishop than of a good philosopher. Would he not consider it rather hard if an opponent—say the Bishop of Manchester—were to say, "This publishing of pamphlets is all very well, if it were not for the thought of personal profit, whether in the shape of fame or money, *here*." The truth is, the Professor, stirred into polemics by irritating opponents, does himself the injustice to confound "hope of reward" with "a love of service," which love, we are sure, is the animating spirit of his own life. Now, the religious conception is simply this,—that this life, with all its hindrances and imperfections, is infinitely too brief for that divine service, or supreme self-sacrifice, which many creatures love to intoxication. It is not pleasure that is solicited; it is continual hard work, even associated with pain; and it is not too much to say that this desire to enlarge the vital horizon is the source of nobler sentiments than the conviction that Death merely robs us of sensation. It is the materialist here, not the idealist, who clings firm to the vulgar conception of Heaven and Hell. Dr. Tyndall would doubtless affirm of the

early Christian martyrs, that they were upheld by the conviction that God would justify Himself after death and make them glad, and so in truth they thought; but it requires no very close study of history to see that many of these meant by heavenly gladness only a further series of personal labours, a further purging and purification from human impurity. The insinuations of the materialist would be unjust even if urged against the best forms of Mahomedanism; as urged against the higher Christianity, they are simply absurd and self-refuting. Religion, rightly understood, is the love of holy service. In this sense, as we have suggested, a Materialist may be very religious; but the state of mind with him is generally this—either that a brief life satisfies his activity, or else that the constant contemplation of the infinitesimal destroys the power of his capacity to generalize truly. With one to whom poetic emotion is “the thrill of a ganglion,” thought “cerebration,” life “molecular force,” creation “evolution,” crime “cerebral disease, Religion may well become a question of “rewards and punishments;” but it is as unfair to dismiss Religion in this superficial way, as it would be to treat modern science from the point of view of the holy Congregation of the Index.

We have no objection whatever to modern Materialism; it is a vital and it may be an elevating creed. We have the highest objection, however, to its criticism of those ideas which it does not understand, and which, if we accept its own showing, can never be formulated. Doubtless, it is a far higher and holier belief than the crude religions of Epicurus and Lucretius, in so far as it preaches beneficence, under certain limitations, to the inferior races of men and to the inferior races of beasts. It is a creed of continence, of health, of sobriety, of endurance, and perhaps self-sacrifice. But it is not, at least as presented to us by its leading teachers, the creed it professes to be—that is, a creed of Verification. A Christian is more logical in believing his Christian evidences than a Materialist in accepting his theory of the atoms; for the very existence of the last is postulated as a theory, while the former, whether false or true, are invariably valued in so far as they are evidence—that is, are verification. We accompany Dr. Tyndall through his Universe; we seem to see his atoms falling through infinite space; we hear him crying, “I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental

evidence, and discern in that Matter which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of Life.”* Very good, we reply; but what right have you to “prolong your vision across the boundary of the experimental evidence”? You laugh at us for doing so. You are an experimental philosopher—you can tell us startling things about the phenomena of light, heat, radiation, and magnetism—but neither you nor any of your school can tell us one fact, can give us one idea, explaining the phenomena of life itself. Suppose we, in our turn, were to cry to you, “This is our Universe; we know we are, we see what is; we prolong the vision forward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that Spirit of which you, in your ignorance, can give us no explanation, and notwithstanding your professed reverence for the Unknowable, are daily covering with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of Life.”

It is not right that we should be construed as objecting to Science, or to its leading modern doctrine, that of Evolution. On the contrary, we quite agree with Mr. Darwin (who shows in all his discussions a reverence of tone and a purity of purpose in which he is almost unique) that “it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to think that he created a few original forms, capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that he required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of his laws.” (It is but just to add that Mr. Darwin is merely quoting with approbation an eminent “author and divine,” not using his own words.) Here, however, the pupil and the master are hopelessly at war, Dr. Tyndall almost accusing the great Apostle of Evolution of heresy to his own creed. “The anthropomorphism, which it seemed his object to set aside, is as firmly associated with the creation of a few forms as with the creation of a multitude. We need clearness and thoroughness here. Either let us open our doors freely to the conception of creative acts, or, abandoning them, let us radically change our notions of Matter.” In our opinion, and doubtless in the opinion of Dr. Tyndall’s great master, no such alternative is necessary; for it is not necessary to discuss creation at all,

* Belfast Address.

seeing that all science can tell us is that it knows nothing whatever on the subject! All that it does is, passing the boundary of the experimental evidence, to find the Atoms—a name given to numberless forces we cannot understand. We reach these organisms which Mr. Spencer compares to drops of oil suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water; we come to the “protogenes” of Haeckel, a type distinguishable from a fragment of albumen only by its finely granular character. We go further, thanks to the Professor: we break a magnet into infinite pieces, and we find that each of the pieces, however small, carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. This experiment is so conclusive to the Professor, that he “at once closes with Lucretius,” affirming that Nature is seen “to do all things spontaneously and without the meddling of the gods,” and with Bruno, that she is “the universal Mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb.” What then? Surely these vague generalizations are unworthy of a physicist. Does the breaking of the magnet, “even when we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules,” bring us one whit nearer to the Mystery we are investigating? and if it does not, which materialists themselves admit, why make it the basis of an atheistic assumption? In no single instance have vital and physical forces been found interchangeable on the principle of the correlation of force. Protoplasm has never yet been developed from inorganic matter, although Dr. Bastian’s experiments show that what he calls Archebiosis is possible—that is, spontaneous generation of life from dead organic matter. Heterogenesis, or the production of life from any form of inorganic matter, is admittedly impossible. Only by doing what is forbidden to the spiritualist, only by “prolonging the line of the intellect beyond the range of the sense,” can Professor Tyndall support Bruno’s principle—that from matter life originates. In his “Fragments of Science,” he affirms that the polarity of magnetism gives a basis for the conception that “atoms and molecules are endowed with definite attractive and repellent poles, by the play of which definite forms of crystalline architecture are produced. Thus molecular force becomes structural. It required no great boldness of thought to expend its play into organic nature, and to recognize in molecular force the agency by which both plants and animals are built up.” Elsewhere, in language which all classes of

thinkers must recognize as beautiful, he pursues the same investigation :

"I wish, however, to show you the molecules in the act of following their architectural instincts, and building themselves together. You know how alum, and nitre, and sugar crystals are formed. The substance to be crystallized is dissolved in a liquid, and the liquid is permitted to evaporate. The solution soon becomes supersaturated, for none of the solid is carried away by evaporation; and then the molecules, no longer able to enjoy the freedom of liquidity, close up together and form crystals. My object now is to make this process rapid enough to enable you to see it, and still not too rapid to be followed by the eye. For this purpose, a powerful solar microscope and an intense source of light are needed. They are both here. Pouring over a clean plate of glass a solution of sal-ammoniac, and placing the glass on its edge, the excess of the liquid flows away, but a film clings to the glass. The beam employed to illuminate this film hastens its evaporation, and brings it rapidly into a state of supersaturation; and now you see the orderly progress of the crystallization over the entire screen. You may produce something similar to this if you breathe upon the frost ferns which overspread your window-panes in the winter, and permit the liquid to re-crystallize. It runs, as if alive, into the most beautiful forms.

"In this case the crystallizing force is hampered by the adhesion of the liquid to the glass; nevertheless, the play of power is strikingly beautiful. In the next example our crystals will not be so much troubled by adhesion, for we shall liberate the atoms at a distance from the surface of the glass. Sending an electric current through water, we decompose the liquid, and the bubbles of the constituent gases rise before your eyes. Sending the same current through a solution of acetate of lead, the lead is liberated, and its free atoms build themselves into crystals of marvellous beauty. They grow before you like sprouting ferns, exhibiting forms as wonderful as if they had been produced by the play of vitality itself. The *mechanism* of the process is rendered intelligible by the picture of atomic poles; but is there nothing but mechanism here? There is something, in my opinion, which the mind of man has never yet seized; but which, so far as research has penetrated, is found indissolubly joined with matter. I have seen these things hundreds of times, but I never look at them without wonder. And, if you allow me a moment's diversion from my subject, I would say that when standing in the spring-time and looking upon the sprouting foliage, the lilies of the field, and sharing the general joy of opening life, I have often asked myself whether there is no

power, being, or thing, in the universe, whose knowledge of that of which I am so ignorant is greater than mine? I have said to myself, Can it be possible that man's knowledge is the greatest knowledge—that man's life is the highest life? ”*

The Professor, we should think, is almost solitary in seeing any resemblance between a crystal and a life cell. The microscope instructs us that real living germs have the power of motion and proliferation in quite a different measure to that vouchsafed to a crystal; and we should have “to prolong the intellectual vision very far indeed” before we could imagine a crystal transmuting itself into an organic form.

And here, in view of that last quotation from the Professor, we cannot help complaining of a certain inconsistency. Nothing, we are sure, can be more materialistic than the tendency of Dr. Tyndall's general teaching, yet it does not prevent his ganglia, like Mr. Spencer's, of begetting a nascent poetic thrill. “I have said to myself,” he cries under such an emotion, “can it be possible that man's knowledge is the greatest knowledge—that man's life is the highest life?” Well, admitting for a moment that the theory of Evolution is strictly correct, may we not prolong the vision so far *forward* as to assume the existence of beings as much our superiors, as we, in our highest thoughts, are the superiors of the primordial germs? Dr. Tyndall, possibly, would smile at this, and refer us to the evidence of the senses; but such beings, if they existed, would be no more apparent to ordinary sight or touch than the primordial germs. Electricity is atomic, yet it is invisible, and moreover it is a force. Furthermore, admitting the theory of crystallization, would there be a greater invisible leap between that form of matter which is structural and that form of matter which we might call spiritual, than there is between that form which is crystalline and that other which is structural? If a life germ can be developed out of a crystal, why may not a spirit (using that term for want of a better) be developed out of a body? In another and clearer phraseology, made clear to us by the teaching of a Seer whom Dr. Tyndall utterly misunderstands, may not a spiritual body issue in the course of Evolution from a body corporeal; and, further, seeing that the process of evolution has been going on so long, may not such spiritual bodies

* *Crystals and Molecular Force.* By John Tyndall, F.R.S. (Longmans.)

exist, although they are as unrecognized by us as we are unrecognized by the silkworm in its cone ?

Professor Tyndall is very sarcastic on what he calls "psychic" conditions, "obviously connected with the nervous system and the state of the health, on which is based the Vedic doctrine of the absorption of the individual into the universal soul. He cites Plotinus, Porphyry, Wordsworth, and Emerson as being subject to such ecstasies ; and as if this confusion of types were not sufficient, he carelessly joins with the rest the name of Swedenborg. Now, in Swedenborg he might have found, up to a certain point, a most powerful ally, as he would discover in a perusal of the "Mechanism of the Intercourse of the Soul and the Body ;" where the great thinker clearly shows that the Soul is finite, that it is one of the Body's natural parts, that its seat is in the brain, and that it resides particularly in the cortical substance of the cerebrum, and partly also in the medulla, but is ubiquitous in all parts of the Brain. Again, we do not think that Swedenborg prolongs his intellectual vision more unwarrantably than Dr. Tyndall, when he affirms, in his "Economy of the Animal Kingdom," that "should any one of the external spheres of nature be dissolved, the internal nevertheless remains unharmed ; thus, where Air ceases Ether is found ; when the red blood dies its animal spirits survive ; and though death destroys the body the soul escapes unscathed." It would be wasting time to prolong this allusion to him whom Mr. Emerson calls "one of the mastodons of literature," or specially to enlarge on his superficially mystic but intrinsically scientific conceptions of the Spiritual Body. Nor must we for a moment be understood as preaching Swedenborgianism. We are only suggesting that Dr. Tyndall's sneer at Swedenborg was uninstructed, and that there are some few quasi-scientific suggestions of the Swedish seer which may, after all, come as close to a solution of the secret of organic life as an explanation which attempts to connect organic life with crystallization, and spiritual life with the phenomena of molecular force.

On the whole, we are grateful that the Professor sometimes believes in the possibility of higher types than the human. May we then suggest to him that perhaps that Matter in which he discerns the promise and potency of all earthly life, may in reality be only a phenomenon of spiritual force ? and though it is admittedly impossible to tell whence that spiritual force,

or life, has emanated, that it is not quite so impossible to guess whitherward it is to grow? The germ of force is indestructible and unchanging, the forms of force are destructible and ever-varying. We find Death universal, but Life omnipotent. We are not so sure that we die, as that Death cannot destroy, but can only change, the sum of force within us. Unless Dr. Tyndall can prove to us that this sum of force, including the basis of consciousness itself, is so redistributed among the elements that no possibility of future existence is possible, he should cut from his programme of Materialism his dogma of the mortality of the Soul. Unless he can prove to us what consciousness *is*, we cannot accept his dicta that consciousness *dies*. "Old decays," sings the poet, "but foster new progressions;" and this may be as true of the cerebral forces as of what the Professor calls a "hydrocarbon." Again, since the atoms are imperishable, and Thought is assumed as the highest evolution of the atoms, Thought itself is atomic, Thought itself is a form of force, Thought itself, despite its infinite fresh combinations, is indestructible, possibly as much so as any given gas.

In the course of his memorable address at Belfast, Professor Tyndall gave an imaginary dialogue between "a Lucretian and Bishop Butler," apropos of the Bishop's position that "our organized bodies are no more a part of ourselves than any other matter around us." We wish we had space for the whole argument, which we are compelled to condense. The Lucretian commences thus:—

"You speak of 'living powers,' 'percipient or perceiving powers,' and 'ourselves;' but can you form a mental picture of any one of these apart from the organism through which it is supposed to act? The true self has a local habitation in each of us; thus localized must it not possess a form? If so, what form? When a leg is amputated the body is divided into two parts; is the true self in both of them or in one? What if you begin at the other end and remove, instead of the leg, the brain? Or, instead of going so far as to remove the brain itself, let a certain portion of its bony covering be removed, and let a rhythmic series of pressures and relaxations of pressure be applied to the soft substance. At every pressure the faculties of perception and of action vanish; at every relaxation of pressure they are restored. . . . Where is the man himself during the period of insensibility? You may say that I beg the question when I assume the man to have been unconscious, that he was really conscious all the time,

and has simply forgotten what has occurred to him. . . . I do not think your theory of instruments goes at all to the bottom of the matter. A telegraph operator has his instruments, by means of which he converses with the world; our bodies possess a nervous system, which plays a similar part between the perceiving power and external things. Cut the wires of the operator, break his battery, demagnetize his needle; by this means you certainly sever his connection with the world; . . . but the operator survives, *and he knows that he survives*. . . . Another consideration. . . . the brain may change from health to disease, and through such a change the most exemplary man may be converted into a debauchee or a murderer. . . . Can the brain or can it not act in this distempered way, without the intervention of the immortal reason? "

And the Bishop, whose arguments we also condense, replies:—

"You are a Lucretian, and from the combination and separation of insensate atoms deduce all terrestrial things, including organic forms and their phenomena. Let me tell you, in the first instance, how far I am prepared to go with you. I admit that you can build crystalline forms out of this play of molecular force; that the diamond, amethyst, and snow-star are truly wonderful structures which are thus produced. I will go further and acknowledge that even a tree or flower might in this way be organized. Nay, if you can show me an animal without sensation, I will concede to you that it also might be put together by the suitable play of molecular force. . . . Now comes my difficulty. Your atoms are individually without sensation, much more are they without intelligence. May I ask you, then, to try your hand upon this problem? Take your dead hydrogen atoms, your dead oxygen atoms, your dead carbon atoms, your dead nitrogen atoms, your dead phosphorus atoms, and all the other atoms, dead as grains of shot, of which the brain is formed. Imagine them separate and sensationless, and observe their running together and forming all imaginable combinations. This, as a purely mechanical process, is seeable by the mind. But can you see, or dream, or in any way imagine, how out of that mechanical act, and from these individually dead atoms, sensation, thought, and emotion are to arise? . . . I am able to pursue to the central organ the motion thus imparted at the periphery, and to see in idea the very molecules of the brain thrown into tremor. My insight is not baffled by these physical processes. What baffles and bewilders me, is the notion that from these physical tremors things so utterly incongruous with them as sensation, thought, and emotion can be derived. . . . Your difficulty, then, as I see you are ready to admit, is quite as great as mine. You cannot satisfy the human understanding in such demand for logical continuity

between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness."

All this is very admirable, if we can only imagine any one admitting, offhand, that "trees and flowers" might be organized out of the play of molecular force; and Professor Tyndall honestly exclaims, "I hold the Bishop's reasoning to be quite unanswerable." He might, had he read his Swedenborg, have constructed for the Bishop a train of still more unanswerable arguments; or turning to a contemporary writer, he may find in Mr. Allanson Picton's ingenious essays* a still further series of proofs that matter is in its ultimate essence spiritual, and that we are certain of one thing only, the existence of spiritual life.

We have left Lucretius far behind us, gazing still with a sense of complete mastery on his primordial universe, where there is no room, not even an intermundia, where the gods, or a God, may dwell. In investigating the creed of his representative modern followers, of him to whom the torch of Lucretian illuminative genius has been passed on, we have found more comfort combined with far less coherence. Professor Tyndall is certainly a materialist, though he has no particular affection for the name, and he is also, but in no offensive sense, an atheist, though he refuses to put that word upon his banner. In days when so much heat is still introduced into popular controversy, his caution is perhaps necessary; yet we should admire him more if he showed more completely the courage of his convictions. His theory of organic matter is destructive to any sort of Deism; indeed, so far as we see, it leaves no room whatever for even the higher Pantheism, though it is full of that lower Pantheism which sees in every clod and stone the potency of universal life. He disclaims anthropomorphism, but he cannot free his "ganglia" altogether of mysterious "thrills." His tone is one of quiet insinuation, rather than of formal avowal; but his highest mood is poetic, not scientific. If he would only express his ideas in poetry, much of his writing would be as valuable as much of Lucretius, and he could soar to sublime flights of delicious uncertainty by his admirable plan of "prolonging the intellectual vision beyond the region of the senses!"

* "The Mystery of Matter," by Allanson Picton. (Macmillan.)

Provençal Poetry During the Middle Ages. .

BY F. HUEFFER.

WHEN, about the end of the fourth century (A.D.), Germanic and Asiatic hordes began to invade the Western Roman Empire with more and more irresistible force, the refined voice of Roman eloquence and poetry was soon silenced by the noise of barbarous tongues. Even before this irruption of new elements, the language of the Romans had lost much of its classic purity. Familiar phrases, provincialisms, and barbarisms of all kinds had found their way into the written idiom, and when with this already decaying language the variegated dialects of the conquering barbarians were mingled, confusion became worse confounded, and linguistic chaos seemed at hand. It need not be said that for the higher purposes of eloquence and poetry this mongrel type of speech became totally unfit. Several centuries elapsed before the Romance languages, the products of this process of amalgamation, gained consistency of grammatical structure and elevation of poetic utterance, sufficient to receive and render the new-awakened spirit of mediæval Europe.

Of all the branches which sprang from the truncated remains of Roman speech, one succeeded long before the others in bringing forth blossoms of native growth. This was the Provençal language, or *langue d'oc*, the latter name being derived from the affirmative particle *oc*, i.e., yes. On the same principle the language of Northern France, widely differing from Provençal, was called *langue d'oïl*, and that of Italy *lingua di sì*.

The limits of the *langue d'oc* extended much beyond the modern Provence, including as they did the whole of Southern France, and the adjacent parts of Spain. The comprehensive names Provence and Provençal language are, indeed, referable

to the old Provincia Romana of the Cæsars. The rich, bountiful soil, and the prosperity and natural gaiety of the inhabitants, greatly favoured the growth of poetic feeling, and it may be assumed that at a very early period rustic lays, accompanied by the sounds of the viola, used to enliven the harvest homes of Provençal villages. Of this popular epoch, however, no traces remain, and poetic literature in the langue d'oc does not begin for us till the end of the eleventh century.

About the year 1090 we meet with the first poet proper, the first troubadour, in the person of William IX., of Poitiers, a noble prince well known in history. This sudden appearance of an accomplished poet, knowing and mastering the most intricate rules of rhyme and metre, perhaps, ever invented, is unique in the history of literature; it is, indeed, in this case, also explainable only from the traceless disappearance of previous stages of poetic development.

William of Poitiers is an interesting character in many respects. He is the prototype of the troubadour, the way-faring singer, wandering through the beautiful land of Provence in search of praise and amorous adventure; the latter not always as moral nor yet as sentimental as might be desired. Even in those gallant days, his dangerous gift of captivating women's affections seems to have attracted more than ordinary notice. "The Count of Poitiers," says an old Provençal biography, "was one of the most courteous men in the world, and a great deceiver of ladies; and he was a brave knight, and had much to do with love affairs; and he knew well how to sing and make verses; and for a long time he roamed through the world to deceive the ladies." The poems of the Count further illustrate these statements in a manner not always delicate, but always witty and amusing. It ought to be added, that before his end William repented his evil courses, witness of which the last of his surviving songs gives utterance to regretful sorrow and anxiety.

But the chief importance of William's life and poetry lies in the light which these throw on the social position of the troubadours, and the high esteem in which their art was universally held. For it must be remembered that the man who proudly donned the troubadour's garb was the same Duke of Aquitaine and Count of Poitiers whom William of Malmesbury calls one of the greatest warriors of his time, and who, in the unfortunate crusade of 1101, appeared at the head of

300,000 fighting men. Most readers are aware that our own King Richard I. was a zealous votary of the *gaya sciensa*; it is perhaps less generally known that he occasionally made his poetry the vehicle of political invective. There is extant by him a song, in which he violently attacks the dauphin Robert of Auvergne, accusing him of breach of faith, and venality. The dauphin, nothing loth, meets violence with violence, using in his retort the same complicated metre in which the king had attacked him. The same dauphin we meet again in another poetical encounter of a rather less elevated kind. This time his antagonist is a homely citizen of the name of Peire Pelissier, who, combining the useful with the agreeable, had metrically reminded the dauphin of a certain debt owing for goods received. The indignation with which the noble poet rejects this low demand is beautiful to see. But the very fact of his entering into such a contest with such an antagonist shows the equalizing, not to say levelling influence which the universal desire for poetic fame exercised on the minds of men in those ages. It would be absurd to say, as has been said, that differences of rank did not exist in that primitive republic of letters. The composite nature of a profession, the humbler associates of which were frequently fain to amuse popular audiences at wakes and fairs with rude songs or tricks of jugglery, entirely precludes the idea of social equality. But in the art of poetry a common ground was established, where men of all classes met on equal terms, and where the chance of success was little furthered by accidental advantages of birth. We find, on the contrary, that the most celebrated troubadours were frequently men of low origin, who by mere dint of genius conquered fame and gain. Folquet, for instance, the gay troubadour, afterwards Bishop of Marseilles, and zealous persecutor of the Albigeois heretics, was the son of a pedlar, and the great Bernart of Ventadorn, seems to have been of still humbler descent; at least if we may believe the testimony of an amiable brother poet, who delights in informing the public that Bernart's father was a common servant, good at shooting with the bow, and that his mother used to gather brushwood and light the fire.

Here then was *carrière ouverte au talent*, and the prize to be contended for was well worth the effort: for a troubadour of established reputation was an honoured guest at courts and lordly halls. Rich gifts courted his favour, for his praise

secured fame for his liberal protector ; his satire pierced the miser to the heart ; but, more than all this, the favour of the noblest ladies of the land was the guerdon of the impassioned singer. A passage with which the troubadour Raimon Vidal opens his learned treatise on metrical art, called "*Razos de trobar*," will give the reader some idea of the intense and wide-spread love of song characterizing this outburst of long pent-up mediæval feeling: "All Christendom," he says, "Jews and Saracens, the emperor, kings, dukes, counts and viscounts, commanders, vassals, and other knights, citizens and peasants, tall and little, daily give their minds to singing and verse-making ; singing either themselves, or listening to others. No place is so deserted or out of the way, that, as long as men inhabit it, songs are not sung either by single persons, or by many together ; even the shepherds in the mountains know of no greater joy than song. All good and evil things in the world are made known by the troubadours, and no evil talk, that has once been put into rhyme and verse by a troubadour, fails to be repeated every day."

Let us now inquire into the nature of a poetry which exercised so potent a sway over all classes of society. The appearance of the first troubadour coincides very nearly with the earliest impetus of pious indignation caused by the sorrowful tales of pilgrims to the holy sepulchre. The result was an universal rising of Christian nations, a common effort of pious revenge on the Painim, an invasion finally of the eastern by the western world, such as history has rarely witnessed. Gibbon and Chateaubriand, Hume and Joseph de Maistre, may look on the crusades in very different ways. In one thing they cannot but agree, viz., that the religious impulse of which they were the tangible result, tended to remould and imbue with a new principle of life the whole of western civilization. The only mental product of this profound revolution of feeling which concerns us here, is the idealized conception of chivalry in immediate connection with the enthusiastic movement alluded to. This idea included those others of honour, of prowess, of candour, of loyalty, which, even in modern parlance, we are wont to comprehend in the word chivalrous. But the noblest duty of the mediæval knight was his service and devotion to the lady of his heart, a feeling akin to the religious veneration of that type of immaculate womanhood which the wisdom of the

Roman Church had placed on a par almost with the Deity itself. All these feelings, common as they are to the mediæval poetry of all nations, were expressed with more than ordinary fervour by the knightly singers of Southern France. At the same time they appear here with so many national and individual modifications, as to impart to the study of Provençal literature, beyond the historical and philological importance of its monuments, an additional human interest.

Take, for instance, the idea of love as reflected in the poetry of the troubadours. It is true that many of their songs breathe the purest and most ardent spirit of romantic veneration; one chief division of Provençal poetry, the *canzo*, or song proper, is exclusively devoted to this loving worship. But the bold natural common sense of the French character always acted as a wholesome antidote to the tendency of purely spiritual sublimation. We have already observed the essentially realistic view which Count William took of the *grande passion*, and we shall hear before long that the weaknesses of their fair idols were a favourite butt of the satiric iconoclasm of more than one of the troubadours.

This leaven of scepticism is observable even amongst the effusions of religious enthusiasm. I am not alluding to the active part taken by many of the troubadours in the struggle of Count Raimond of Toulouse, the protector of the Albigois, against the ravaging hordes of Simon de Montfort, the champion of Papal supremacy. This part, I take it, was rather of a national than of a religious kind; * for it must be remembered, that the crusade against the Provençal heretics implied at the same time an onslaught of Northern centralization on Southern independence, the success of which finally resulted in the abrupt and total decline of Provençal language and literature. What I was referring to is a curious and most charming ballad by Marcabrun, in which that celebrated troubadour seems to oppose the excessive passion of the age for crusading expeditions. This was a somewhat

* Attacks on the morals of the clergy are frequent in Provençal literature; but of poems containing heretical opinions in matters of dogma I know only one, by Peire Cardinal. It is a passionate plea against the eternity of punishment, and might have been quoted with advantage in a recent ecclesiastical trial. It is, however, by no means unlikely that other poems of heterodox import may have been accidentally or wilfully destroyed in the course of ages. The fact that a bull of Pope Innocent IV., dated 1245, prohibits the use of the Provençal language, as a language of heretics, to students, tends to confirm this surmise.

ticklish subject, and apt to bring a peaceful poet into unpleasant collisions with hierarchical powers. To cautious considerations of this kind we probably owe one of the sweetest conceptions of Provençal poetry; one of the rare instances, moreover, in which a description of beautiful scenery has been successfully attempted. For, as a rule, the troubadours show little *rappport* with outward nature, and their occasional allusions to flowers and blue skies are generally of a conventional character.

Marcabrun introduces us into the full splendour of southern spring; the trees are strewn with the young year's blossoms, and resonant with the songs of birds. By the brook in the orchard we see a lonely maiden, the beautiful daughter of the châtelain. Little she heeds the bloom of the spring, or the joyous note of the songsters. Her tears mingle with the brook, and bitterly she complains to "Jesus, Lord of the world, for great grief has come to me through thee. The best men have gone to distant lands at thy behest, and with them my true love, bravest among the brave." The poet here steps in to interrupt the lady's lament with gentle remonstrance. "Your tears," he suggests, "will injure your face and complexion; moreover He, who has adorned the trees with blossoms may turn your grief into joy." But the lady turns a deaf ear to his comfortings. "Sir," she replies, "I willingly believe that God in the next world may vouchsafe me his grace; but in this I have lost my true love." Supposing the tendency of the poem to be such as I have surmised it to be, it must be owned that Marcabrun has carried out his purpose in the most ingenious manner. Pious souls might be referred to the religious commonplaces, introduced for safety sake, while more intelligent listeners could not fail to perceive the poet's real meaning in the naïve pleadings of the desolate girl. An analogous mode of treatment of the identical subject occurs, by the way, in a poem by the excellent North-French trouvère Rutebœuf. He also describes a discussion between an assailant and a staunch defender of the crusades. To keep up appearances, the wicked sceptic has ultimately to confess himself convinced, but the reader easily perceives that the greater force of argument is, and is meant to be, with the vanquished.

From various statements in the above remarks, the reader will already have seen that the popular idea of a trouba-

dour as a singer of love, and of nothing but love, is as incorrect and one-sided as popular ideas frequently are. There is, indeed, no important topic of political, social, and literary history of the time, which does not find an echo in the poetry of these gay singers. The form of art in which these and kindred questions are treated, is collectively called the *sirventes*, and the study of this branch of Provençal art is of engrossing interest, both as regards the variety of contemporary topics touched upon and the display of brilliant wit and trenchant personal satire, with which many of these songs abound; the latter feature being in strong contrast with the charming but somewhat monotonous sweetness of the canzo, or love-song. The *sirventes* of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries has been compared with the newspaper press of the nineteenth; and it may indeed seem doubtful to which of these two organs of public opinion the greater influence on the contemporary mind ought to be ascribed, leaving, of course, the international importance of modern journalism out of the question. The rapid circulation of the censuring *sirventes* amongst those concerned, was amply provided for by vagrant minstrels, whose lively recitations gave additional zest to satirical points; and the boldness and fierce castigations of public or private enemies practised by the troubadours, throw all similar attempts of modern writers into shade. Cobbett and the early Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviewers would appear mild in such juxtaposition. The eagerness with which princes and great nobles tried to ward off, or return with equal force, the attacks of poets infinitely their inferiors in rank and power, proves the dangerousness of the weapon.

Amongst the representatives of the political or warlike *sirventes*, Bertran de Born, the great poet and valiant swordsman, is the most remarkable. The clamour of battle, the snorting of horses storming riderless over the field, are sounds dearer to him than meat and drink; and in the ring of his own stanzas, one hears the clattering of swords on helmets and breastplates. In him we see the type of a relentless and merciless foe, such as only epochs of civil feud can engender, but he is not without the redeeming feature of unflinching attachment to the friend whose cause he has adopted. The important part he played in the history of our Angevin kings as the counsellor and staunch friend of the eldest of Henry II.'s rebellious sons, makes his story all the

more attractive to English readers.* But I must not yield to the strong temptation of delineating a single character of however engrossing interest. My present purpose is to give (as far as the limits of space will permit) a comprehensive account of the more important features of the life and poetry of the troubadours; and to achieve this purpose I know of no better plan than to group my remarks round a nucleus of facts relating to the lives of two eminent troubadours. The first a singer and victim of love and unrivalled master of the canzo; the second a representative of the *sirventes* in its more personal form; the latter restriction being made so as to avoid the necessity of continual deviation on political and religious grounds.

Petrarch, in the fourth chapter of his "Trionfo d'Amore," in speaking of the love-poets of various nations, mentions the name of "William, who, by his song, shortened the flower of his days."

" Quel Guiglielmo,
Che per cantar ha'l fior de'r suoi dì scemo."

This William is Guillem de Cabestanh, the troubadour, and it is his story that I propose to tell the reader, following as closely as possible the quaint old biography contained in a Provençal manuscript of the Laurentian Library in Florence:

"Sir Raimon of Rossilho," the old manuscript begins, "was a mighty Baron, as you are well aware, and had for his wife the Lady Margarida, the most beautiful lady, as you know, of that time, and the most prized for all that is praiseworthy, and noble, and courteous. It so happened that Guillem de Cabestanh, the son of a poor knight of Castle Cabestanh, came to the court of Sir Raimon de Rossilho, offering to remain with him as his servant (*vaslez de sa cort*). Sir Raimon, who found him to be of fair and good countenance, bade him welcome, and Guillem remained with him, and so gentle was his demeanour, that young and old loved him well. And so much did he advance in favour, that Sir Raimon wished him to be page to Lady Margarida his wife; and so it was done. But as it

* Dante, who greatly praises Bertran's poetical gifts, introduces him in the "Inferno" (canto xxviii.) carrying in his hand *a guisa di lanterna*, his own head severed from the body, because by his advice to young Henry he had severed the son from his natural head the father.

"Perch'io partii così giunte persone
Partito per to il mio cerebro lasco."

frequently befalls with love, it now befell that Love was bent on besieging the Lady Margarida with his siege, and he kindled her thoughts with fire. So much was she pleased with Guillem's demeanour, and his speech, and his countenance, that one day she could not hold herself from saying, 'Tell me, Guillem, if a lady were to show you semblance of love, would you dare to love her?' William, who understood her meaning, answered frankly, 'Certainly, lady, if I knew that the semblance was true.' 'By St. John,' replied the lady, 'a good and noble answer; but now I will test thee, if thou canst know and distinguish truth from falsehood.' When Guillem heard these words, he replied, 'May it be as it pleases you.' "

The biographer goes on to describe how the thoughts thus enjoined upon Guillem by the lady, rouse his soul from amorous reflection to desire; "and henceforth he became a servant to Love, and began to invent stanzas graceful and gay, and tunes and canzos, and his songs found favour with all, but most with her for whom he sang." Thus, once again, the flame of poetry was awakened by the fire of passion. "But Love," the manuscript continues, "who rewards the labours of his servants when it pleases him, now thought of showing himself grateful. He assails the thoughts of the lady with love and desire; night and day she cannot leave off thinking of the poet's valour and beauty."

"One day the lady took Guillem aside, and spoke to him. 'Guillem, tell me, now, hast thou yet found out of my semblance if it is true or false?'"* Guillem answered, 'Lady, so God help me, from the hour I entered your service, no thought has entered my mind but that you are the best lady ever born, and the most truthful in word and appearance; this I believe, and shall believe all my life.' "

Thus the fateful knot of passion is tied between these two; and fate is rapid in its approach. "For soon," the story continues, "the tell-tales, whom God hates, began to talk of their love, and to guess by Guillem's songs, that he was agreed with Lady Margarida. These went on talking high and low, till at last it came to the ear of Sir Raimon. He was ill pleased

* The characteristic change between plural and singular in the lady's address to Guillem, adds greatly to the impressiveness of the original. Here for instance, she says, *eram digas* (tell you me), *t'es tu anquera* (hast thou found out), etc.

and hot with rage through having lost the friend he loved so well, and more because of the shame of his spouse."

We expect to see the great Baron crushing his faithless retainer in the first storm of indignation. But such is not his character. He is resolved to smite, but not till the guilty are convicted by their own words. With great discretion he refrains from questioning his wife, or from taking any further steps till he has seen Guillem without witnesses. One day when the poet is gone to hunt with the sparrowhawk, Raimon follows him secretly, armed, but unaccompanied. He meets him in a lonely place, and the scene which passes between them is exceedingly characteristic of the men and of the time in which they lived. Guillem on seeing the Baron approach, at once recognizes the danger of his situation. But he is too much of a courtier to show any embarrassment.

At first their conversation runs on indifferent matters, courteous inquiries and answers as to Guillem's sport and the like. But presently Raimon's self-control begins to desert him. "Let us leave off this talk now," he begins abruptly, "and answer me truthfully, by the faith you owe me, all that I am going to ask you."

After some natural hesitation, Guillem submits to this comprehensive demand.

"Tell me, then," asks Raimon, solemnly, "as you love God and your faith, have you a lady for whom you sing, and to whom you are bound in love?"

"And how could I sing," William answers, "if Love did not bind me? Know, noble sir, that he has me wholly in his power."

Raimon answered, "I willingly believe that without love you could not sing so well; but now I must know who is your lady?"

But to this Guillem demurs. Hitherto he has answered the questions of his master, as in duty bound; but here a higher duty intervenes, that of discretion in the service of love. In his excuse he quotes some lines of his brother poet Bernard, of Ventadorn, to the effect that it is "a foolish and childish thing to reveal your love to a friend who can be of no service to you."

Raimon accepts the plea, but he meets the move with one of equal skill.

"Quite true," he says, "but I pledge my word that I will be of service to you, as far as lies in my power."

Guillem thus brought to bay, sees only one way to save himself from immediate destruction.

"Know then," he exclaims, "that I love the sister of the Lady Margarida your wife, and I believe that she returns my passion; now you know all, and I pray you to assist me, or at least not to injure me."

To this Raimon assents very readily, and to prove his zealous friendship, he proposes an immediate visit to the lady herself, whose husband's castle (for she also, as a matter of course, is married) happens to be in the immediate neighbourhood. The feelings of Guillem, as the two ride along, may be imagined.

Before we follow them to the castle, let us for a moment look back on the scene we have just witnessed. Time: the latter half of the twelfth century; place: a lonely wood in the south of France; actors: two men moved against each other by jealousy, fear, revenge, the consciousness of wrong inflicted and received—the strongest emotions, in short, of which the human heart is capable. Yet note the calmness and refined courtesy of their manner, the neatness of repartee in a conversation where life and honour are at stake. Guillem, it must be remembered, is at the mercy of his antagonist. Instead of meeting him man to man, Raimon might have thrown his vassal into a dungeon, or wrung his secret from him on the rack. No one would have dared to interfere with the mighty Baron, or to breathe suspicion on his wife's honour. I fear, indeed, that an ordinary retainer would not have met with such considerate treatment at Raimon's hands. But Guillem was a poet of reputation, who could not be dealt with in a summary manner. Hence the terms of equality which Raimon grants him as a matter of course; hence even the offer of assistance in his love affairs. For troubadours were privileged persons. Every one knew that the ladies worshipped by them, under various *senhals*, or pseudonyms, were frequently the wives of the greatest nobles of the land. Raimon himself is quite willing to acknowledge this poetic licence, as long as his own wife is not concerned. It, at any rate, speaks well for the genuine quality of the Provençal love-song, to see how both Guillem and his patron treat its origin from anything but real passion as a total impossibility. But whatever the reader may think of the morality of the principles alluded to, he must admit that they imply a calmness of manner

and sentiment, somewhat at variance with the popular notion of the semi-barbaric state of early mediæval culture. But still stranger events are in store for us.

On their arrival at Castle Liet, Raimon and the poet are hospitably received by the noble Lord Robert de Tarascon and his wife, the Lady Agnes, sister of Lady Margarida. Raimon, whose friendly offers to Guillem the reader no doubt fully appreciates, takes an early opportunity of cross-questioning his sister-in-law on the delicate subject of her lover, without, however, mentioning a name. But the lady is equal to the occasion. She has seen by Guillem's expression, that some mischief must be brewing, and knowing of her sister's attachment, she at once sides against the jealous husband. She admits having a lover, and when asked as to his identity, names Guillem without a moment of hesitation, and, much to the relief of Raimon. Her husband when told of the intrigue, fully approves the lady's conduct, and both combine, in various ways, to further convince Raimon of a guilty intimacy between Guillem and the lady of Tarascon. So well do they succeed, that on his return home Raimon goes at once to tell his wife of his discovery; much to the dismay of that lady, as the reader need not be told. Guillem is summoned before his indignant mistress, and denies his guilt; his innocence being confirmed by the statement of the lady of Tarascon. Margarida is satisfied, but nevertheless bids Guillem declare in a song that to none but her is his love devoted. In answer to this summons Guillem writes the celebrated canzo, "*Li dous cossire qu'em don' amors soven*" (The sweet longing that love often gives to me); one of the most beautiful and most impassioned lyrics ever penned, and, alas! his last. For Raimon when he hears the song, at once fathoms its meaning. His fury now is boundless, but once more he curbs it, to poison the sting of his revenge. He again meets Guillem in a lonely place, slays him, severs the head from the body, tears out the heart, and with these dreadful trophies secretly returns to the castle. The heart he has roasted,* and at dinner asks his wife to partake of it. After she has eaten he discloses the terrible secret, and simultaneously produces the gory head of her lover, asking her how she liked the flavour of the meat. The lady's answer is noble and of tragic simplicity. "It was so good

* Another biographer adds with ghastly accuracy, "*a pebrada*" with pepper; "devilled," as we say,^U, &c.

and savoury," she says, "that never other meat or drink shall take from my mouth the sweetness which the heart of Guillem has left there." The exasperated husband then rushes at her with his drawn sword, and she, flying from him, throws herself from a balcony, and dies.

Thus the marriage law is vindicated, and M. Alexandre Dumas' sentence of *tue-la* carried out in a manner with which even that severe moralist could not but be satisfied. But Guillem's contemporaries had not yet attained to this pitch of virtue. The news of the deed spread rapidly, and was received everywhere with grief and indignation; "and all the friends of Guillem and the lady, and all the courteous knights of the neighbourhood, and all those who were lovers, united to make war against Raimon." King Alfons, of Aragon, himself invaded Raimon's dominions, took from him his castles and lands, and kept him prisoner till death. All his possessions were divided amongst the relations of Guillem and of the lady—a somewhat unusual exercise of feudal jurisdiction, it would seem. The same king had the two lovers buried in one tomb, and erected a monument over them, just outside the door of the Church of Perpignan. "And there was a time," the biographer adds, "when all the knights of Rossilhon, and of Serdonha, of Confolen, Riuples, Peiraleide, and Narbones, kept the day of their death every year; and all the fond lovers and all the fond lady-loves prayed for their souls."

This is the story as rendered in the manuscript of the *Laurentiana*; and a beautiful story it is, told with exquisite skill, and with an artistic grouping of the psychological and pathetic elements for which many modern novelists might envy the obscure Provençal scribe. Boccaccio's treatment of the same incidents, with changed names, in the thirty-ninth *novella* of the *Decameron*, is greatly inferior to the present version. But this very finish of detail excites suspicions as to the historic truth of the extraordinary events so plausibly narrated. Further research into the matter confirms this suspicion. I have traced no less than seven different versions of Guillem's life in the Provençal language preserved amongst the MS. collections of the libraries of Rome, Florence, and Paris. All these purport to be authentic biographies of the poet, and all agree in the main incidents of the story, differing, however, in details, and even in the names of the localities and persons concerned. The lady, for instance, is in some versions called Sermonda or

Sorismonda, instead of Margarida. Other discrepancies and arbitrary additions tend to show that invention has been busy to embellish the tragic fate of a celebrated poet; and it has not been an easy task to divest the kernel of historic truth from later fictitious accumulations. I cannot enter here into tedious details, and must ask the reader to accept in good faith the results of what I may, without presumption, call a careful and patient investigation.

The historical identity of Guillem de Cabestanh, a celebrated poet of the fourteenth century, is sufficiently proved, and there is no intrinsic or external reason to doubt that he was enamoured of a married lady, and killed by her jealous husband. It is also by no means unlikely that the discovery was brought about by an unguarded expression in one of the poet's songs, although this circumstance is not mentioned in the oldest and simplest version. The chronologically second version, on the contrary, lays great stress on this interesting fact, naming the fatal song no other than the beautiful and popular canzo, "Li dous cossire," already referred to. Here, then, we discover the clue to the numerous romantic additions of the later versions which could be made with the greater impunity, as the real data of the story began to fade from the memory of men. For most of these additions are evidently invented with a view to connecting this particular song with the tragic fate of the poet—an idea by no means wanting in poetic beauty, although not borne out by the dry facts of history. The author of the version followed by me in the above goes the greatest length in adding entirely new incidents (*e.g.*, the visit to Castle Liet), and rendering *verbatim* long conversations, of which no cognizance could possibly have been obtained.

Regarding the most striking incident, that of the lover's heart being eaten by the lady, it is true that all the versions contain it, but other circumstances tend to throw grave doubts on its historic reality. For the same fact is told with some modifications of the Châtelain de Coucy, a celebrated poet of northern France, no less historical than Guillem himself, and nearly his contemporary. The independent recurrence in the course of a few years of the same extraordinary fact is intrinsically much more unlikely than the supposition that the story of the eaten heart was, in some form or other, popular at the time, and therefore connected with the life of one of their celebrated poets by both northern and southern Frenchmen. Students of

the History of Fiction are aware that the local and individual application of a popular story to a popular hero is a most common process, and readers of Dunlop's excellent work of that name may remember that the incident of the eaten heart is by no means confined to the age or country of Guillem de Cabestanh. I should indeed not feel surprised if one of our comparative mythologists were to prove that the vulture gnawing the heart or liver of the fettered Prometheus is at the bottom of it all.

But whatever may be the historic value of the story related in the above, it throws a striking and abundant light on the manners and feelings of mediæval Provence. Here we see the idea of the unlimited power of love carried to its extreme consequences. Margarida, a noble lady, adorned, as is expressly stated, with all virtues and accomplishments, does not hesitate at inviting the courtship of her inferior in rank in the most unmistakable manner. But the narrator, and evidently his public with him, think that everything is sufficiently accounted for by an allusion to the unconquerable impulse of love. And in the service of this love all means of defence, fair or foul, are thought permissible. Guillem betrays his kind master and benefactor, and afterwards, in order to save himself, calmly exposes the honour of a third person by an audacious falsehood. Raimon himself is quite willing to tolerate, or even further, the poet's intrigue with his wife's sister; and the manner in which the lord and lady of Tarascon pay him back in his own coin, displays the equally loose principles of those distinguished persons. The immediate discovery of the whole state of affairs on the part of the lady, moreover, betrays an acuteness of vision explainable only from personal experience of similar predicaments. When at last the long-abused husband discovers the intrigue, and takes cruel revenge, nobody seems to consider that he has been sinned against no less than sinning, and all true knights and lovers, the King of Aragon amongst them, hasten to punish the vile murderer, while the lovers are revered as saints and martyrs. Much as we may condemn the brutality of the husband's revenge, or wish to excuse the fatal effects of irresistible passion, justice compels us to consider that the breach of the marriage vow was in this case aggravated by that of confidence, friendship, and fealty. But justice to a husband was a thing unheard of in the code of Provençal gallantry—the very name was

odious, and all but synonymous with criminal, or at least dupe. I do not, indeed, recollect a single instance amongst the numerous love-stories told in connection with the troubadours in which the object of passion was not a married lady; a strange point of affinity with the modern French novel to which I call the attention of those interested in national psychology. The final wedding-bells of English novels would be vainly listened for in Provençal fiction.

If this frivolous conception of sacred ties repels our æsthetical and moral feelings, we cannot, on the other hand, refuse our sympathy to a passion so pure and so intense as that reflected in the canzos of Guillem de Cabestanh. Only seven of his poems have been preserved to us, but these rank amongst the highest achievements of Provençal literature. In the whole range of international song I know of no sweeter lyric than Guillem's "*Lo jors qu'eus vi domna premieramen*," or that other canzo, which legend has connected with his death. The latter is also remarkable by its display of highest technical finish, while the remainder of Guillem's songs are comparatively simple in structure, and contain few of those marvellous *tours de force* of rhyme and metre which most troubadours delight in.

Such artificialities of manner would, indeed, be ill-adapted to the extreme simplicity of his theme, which is nothing but the deepest passion for one beloved object. There is in his poems no fickleness, no variation of mood, and if his literary remains were voluminous, the uniformity of his passion would pall upon us. As it is, this very monotony adds to the intensity of our impression. Guillem is a patient lover, a male type of the nut-brown maid. Everything he will suffer for his lady and from her; nay, he derives pleasure from his sufferings, as they have been inflicted upon him in the service of love, in *her* service. At first sight he has become her bondsman, she has bewitched him with a smile, taken his sense and his thought with a word of her mouth. Sometimes he fancies that he must have loved her before seeing her, and delights in the delusion of having been destined by God to serve her. For her, therefore, he will live, and his songs shall tell the world of her worth and of his passion.

This is the essence of Guillem's canzos. I should like to quote one of these beautiful lyrics, but I think, upon the whole, it will be juster both to the poet and the reader to refrain. The langue d'oc, from its close affinity with Latin, and

the Romance languages, tempts the reader almost irresistibly to guess, and in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases to guess wrongly. To this danger of misapprehension, or, which is worse, of semi-apprehension, I will not expose the poet, particularly as his songs are, although simple in thought, by no means easy reading in the ordinary sense. To give the reader some idea of the graceful flow of Provençal metres, I will quote instead two stanzas by another poet, Peire Vidal, the least difficult I could find, both as regards sense and idiom. The subjoined metrical translation does not aspire to poetic merit, but it will be found useful by way of rendering, with tolerable accuracy, the meaning, and, as far as possible, the words of the original. The reader will notice that in the original the rhymes of the two stanzas are identical, an arrangement frequently occurring in Provençal poetry, and offering comparatively little difficulty, owing to the enormous wealth of concordant words in the language. To imitate this concatenation in our northern idiom would be all but impossible; but within one and the same stanza I have strictly preserved the sequence of the original rhymes. The canzo, a charming effusion of *mal du pays*, is said to have been composed by the poet while absent from Provence on a crusade. The abrupt turn at the end of the second stanza, from the country to the lady of his love, is characteristic of Peire Vidal's manner:—

“ Ab l'aten tir vas me l'aire,
 Qu'en sen venir de Proensa
 Tut quant es de lai m'agensa,
 Si que, quan n'aug ben retraire,
 Eu m'o escout en rizen
 En deman per un mot cen;
 Tan m'es bel quan n'aug ben dire.

“ Qu'om no sap tan dous repaire
 Cum de Rozer tro qu'a Vensa
 Si cum clau mars e Durensa,
 Ni on tan fis joys s'esclaire,
 Per qu'entre la franca gen
 Ai laissat mon cor jauzen
 Ab leis que fals iratz rire.”

“ With my breath I drink the air,
 That Provence my country sends me,
 For a message always lends me,
 Joy from her most dear and fair.

When they praise her I rejoice,
 Ask for more with eager voice,
 Listen, listen, night and morrow.

"For no country 'neath the sun
 Beats mine, from Rozer to Vensa
 From the sea to the Durença ;
 Nowhere equal joy is won ;
 With my friends, when I did part,
 And with *her* I left my heart,
 Who to smiles turns wrath and sorrow."

No stronger contrast can be imagined than that between the tender pathos of Guillem de Cabestanh's poetry and the bounding and bouncing gaiety of another troubadour, the Monk of Montaudon, to whom we now must turn. He may be our representative of what has been called in the above the personal *sirventes*, a vehicle of pungent satire, much in favour with the excitable singers of mediæval Provence. In our more enlightened days animosities amongst brother poets are fortunately a thing wholly unknown.

Of the life of the Monk of Montaudon the old manuscripts tell us little. We are ignorant even of his name, and only know that he was descended from a noble family residing at Castle Vic in Auvergne. Being a younger son he was, as the biography naively puts it, "made a monk of," and entered the Abbey of Morlac, in the vicinity of his paternal castle; some time afterwards he became Prior of Montaudon. Soon, however, it became apparent that the cowl had not made the monk; he began to compose gay stanzas and satiric *sirventeses* on the events of the day. The knights and barons of the adjacent castles were pleased with the poet's gay, genial ways. They asked him to feasts and tournaments, and rewarded his songs with rich gifts, conscientiously remitted by him to the treasury of his cloister; a circumstance which goes far to explain the leniency with which his superiors looked on his infringements of the monastic rules. At last the monk asked permission of the Abbot of Orlac, to regulate his way of living according to the commands of King Alfons of Aragon, known to us as the revenger of Guillem de Cabestanh's death, and a great protector and friend of troubadours in general. The granting of this comprehensive prayer, tends to prove at once the lucrateness of the monk's poetic endeavours, and the considerate tolerance of the worthy prelate. For no sooner

was the permission given, than Alfons bade the monk eat meat, compose gay songs, and court the favour of a lady. "Et el si fes," "and so he did," the manuscript adds significantly.

There were held at that time certain gay assemblies at Puy Sainte Marie, where the noble ladies and gentlemen of many miles round met for a season to enjoy courteous pastimes. The knights measured their strength in the lists, the troubadours sang their sweetest canzos for prizes, made more valuable by the beautiful hands which distributed them. At this gay court the Monk of Montaudon was now created master of the revels, and in this capacity had to hold the celebrated sparrow-hawk, a time-honoured ceremony, performed by him with portly dignity, we may imagine. At the beginning of each of these annual feasts the "Master of the Court of Puy" stood in the midst of the noble guests, took a sparrow-hawk on his fist, and calmly waited till one of the great barons relieved him of his burden. The acceptance of the bird involved the obligation of bearing the not inconsiderable expenses of the whole feast, and was therefore the exclusive privilege of the richest and most liberal nobles. Perhaps it was owing to this pretty but frequently ruinous custom that the Court of Puy itself came to an untimely end. After its expiration the Monk of Montaudon went to Spain, where his abbot conferred upon him the dignity of Prior of Villafranca, in acknowledgment, most likely, of his exemplary life. This monastery, also, the monk enriched with the gifts of his literary patrons. He lived to an advanced age, and died much esteemed and loved by his brethren. He flourished about the end of the twelfth century.

From this short sketch of the monk's life some anticipatory notion of his poetry may be formed. There is in his works a spirit of freshness and animal vigour which ought somewhat to atone for a considerable admixture of grossness in thought and expression. Whatever the poet's faults may be, hypocrisy is not amongst them; and to leave no doubt whatever as to his tastes, he has dedicated three entire songs of moderate size to the enumeration of all the things in the world which excite his just displeasure. A fourth and supplementary poem describes the more agreeable aspects of life by way of contrast. This *catalogue raisonné* of lights and shadows is exceedingly curious, and outspoken beyond the imagination and endurance of polite minds and ears.

Amongst the most detestable things, the monk ranks quarrelsome and arrogant people, a halting horse, a young knight without a rent in his shield, a monk with a long beard, a proud though poor lady, and finally, an over-affectionate husband. This latter point is again highly characteristic of the Provençal conception of marriage already referred to. Our poet also abhors a small piece of meat in a large dish; and that a little wine with a great quantity of water is not to his taste, we would willingly believe without the testimony of St. Martin, solemnly invoked. His culinary principles being thus established, the monk proceeds to take us into his confidence with regard to the tender secrets of his heart. We conclude, from his confessions, that he has met with some ill-treatment at the hands of those members of the fair sex who, although of maturer beauty, have not yet abandoned their claims to admiration. Only personal experience can account for the poet's bitter resentment. Three times he returns to the point, growing more venomous with every new attack. In one instance he goes so far as to use the ungallant expression, "*Vielha caserna*"—old barracks.

In this manner he goes on grumbling and complaining of contrary winds when he wants to start on a voyage, of badly-lined fur caps, false friends, bad fiddlers, and other miscellaneous evils of this wicked world. A whole litany of saints is called to witness frequently on such precarious points, as to remind one of the Italian brigand, who prays to his Madonna previously to cutting purses or throats, as the case may be.

But the monk is not an entire pessimist. His praise is as eloquent as his vituperation. He likes gaiety and carousals, courteous knights and noble ladies. A powerful man, he wishes to be friendly to his friends, hostile to his foes. The same un-Christian sentiment is repeated still more emphatically in the further course of the poem.

"The hated foeman's death I cherish,
Still more, if by my hand he perish."

Milder impulses, however, are not wanting. In two charming, melodious stanzas the poet depicts the delights of a summer's day passed with his love by the side of the murmuring brook, while the air is sweet with the fragrance of blossoms and the song of the nightingale. Truth compels me to confess,

that in close juxtaposition to this charming idyl, the very material wish is expressed of having a "*grans salmos ad hora nona*"—that is, a big salmon for supper.

The Monk of Montaudon, as the reader will perceive, was not given to sentimentality, and the love-songs which he wrote, in compliance with the custom of the time, show accordingly more cleverness than true feeling. They are, however, full of happy turns of expression, and particularly abound with well-chosen similes—a proof that our poet was by no means wanting in imagination. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that satire was his true field of action, and we are not surprised at seeing a man of his keen sense of ridicule turn this weapon against those objects of superlative romantic adoration—women. The weaknesses of the fair sex are indeed the theme of two remarkable *sirventeses* by our troubadour, which we now must consider a little more closely. They deserve attention, both by the original boldness of their satire and by the quaint disguise in which this main purpose is clad. The form adopted by the monk is that of a vision, familiar to all of my readers from those two great monuments of mediæval literature, the *Divina Comedia* and *Piers the Ploughman*. Heaven itself, indeed, is the scene of the troubadour's poem, but a heaven how different from the celestial abode to which the inspired Italian singer was welcomed by Beatrice!

The Monk of Montaudon introduces us into the midst of a legal action, the cause of which is, I am almost ashamed to say, that immemorial privilege of the fair sex to counteract the ravages of time by the rosy bloom of artificial colour. The scene of the action, as has been seen before, is heaven; the Judge, the Deity itself; the monks act as accusers; the ladies are defendants. The painted cheeks of the latter are alleged to outshine the votive pictures in the monasteries. Painting, and the mixing of colours, the monks assert to be their own inventions, to the use of which the ladies have no claim or title. This monstrous allegation the ladies, of course, deny indignantly. Colouring, they say, is their natural birthright, and has been practised by them long before either monks or votive pictures were thought of.

At this juncture a compromise is proposed by the bench, to the effect that ladies on the right side of twenty-five shall be allowed to retain the bloom of youth by what means they

please for a further term of twenty years. But the vicious monks refuse to grant more than ten years; and it is only by the intercession of those accomplished diplomats, SS. Peter and Lawrence, that a medium time of fifteen years is at last agreed upon by the contending parties. Forty years, then, is the limit up to which, to judge from this decision, a Provençal lady might, without incurring ridicule, play youthful parts in life's comedy. "But," the monk adds, "I see that the ladies have broken their promise, which is unfair and wicked; few only have been faithful to their vow." He then enters upon a detailed enumeration of the various ingredients of paint which, by the way, seems to throw some new light on that interesting question in the history of mediæval art, the composition of colours previous to the introduction of oil-medium. "The old monks," we hear, "are deprived of their beans, the only thing which they can eat; and they are therefore left without any food. The price of saffron also, which ought to be used for the sauces of *ragouts*, has been driven up by the ladies to such a degree, that people over the sea begin to complain, as pilgrims tell us. Let the ladies take the cross, and go themselves to Palestine, to fetch the saffron of which they stand in such need."

In the second poem the ladies have been charged with the breach of the former treaty, and it seems that the monk has been summoned to heaven for a preparatory consultation. The Supreme Judge is indignant at such audacity. "Monk," he says, "I hear the ladies have broken their promise; go down, for the love of me, to tell them that if they again use colour, I shall take dire revenge." But the poet has evidently been under gentle pressure since the last trial. He now takes the part of the ladies in the warmest terms. "Gently, gently, my lord!" he interposes; "you must have patience with the ladies, for it is their nature to sweetly adorn their countenance." To this opinion he adheres with obstinacy. In vain it is alleged against him that the ladies, by trying to perpetuate their youth, infringe the unalterable laws of Nature. The monk is not to be shaken. There is only one alternative, he thinks—either to grant unfading beauty to the ladies, or else to deprive the whole human race of the art of painting.

This is, in brief outline, the argument of two of the quaintest productions mediæval literature can show. The bold cynicism with which the delicate secrets of the dressing-room

are revealed justly surprises us in a troubadour of noble family and liberal education ; but much more are we astonished at the familiarity with which the Deity itself is mixed up with these worldly matters. It is true that, in the old Mysteries and Miracle-plays, allowed and even countenanced by the Church, sacred topics are treated with a naïve simplicity strange to modern religious feeling. But the experienced eye can almost always discern the under-current of sacred awe at the bottom of the wildest outburst of popular imagination. Even the "Wanton Wife of Bath," whose tongue is a match for all the saints in heaven, "trembles at his sight," when the Saviour himself appears in his glory. This sacred tremor is entirely unknown to the Monk of Montaudon, who, moreover, as an artistic poet addressing a refined audience, is without the excuse of popular rudeness and ignorance. Yet I think we should be unjust in ascribing to him any conscious intention of blasphemy, or even irreverence. Supposing even he had been a sceptic, he was at the same time too much attached to life and its pleasures to parade his heresies at the risk of his neck. The only way of solving the psychological puzzle is to follow the ancient example of the monk's superiors, and to make ample allowance for the reckless buoyancy of a poet's fancy, difficult to check at a certain point when once let loose. To give an idea of the ease with which he moves in the celestial regions, I will quote the opening stanza of another poem, the tone of which reminds one somewhat of the "Prelude in Heaven" of Goethe's "Faust." It seems to have been written at a time when, after a prolonged stay at his monastery, the author was fain to set out on another expedition.

"Up to heaven I found my way
 Lately : you may trust my word.
 Welcome sweet bade me the Lord,
 He whose all-command obey
 Land and sea, and hill and dell.
 'Monk, why do you seek my throne ?
 Tell me how fares Montaudon,
 Where thy pious brethren dwell ? ' "

The drift of the poem is easily discernible. Some of his monastic brethren had evidently remarked upon the poet's worldly ways ; and to silence these, the very highest authority is now brought to bear on the subject. This is the reassuring answer the monk receives to his pretended conscientious

scruples: "I like you to laugh and sing, for the world grows merrier, and Montaudon gains through it." By such an argument, coming from such a quarter, the sourest of ascetics was reduced to acquiescence.

A troubadour who, as we have seen, wholly disregarded the rules of courteous gallantry could not be expected to use much consideration where his own sex and his rivals in art were concerned. Accordingly, we find that one of the most venomous literary satires of that libel-loving age owes its existence to our author. It ought, however, to be mentioned, in justice to him, that another troubadour had set a noble example of wholesale abuse. The Monk of Montaudon's *sirventes* is, indeed, avowedly founded on a similar production by Peire of Alvernhe, in which that distinguished poet gives vent to his affectionate feelings towards no less than twelve contemporary troubadours, some of them celebrated poets, others entirely unknown to us, but evidently all men of considerable reputation at the time. One of his victims, the sweet singer of love, Bernart of Ventadorn, has been mentioned before. Of another no less renowned troubadour, Guiraut de Borneth, it is said that "he resembles a dry blanket in the sun, with his thin, miserable voice, which sounds like that of an old woman crying out water in the street. If he saw himself in a mirror [meaning, 'as others see him'], he would not think himself worth a roseberry." Thus Peire of Alvernhe goes on through twelve stanzas, battering down reputations in order to erect on their ruins the column of his own glory. "Peire of Alvernhe," he winds up, "has a fine voice, and can sing high and low, filling the air with sweetest sound. His would be the highest praise, but for the obscurity of his words, which hardly anyone can understand." The candid reader who would see in this last qualification a remnant of modesty would be vastly mistaken; for a dark, involved style was considered by connoisseurs as the sign of highest genius, and it was chiefly to his *motz oscurs* (dark words), and *rims cars* (rare rhymes), that Arnaut Daniel owed that place of honour awarded to him in Petrarch's beautiful lines—

"Fra tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello
Gran maestro d'amor; ch' alla sua terra
Ancor fa onor col suo dir novo e bello." *

* "First among all, Arnaut Daniel, the great master of love, who still does honour to his country owing to his new and beautiful parlance."

It is satisfactory to notice that in Peire of Alvernhe's case exceeding pride has met with due castigation. For in some of the manuscripts the opening lines of the self-laudatory stanza have been travestied by a witty copyist into a very differing meaning. "Piere of Alvernhe," this altered version reads, "sings like a frog in a pond, although he praises himself above all the world." The remainder of the stanza, however, has been left unaltered, for Peire's high literary position was an undeniable fact. The manuscripts call him "the best troubadour of the world till Guiraut de Borneth (his "dry blanket") came, and Nostradamus relates that Peire found such favour with the ladies as to enjoy the privilege of kissing the fairest amongst his audience after each canzo he had sung.

Such is the model the Monk of Montaudon has chosen, and it must be owned that the disciple is worthy of the master. The monk's knowledge with the most intimate details of his rivals' biographies would do credit to a modern interviewer. "As Peire of Alvernhe," he begins, "has sung about the troubadours of past days, I am going to do the same for those that have come since, and I hope they won't be angry with me for exposing their evil doings." And then he sallies forth on his crusade of abuse, devoting with laudable equality the space of six verses to each victim, "a character dead at every stanza," as Sir Peter Teazle would say. The reader will be glad to hear that no mercy is shown to Peire of Alvernhe. "He wears his coat these thirty years," we are told. "He is as lean as firewood, and his singing is getting worse and worse. Since he has joined company with a lewd woman at Clermont, he has not made a single good song." "Arnaut Daniel (Petrarch's 'great master of love') has never in his life written anything tolerable, but only composed stuff which nobody can understand." Folquet of Marseilles, whose conversion from a gay troubadour to a religious zealot, has been briefly mentioned before, is reminded that his father was a pedlar. "He swore a foolish oath when he said he would write no more songs, and it has been said that he consciously perjured himself."

But the most piercing darts of his quiver the monk reserves for a troubadour whose immeasurable vanity almost bordering on madness was indeed a tempting aim for the satirist. I am speaking of Peire Vidal, the author of the beautiful address to Provence quoted above. He was the son of a furrier, but had

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forgotten and made others forget his low origin. He believed himself to be an irresistible breaker of hearts, and had to pay dearly for his vain boasting of favours never granted. For a jealous husband, whose wife the Peire counted amongst his victims, had the poet's tongue pierced, which, however, did not prevent the incorrigible braggard from continuing to call himself the dread of husbands, "who fear me worse than fire or pointed iron, God be thanked." Afterwards he took part in a crusade, and married a Greek lady at Cyprus, with whom he returned home. For some reason or other he imagined his wife to be the daughter of the Greek Emperor, and, as her husband, claimed a right to the imperial throne. In the meantime he adopted the arms and title of his father-in-law, and even thought of equipping a fleet to enforce his right to the throne. His follies naturally excited universal merriment, and we need not wonder at finding our poet amongst the foremost of the scoffers. "Peire Vidal," he exclaims, "is one of the very last of poets. He has not got all his limbs, and a tongue of silver would be desirable for him. Once he was a miserable furrier, but since he has dubbed himself a knight he has lost his last remnant of wits."

In this strain the monk continues through fifteen stanzas, scattering abuse broadcast, and if his wit sometimes seems to desert him, it must, at least, be owned that his spite is genuine and unflagging. But in his case also the manuscripts contain an additional stanza of retributive justice, most likely by a later copyist. "With the sixteenth stanza," it says, "the false Monk of Montaudon will most likely be satisfied, he who quarrels and fights with every one. He has deserted God for a fitch of bacon, and for his ever attempting to write canzos and verses he ought to be hung up in the wind."

Such was literary criticism amongst the troubadours—a not very edifying spectacle, upon which, the reader perhaps may think, too many words have been wasted already. So we will drop the curtain on the Monk of Montaudon, not without a good-natured smile at his weaknesses, nor without wonderment at an age which burnt and quartered thousands of virtuous Albigeois, and tolerated, or even approved of such doings and such utterances in a monk.

But before leaving the subject finally, I must warn the reader not to judge the general tone of the Provençal *sirventes* by the few examples of personal satire here specified. The

troubadours grow, as Schiller says, with their greater purpose. In reproving the moral evils of their time, the decay of piety, the avarice of the great, the outrages of clerical pride, they frequently attain to an almost Dantesque power of conception and imagery. I know of few grander ideas in poetry than Marcabrun's picture of the enormous tree, whose branches mingle with the clouds, whose roots spread down to mid-earth. To it are tied innumerable multitudes of all classes, from king to beggar. For the tree is the eternal evil of the world, and avarice and covetousness are the bonds which fetter mankind.

But such objective depth of idea must not be expected from the Monk of Montaudon. He is a broadly humorous figure, and although characteristic in many ways of his time and country, he must not blind us to the serious currents of thought moving the age in which he lived, and the literature of which he represents one feature. We must look at him as one of those burlesque types by which the terrible seriousness of man's life and thoughts is fortunately relieved at intervals. A product of nature's creative humour in one of her most whimsical moods.

The Story of Alix Fairford.

BY JOHN DANGERFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "GRACE TOLMAR," "THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the more remote of our western counties stands an ancient country house, one of those which in these days of movement and change are becoming so rare as to give us a curious feeling of something stronger than mere curiosity. It is set in a broad, level valley where rich pastures stretch in undulating breadths to the tree-covered hills of the horizon. The house, of goodly size, and built of red sandstone, in the architectural fashion of three hundred years ago, had in the alternate suns and rains of that long period got tempered to a greyer tone, which matched the surrounding greenery with a true and beautiful harmony. It is not, perhaps, so rare for the solid masonry of our old English architects to hold its own against the hand of time; but at Fairford Court everything, even to the usages of the family and the ways of the servants, retained a full aroma of antiquity.

Nothing was of the fashion of to-day. The rooms were wainscoted with oak—black with age and its frequent polishings by hands of long past generations of servants. In the garden beds, no garish modern flowers broke upon the quiet half tones of greys and greens in which nature was dressed. Broad walks, paved with flag-stones, separated beds filled with flowering plants of the old English kinds, columbines, virgin lilies, anemones, and gillyflowers. These walks, bordered by hedges of box half a man's height and clipped and shorn into perfect walls of green, converged to the end of the garden, where a stone-margined pool of goodly depth rippled continuously with the water jet from a stone Triton's conch, and in the clear depths below one might see the broad backs of carp and tench, as old, the gardeners believed, as the old

house itself. Beyond this again was a grove of cedars of great age and size, and wherever the sun could not reach through their interlacing branches, there reigned all day long a twilight on the level breadth of thick, mossy turf beneath.

To have let time and nature, working together, consume a piece of work so lovely as Fairford Court needs the patience and reverence and conservative instincts not of one man, but of long generations of men. The present owner of Fairford was one to whom innovation in any form was an abomination, not only because the effort of transition from the known to the unknown demanded more energy than he had to expend—it was for this reason too that he disliked it—but also for the nobler reason that the ancient, established usages possessed for him, in their orderliness and sobriety, a certain grace which it takes a not quite common share of æsthetic perception to apprehend. To him it was an essential matter that certain things about his home, which to other men would have seemed of infinite triviality, should proceed as they had gone on as far back as he could remember; that the noontide sun, for instance, should shine down through the branches of the cedar grove, and cast a network of golden light and purple shadow on the turf; that at sunset the level rays should strike against their trunks and bring out the tints of russet red on the bark and make the vivid moss on the twisted roots glow with pure emerald high lights.

This mild æstheticism was hardly personal to Mr. Fairford: he had inherited it. It was the quality that had made the place what it was. It had always marked the Fairfords.

In the dining-room and on the stairs and along the corridors were hung painted Fairfords, in all of whom ran that strange family likeness which clings so persistently to certain families. A handsome race these Fairfords; the men stalwart, the women tall, slight and graceful, and all through the mannerism of different schools of painting—from the stately accuracy of Holbein, the hardness of Dobson, through the careless ease of Lely, the stiffness of Kneller, and the graceful refinement of Reynolds and Gainsborough—was this same typical face, the serious, mildly intelligent, somewhat dreamy expression, the large limpid eyes, the fine and regular features, the oval face, the full, well-shaped, somewhat sensuous mouth. It was a remarkable circumstance that among so many ancestors, not one was of a man distinguished in State or Church,

or army or law. There was clearly a lack of the heroic, or at least, of the ambitious and certainly of the energetic element, among the Fairfords. There were churchmen and soldiers and lawyers and scholars portrayed, but no ermine-robed judge, no lawn sleeves testifying to advancement in the church, no uniform of soldier or sailor studded with crosses and orders, no name famous or even respectable in letters. The Fairfords of Fairford had kept the even tenour of their way through life, caring nothing for its honours, sufficient to themselves, and making no particular effort to attract good repute from their fellow men.

The present owner of Fairford had succeeded to his elder brother. Till the age of thirty-five he had made his way through the usually not very easy life of a younger son and brother, in the pleasant, easy-going manner peculiar to his family. Only one departure had he made from the Fairford routine, and this was certainly sufficiently exceptional.

To show how far Mr. Fairford had departed from the grooves of Fairford tradition and, for once, from his own ordinary ways and habits, it is necessary to relate an episode in the family history. Exactly one hundred years ago, Nathaniel Fairford, the eldest son of the Fairford of Fairford Court, being quartered with his regiment at Limerick, had fallen in love after the manner of cornets, and from which even Fairfords are not exempt, with the daughter of a neighbouring Irish Peer. Before the then head of the family could bring any influence to bear to interfere with such a break of Fairford tradition—for from all time Fairford sons and daughters had married cousins, first or second, or at least, near neighbours—Cornet Fairford and Miss Ambrose's marriage had taken place; but this break of precedent might have served to confirm the Fairfords in their adherence to Fairford traditions. The marriage ended tragically. After the birth of a son Nathaniel Fairford died, and Barbara after a year's widowhood married a certain Hugh Consett, a neighbouring squire, a man of ungovernable temper and wild life. Within six months of her marriage, her dead body was found in the river which flowed by Consett Hall. How she had come by her death remained for ever a mystery.

Mrs. Nathaniel Fairford's full length portrait hung in the corridor, not in a very conspicuous place, considering that the picture was one of Gainsborough's best works. If any one

passing along the gallery in company with the present owner of Fairford Court happened to notice the lovely face and sweet violet-grey eyes, and the delicate outline of cheek and brow, Mr. Fairford would stop before the picture in his pleasant, deliberate manner, to agree that it was not at all a Fairford face, and some such dialogue as the following would ensue:—

“And yet, do you know,” would Mr. Fairford say, “though the girl was a Roman Catholic, and born in Ireland, she was of English blood on both sides. The Ambroses had gone to Ambrose Castle from Yorkshire just two hundred years before, and now, what is really very strange, I find that a certain Priscilla Fairford, an heiress, and of a collateral branch of our own people, married the second Lord Ambrose, and was positively, my dear sir, the great-grandmother of the charming Barbara Ambrose of this picture. Now, is that or is that not a coincidence?” And, upon some necessary astonishment being expressed, “Oh, there is not a particle of doubt on the subject; I worked it out myself, and spent no little time and trouble, I can assure you. I will just mention one small piece of corroborative evidence, slight, perhaps, but taken with other proofs, absolutely conclusive, simply overwhelming—but all this bores you to death I am sure.”

“No, not at all; genealogy is my delight,” would his companion declare.

“Well then, just in three words, the proof is this: our Fairford arms, you know, bear *two dolphins embowed respectant on a fess argent*, a singular bearing enough, as I will some day have the pleasure of explaining to you, and, as I believe, absolutely unique. But now for my proof. Lord Ambrose having married an heiress should of course quarter with his own arms what we heralds term *Arms of alliance*. Does he? Yes, he does—very distinctly. See, here are the Ambrose arms blazoned at my direction on the frame:—now, what do you find on the dexter base of the escutcheon?”

“Very curious! To be sure, here they are, two fish like haddocks, doubled up and staring at each other.”

“Two dolphins, my dear friend,” said Mr. Fairford mildly and with a smile of superior knowledge, “two dolphins embowed, respectant.”

Now such is the inconsistency of human nature that Mr. Fairford, who loved the old routine so well, and who could set himself so industriously to explain away this one trifling aber-

ration from the path of family precedent, had strayed from this same path far more widely himself. In this wise, that he had married not only out of the family, but also out of the county, and even out of the kingdom. He had as a younger brother been fond of travel,—of that sort of travel, be it understood, which involves neither fatigue nor adventure; of such mild dilettante rambles by road and rail as land the traveller after every journey at a comfortable hotel, with, for the morrow, a new picture gallery to be visited, and the task of leaving half-a-dozen letters of introduction. So did it happen that Mr. Fairford, being then a little over thirty years of age, good-looking, agreeable, of educated tastes, a fluent linguist, and possessing the ease and mild assurance of good society, found himself in the capital of Denmark, and thrown repeatedly into the society of one fair-haired young Dane, by whom he was speedily captivated.

Whether the characteristic easy nature of the Fairfords prevented any obstinate resistance to that which in a lover's eyes is always the decree of a beneficent Providence, or whether the family had, after all, in mixing its blood with the Ambroses, acquired a tendency to new courses, it is certain that a second strange breach of the established order of Fairford life took place, and that Mr. Fairford married his Danish love, and thereby astonished and perplexed his relatives and friends beyond expression.

Certainly, after this one act of independence, the spirit which may have been inherited from Barbara Ambrose died out, and thereafter Mr. Fairford settled into the most steady-going and conservative of Fairfords. It was shortly after this that he succeeded to his brother. After that, again, came the one grief of his life, the death of his wife, and that loss dulled the edge of all his remaining days, so that in his latter years he was a truer and more typical Fairford than ever, not less keen or at all colder, but narrower in his sympathies; having less energy than ever, being more indifferent to the outer world and its ideas, more complacently regarding Fairford Court and its old-world ways as pleasant and perfect ways. So he grew old, his thoughts centred now for good in his home, and, as Fairfords had always been known to be, was genial and pleasant to servants and dependents, exacting in nothing but that the trivial routine of Fairford life should go on regularly, smoothly and diligently.

Mrs. Fairford did not live long enough at the Court to fall into its ways. She did not complain, but the change was more abrupt than she could bear. Physical as well as mental acclimatization was impossible to her. In the soft still atmosphere of Fairford Court, she sighed for the keen brine-charged winds of her own country. She wished for any change from the unvarying greenery about Fairford, even for the long stretches of barren sand dunes of her home with the leagues of tumbling waves breaking upon them, even for the months of deep snow. Things in her new home seemed to be without life or movement. The shadow on the grey stone sun-dial seemed to her impatience sometimes to stop still. The stiff boughs of the cedars were never bent by a breeze. The footfalls on the deep turf were silent. There was no change, no stir, no movement, and it had been born with her and was in her training to love all three. So her high spirits left her, she pined, and grew weary and listless and dull, and then fell sick and died, leaving one child only.

This child, a daughter, seemed to have nothing of her mother about her, nothing of the Northern race, but the Danish name Alix—her mother's—and just a trace of her lineage in hair and skin fairer than any Fairford's, and in eyebrows straight and without the curve observable in the face of every one of the child's pictured ancestors. In other respects, a perfect Fairford, accepting the whole order of Fairford existence as the most fitting and perfect of existences; for race and lineage and blood go for nothing—or else all our systems of training break down—go for nothing at all compared with precept and habit and association. So Miss Alix Fairford grew up to be eighteen and had, being a woman and therefore being (if the thing be any way possible) more adaptable and imitative than a man, never once stirred one finger's breadth beyond her appointed groove, and never intended to do so while she lived.

Apart from the associations that had grown up with her and moulded her nature, her mental training was unconventional enough. Her mother had brought with her from Copenhagen a German lady who was both governess and companion, and between this woman—a good-natured and a very indolent one, and neither intellectual nor cultivated—and her father's mild æstheticism, Alix Fairford had grown up through childhood and girlhood. A curiously unconstrained

education ; no regular lessons, no sound elementary doctrine in grammar, history or language, no judicious grounding in any single art or science, no geography or use of the globes, adapted to the comprehension of young ladies ; but what is better far for the satisfaction of some forms of intellectual hunger than all these things together, the run allowed to her of one of those grand old English country house libraries, the accumulation of the printed wisdom of three hundred years—a large room with lofty mullioned windows, and book-cases reaching all round from floor to ceiling. What roomy leather arm-chairs, what comfortable “coigns of vantage” and recesses in the windows, to draw great folios to ; what a noble company of tall copies, of Caxtons, what precious Elzevirs, how many a rare *editio princeps* ! What a wholesome intellectual aroma given off by ancient morocco bindings, how rich and curious the subtle library redolence of paper, printer’s ink, and the learned dust of ages, all blended and mellowed by time ! How much too rich a feast, apparently, for one little half-educated child ! but at any rate the feast was never despised by Alix Fairford.

From the time she could spell out the words, the library was her favourite play-ground. She had the room to herself ; only her father sometimes came in to consult a volume, his footfall so noiseless on the deep carpet, that he would come in and go out unnoticed by her. Once her father bringing in a friend with whom he had been discussing some literary question to be settled by a reference to a book on the shelves, the two gentlemen had found Alix standing at a lectern nearly as tall as herself, quite absorbed in the pages of the folio volume which rested on it. They paused for a moment in silence as they entered the room, and the old gentleman with Mr. Fairford, a connoisseur and collector of ancient paintings, declared afterwards that he had never gazed on a more exquisite picture than that of Alix Fairford in the minute or two that she stood there, unconscious of their presence.

A slender, straight-limbed girl of eighteen, she was standing where the mellow afternoon sunlight, dimmed and made hazy by its passage through the little diamond-shaped panes of glass, fell on her and on the brazen lectern, and the yellow-paged book upon it. Alix Fairford, had she been self conscious, or in any way conceited, could do no better than continue to stand as she stood at that moment. Never again could she

hope to look so picturesque, or, if to be like a beautiful picture is to be beautiful, never could she hope to look so beautiful. But she was not vain : in her simple scheme of life, self played as small a part as it can play in the life of a human being. She was not at all introspective, and had never yet employed, and if all should go well with her, probably never would employ her wits in that dreariest of occupations, the questioning of her own consciousness. So she stood there only as long as she thought that she was alone. A dress of some clinging woollen stuff of a neutral colour fell in simple folds and pipings to the ground. One hand doubled, rested on the upper edge of the lectern, the arm extended and straightened out, and in the other hand were grasped the corners of a dozen pages of the book ; not very small hands, but, though slender and thin, shapely, nervous, serviceable and strong.

The light from the window passed through a pane blazoned in dim stained glass with the Fairford arms, and carried with it a tawny red light on to the girl's light-brown hair, and brightened the lights and deepened the shadows of her face, colouring its smooth pale skin to a curiously transparent rosy tint. The old gentleman was artist enough to perceive how both light and outline went together to make up the picture ; how the hazy light hung round her, and the dingy books made a sombre background to its brightness ; how the stretched out right arm contrasted with the other that was bent ; how all the outlines of head and figure flowed in delicate curves, relieved by the straight lines of the lectern, and the repeated horizontal ones of books and bookshelves.

There is a kind of gracefulness whose characteristics would seem generally to have escaped the notice of our modern painters, poets, novelists and critics. It is the gracefulness which only goes with the full and perfect health and strength of youth, and has nothing of the pretty, shrinking, appealing, indecisive mannerism which, even if we a little despise, we profess to admire in women. Of this artificial gracefulness, Alix Fairford had none. A free, natural life in the fresh country air, and long walks and rides had hardened and strengthened her body. Nothing tired her, and the smooth white skin of her light wrists, covered ligaments strong and elastic as steel.

Though she was nearly eighteen, and tall, she was still in form a child. In those of Northern race the spring and

summer of their life comes late and slowly, like the season of spring in their own native regions, and even when it comes, it is at first tempered and subdued, as if by some latent chilliness.

She moved from the circle of light when she perceived her father and his friend. The picture was gone, the charm broken, and a thin, unformed, pale-faced girl came forward, whom no mere connoisseur of light and shade and harmonies of form and colour could be enthusiastic about for a moment. There are, however, perceptions keener and wider and more subtle than those of the ordinary art enthusiast; and to such eyes Alix Fairford might have possessed rarer and higher charms than those we have yet seen in her.

It was one of those faces which, to be rightly interpreted and its true beauty discerned, requires some sort of affinity in the observer with the nature underlying it, and a finer sense and tact than are quite common. But for the long hair, thick enough to cast a shade on the forehead, it was a face whose sex could not easily have been guessed. The thin, pale face, with its pure cheek outlines, might have been that of either a girl or a youth. Such an earnest look in the eyes is rare in a woman past quite young girlhood, and the expression of repose in the full, delicately modelled lips, repeated in the slightly upraised lower eyelids, implied a reserve and a habit of thoughtfulness common, no doubt, in women, but seldom expressed in a woman's face; and again, a curiously indefinable look of diffidence and submissiveness was present in every movement of the features, and this look was purely womanly. Thus might a close and curious analyser of character as it speaks through the expression read off what was told in the delicate lines of Alix Fairford's face; and if read aright, they told something of a pure, guileless, very candid, very single and simple nature, of a will indolent and yielding rather than weak, but always contented to be guided and happy in being submissive to rule and precedent, and habit and authority. It was a nature comparatively inactive as yet on the emotional side, but strong and eager, and observant and receptive, with the finer nerve and quick, keen tact which belongs to the spiritual nature. A true Fairford, with the hereditary weakness of fibre and purpose of the family very apparent, and only in the intellectual and moral part of her possessing something of the energy and force of the Northern strain. A complicated

problem, full of seeming contradictions, this girl's mind and temperament, though to those about her the most satisfactorily simple piece of mental and moral machinery ever put together. Every one agreeing to say, and indeed, with obvious justice, that no girl was ever born with so perfect a temper, with such a cheerful, contented, and affectionate disposition ; no one was ever so compliant and manageable ; and, over and above all this, and most high and rare praise to so young a girl, no one ever had more good sense and conduct, a clearer head, or a quicker wit.

How then did it come to pass that a young lady so happily and auspiciously endowed, should, of her own free will and accord and with her eyes open, come to make one of the most fatal of all mistakes, and prepare for herself an existence the most melancholy that can well fall to woman's lot ? The answer to this question shall be the subject of this story.

CHAPTER II.

ALIX FAIRFORD's child and girl life was, as we have seen, an easy and pleasant one, but so far as this portion of life should be a preparation for the rubs and trials of after existence, it was entirely a failure. The outlook which Alix had hitherto got upon the world through a pair of very innocent grey eyes was an altogether fallacious and misleading outlook. She had looked upon a world with all its heartburnings, envyings, and malice left out. Gaze where she would at Fairford, she only saw friendly faces, and she heard none but kindly voices. Whatever the soul of young girlhood could desire, that she had without stint. Pleasant books to read, ponies to ride on, and dogs and cousins to play with and to make companions of.

Among cousins, male and female, were two whom she counted her chief friends, Gerald Consett and Henry Consett, themselves first cousins one of the other, and both second cousins of the Fairfords.

In the social economy of —shire these Consetts had always played important parts. They represented the active—the often far too active—principle, while the Fairfords were the passive and conservative principle. Their energy had often been in excess, and had almost always outrun their discretion.

Every change and revolution in Church or State had found a Consett declaring himself violently on one side or the other. Charles Consett, a hot-blooded cavalier, had lost his life at Worcester; a very notable malignant, Peter Consett, his successor, had been deprived of his estate after the Restoration, and his son, living abroad, had become a Catholic, and in the succeeding reign had recovered the Consett manors by a lawsuit, helped on with some occult Court influence. For the next two generations the Consetts were strong Jacobites, and, shut out from politics and all possible advancement, employed their energies in drinking and gambling away their patrimony. The estate passed into the hands of strangers while a younger son was accumulating a huge fortune in India. He returned, bought out the new owner, and the star of the Consetts shone again in ——shire. The nabob, more wealthy than any previous Consett, and careful that his wealth should not be entirely wasted by an extravagant eldest son, left an estate almost as fine as Consett Manor to his second son, a clergyman. The clergyman was the father of young Henry Consett, and Gerald, his cousin, was the son of the squire.

The two young men were of an age, four years older than Alix, and companions, and in some sort rivals, at school and at college. Both were clever, high-spirited lads, but Gerald was an idler—a brilliant, careless, handsome, dark-eyed boy, popular everywhere, and certain, as every one said when the two young men appeared together, after leaving Oxford for good, at the covert side—that best field of observation in the country—quite certain to become the most popular man in the county. To be sure, he had some few advantages over his cousin, accidental rather than natural. His father, though as wicked an old country gentleman as any gentleman with any claim at all to that title can be, was a person of great influence in the country. He kept the hounds, and he kept them very well. He swore very fearfully and quite indiscriminately at every one in the hunting-field, and had thereby acquired great consideration. He was quite a model Master of Hounds, of a fortunately almost extinct genus, and was thought very much of in all classes of society. He was a hard drinker, his face was very red, his temper very bad—he had, report said, literally terrified his wife into her grave—and his scenes with his son Gerald were known to be sometimes terrible. All this was very sad, people said. but Gerald Consett did not suffer

at all in public estimation in consequence. He even gained. To be the son of so influential a Master of Hounds was a great deal; to have been so shamefully brought up as he had been by the old reprobate his father, was the source of a great deal of real sympathy and commiseration. "Poor Gerald Consett!" people said; "with such a father, such an example before him, he might have been such a scapegrace, and he is such a very nice fellow, not a saint, perhaps——" "No, not a saint," said those who knew him better,—“but really a fine young man; and it shows how much natural good there is in him not to have been corrupted;” and so forth.

These, then, were Gerald's advantages, in addition to which he was an only son. Henry Consett was not so fortunately born and circumstanced. He was the eldest son, indeed, but there were innumerable little Consetts born after him, most of them by a second wife of his father's, and it was clear that his inheritance could not be a large one. His father told him, when he was still a boy, that he would have to work for anything beyond a mere competence. So Henry directed the Consett energies, of which he possessed a large share, into honest hard work: using his hereditary strength of purpose to keep in the strict line of Greek particles and conic sections, and reluctantly tearing himself from the pleasant paths followed by his friends and his cousin, paths set with such delights as are only too exquisite to country-bred boys—hunting breakfasts, drives in drags and tandems on winter mornings to hunting meets, runs with hounds, never to be so delightful in after life; or long summer days spent in cricket-fields, with the pleasant, noisy luncheon under the cool tent, where the air is deliciously full of the summery scents of borage and cider-cup and trampled turf. All these delights Henry Consett sternly resisted, and gained thereby the perhaps doubtful advantages of storing his mind with as much University theology and exploded systems of ethics and logic as enabled him to take quite a distinguished degree.

Only now and then in the course of his dull University life had country breeding and Consett blood been too strong for him. Once or twice he had been over-persuaded to waste a whole precious day in a cricket match, running up such a score and so distinguishing himself as to make his weaker minded friends wonder that he could have the heart to be anything but a cricketer. Sometimes, on a fine hunting morning, his

soul would suddenly rebel at books, and he would rush off and appear presently at the nearest hunting meet on a miserable hired hunter. Then at the first whimper of the first hound he would feel his long-repressed spirits getting almost the mastery of him, and it would be an effort to him to sit on his horse with the required indifference till the hounds should break; then would he dash off incontinent in a straight and brilliant, but usually short course, ending for the most part abruptly with a plunge into a deep and muddy brook, or after boring through an almost impassable quickset hedge, and making a convenient passage for the rest of the field, he and his horse would roll over and over helplessly in the ploughed field beyond. Let no one underrate the value as safety valves to high spirits of such mishaps as these, or the calming effect to the overwrought mind of a reading man of leading a tired horse home a dozen miles, himself a mass of mud, limping, scratched, bruised, chilled to the bone, tired, and perfectly happy!

These were Alix Fairford's two cousins; her playfellows when she was a child, her companions a little later. When she saw Gerald Consett for the first time for a year or two—his Oxford days were passed and he had then entered a regiment of the Guards—it was in the hunting field that they met, and he made a very good impression upon her. She could hardly recognize in him the extremely impatient, wayward schoolboy who had been accustomed to tyrannize over and have his will of her and everybody else on every possible occasion. He was so surprisingly handsome and grand in his manner. He was better mounted than any man in the field; his horse's coat shone like satin, all the ladies were attracted by its beauty; even the men said it "looked like going." He was almost too well dressed for a quiet country meet, but that did not strike Miss Fairford. She and Gerald had met at the covert side, and they rode on slowly together. She was quite proud of her cousin. A boy ran to hold open a gate; he was a little slow. Gerald swore at him, a grand life-guardsmen's oath. Alix said, "Oh, Gerald!" but she was rather impressed by his fluent, masterful way.

Henry Consett was out that day too, but in public estimation he was "nowhere" as compared to his cousin. A very good-looking, fair man, whom every one liked, good-humoured, with a pleasant, straightforward manner and

frank expression of face, but not so self-assertive as Gerald. Henry was a barrister, one with a great future before him, it was predicted, but no briefs as yet; and a briefless barrister with a tribe of small brothers and sisters counts for nothing anywhere. He was wretchedly mounted, on a half-broken young horse bred by his father, a rough-coated vicious beast that bit and kicked everything near him; and this of itself impaired his popularity, for it is very well known how hunting men connect the unsocial qualities of horses with their riders, and irrationally take a kick from a friend's horse almost as a personal insult administered by the rider himself. So he had to keep a clear field between himself and everyone else, and Alix Fairford heard all sorts of sharp speeches made at the expense of her favourite cousin and his unfortunate horse. For though Gerald had obtained some sort of childish admiration from Alix, it was Henry whom she liked best to be with. He was never rough with her, as the impulsive Gerald often was. She had had a sort of mild hero-worship for Gerald, so impetuous and domineering was he; but Henry she loved—loved as a brother and a friend, told her few griefs to, had no interests in her dogs, ponies, garden, and especially in her books, that she did not share with her cousin Henry. She had always corresponded with him regularly, from the time when sheets of her copybooks had reached him at Eton, scrawled over with curiously spelt and punctuated sentences in writing half an inch high, and filled with all the incidents of Fairford domestic life, including full and particular accounts of the health and behaviour of all pet dogs, cats and birds.

The two young men had been abroad together for several months, and thereafter had begun each his own career, and this was their first return to ——shire; and it was rather unfortunate for Henry Consett that he could not come nearer to his cousin than the other side of a hedge without danger of injuring her for life. The situation was, as he could not but feel, not without some elements of the ridiculous. Though Alix was serious enough, as her cousin came as near as was prudent on the ugly, unquiet beast that his father had presented him with, which plunged and kicked, do all its rider could to quiet it, his cousin Gerald did not spare him.

"Well, any how, I believe he can go," said Henry good-humouredly, considering the trials to his temper.

"We shall see," said Gerald, with all the pride of sitting

on a three hundred guinea horse well up to his weight, very fast, and a fine fencer.

At this moment the hounds broke from covert two hundred yards from where they stood. Henry's horse became ungovernable, and bolted with him in the direction of the hounds, and when ten minutes afterwards they "checked" in a large open field, he and his horse were seen careering wildly in a circle outside the other riders, not without creating some consternation in the Master and huntsmen and great amusement to every one except Alix Fairford. Finally, when the hounds again took up the scent, running slowly and doubtfully, again Henry and his horse were before everybody else, now among the hounds, now crossing the probable line of scent, amid the objurgations of every one present; anon making a purposeless sort of loop-line excursion, apparently to gratify his horse's eccentricity, and presently man and horse were seen again to be returning across a very dangerous line of country to a field where the hounds had again come to a check.

He was watched with some anxiety. A strong, lofty post and rail fence separated him from the field; the horse, to those who knew the ways of horses, was seen to be trying to refuse the jump, to be quickening his pace, and to be swerving; it was visible also that his rider was compelling him to keep straight.

A group of farmers watched this proceeding with interest.

"Master Henry has not forgotten how to ride!"

"A hard man on a horse, not many harder. 'Tis the old Consett strain. That will stop him, though, big as his heart is!"

It did stop him, and very effectually. The horse, feeling the mastery of his rider over him, had charged the fence, but he had rushed too fast to clear it. The weight and great speed together had sufficed to crash through the obstacle. The two top bars broke with a report like a pistol shot, and the horse came through into the field beyond; but the shock had overbalanced him, his hind feet caught in the ditch on the further side, and he fell heavily on his side with an impetus that slid him a yard or two along the smooth turf, and lay there motionless, with heaving flanks and open, snorting nostrils, quite unhurt but cowed and helpless, in the awkward, ugly shape assumed by all horses when they are no longer upon their legs.

"Henry is hurt!" cried Alix.

Gerald laughed as he cantered by her side to the scene of the accident. "Hang him, no," said Gerald, "though he richly deserves it for bringing that horse out. I wish the brute may be smashed, though,—I hope he has broken his back!"

Neither horse nor man, however, was the worse for the fall. Henry was standing by him with the bridle in his hand, as his cousins came up.

"I had to do it," he said, "there was no help for it. One of us had to be beat. All the devil is out of him now, for good."

The horse staggered to his feet, and stood up trembling. His owner patted his neck and mounted.

"I am not afraid to bring him into respectable company now," he said, "his education is finished;" and the horse thenceforward was the amenable creature that most horses are, whose training is completed either by gentle or by violent means.

Presently the hounds began to run in good earnest. The line they took was into a valley beneath. Miss Fairford's horse had slightly strained his shoulder, and she would not follow the hounds. Henry Consett's was exhausted. They both had to stay behind. The hunt went from them. It was a beautiful and exhilarating sight. They stood silently together, watching, on an elevated knoll. Below them were stretched out the wide green fields, with a gentle fall to the valley beneath. The chill wintry air was full of the reverberations of clattering hoofs, and the ground shook with the hurried trampling of two hundred galloping horses; then as increasing distance diminished these sounds, the cry of the running hounds became audible—now ringing out loudly on the air, now deadened, as the scent became doubtful and the hounds put their noses to the ground to recover it, now again coming in a gladsome chorus as they threw their heads high up and raced eagerly onwards. From where Alix and her cousin stood they could see the riders in their scarlet coats gathered for a moment in a cluster at a gap or a gateway, then spreading over the fields, then lost among the tall elm trees in the hedgerows, now hurrying in close column along a narrow lane, then galloping in single file along the foot-path by a tree-bordered pool, with their red coats glancing

picturesquely among the green branches and reflected from the still surface of the water. They watched critically all the incidents, and hazards, and mischances of the hunt; here a refusing horse swerving from a fence and left behind in a moment, here a fall, and the riderless horse galloping after the others for a field or two, and in the muddy brook a dozen men and horses already immersed and struggling, and as many more riders trying in vain to get their horses to face the water jump.

Gerald Consett rode in the front rank, his horse striding swiftly forward, with the beautifully smooth, collected gallop of an English thorough-bred; his rider seemed to guide him by an instinct, never losing his place in the front, never having to turn to right or left, but riding straight over the difficult country, bristling with every kind of obstruction. Presently the hunt swept up the hill-side beyond the brook, and soon the last rider and the last hound had disappeared over the hill ridge which bounded the horizon.

Alix had kept her eyes fixed on the retreating riders. Turning round, with a little sigh, as they disappeared, she found her cousin watching her as eagerly as she had watched them.

"He rides well, does he not?" asked Henry, a little dryly.

"Beautifully!" said Alix, with enthusiasm, and her colour heightened.

Henry Consett turned away. "You will not see any more of them from here, Alix," he said; and there might have been detected by a curious observer a trace of bitterness in his tone.

"That is true," she said, simply; "let us ride home."

Men usually give to women, to young women at least, credit for far more penetration than they possess. They quite under-rate the simplicity of young ladies. "Beware," says a profound German author, "of the innocence of young girls." He meant to be clever, and to imply that such innocence was assumed. He probably knew remarkably little of what he was writing about. It is not often the way of either men, women, or children, to pretend to be less wise than they are, rather indeed, common belief goes, is it the other way. Young ladies are no exception; it is their simplicity that makes them seem simple as a rule, if they have that appearance—an honest, and

kindly, and charming simplicity, proceeding from inexperience, and in no respect from unwisdom.

Henry Consett thought it impossible but that Miss Fairford should have guessed a secret, of which, if he had sufficiently considered the matter, he must have known that he had given her not the smallest outward sign or token. Indeed, it was perhaps well for the harmony of the communion between them that he never had. If it had been suddenly made known to this young lady that her cousin Henry was now and had been for years desperately in love with her, she would have been quite as much surprised as displeased. She would even have been offended, and the offence to her would have come, oddly enough, through her self-love. It would have hurt her to think that the pleasant companionship between her cousin and herself, which she had always valued as being the cause of more happiness to her than anything in her life—it would have seemed too hard that such a friendship should have been founded on or mixed up with that which she held to be the merest, most idle and sentimental folly. It must no longer be concealed from the reader that the heroine of this story assumed to be in some sort a philosopher, and that she had already, at this early age, formed her opinions on many of the problems of life which other people resolve only after much experience and meditation, and sometimes never at all.

With Henry Consett, and with him alone, could Alix philosophize with any degree of agreeable freedom. Her father she had found quite a hopeless subject for a dialectical conversation. She had never got any nearer than mentioning the name of the author she was studying, and getting an approving comment from him. "I am reading such-and-such a book, papa," she would say, mentioning some ponderous folio. "Ay, ay, my dear," he would reply, patting her head, and with his pleasant, absent-minded, benevolent smile, "that's a good child—always mind your book"; as if his daughter were learning words of two syllables, and not struggling, quite ineffectually, with the "Critique of the Pure Reason." With Fraülein Hartmann, it was nearly as hopeless, though this lady had brought herself into a somewhat humiliating position by professing a wide acquaintance with the cloudy transcendentalism of her native land. Alix was delighted with the prospect of getting light on the subjects which interested her, and in her honest eagerness for

knowledge, questioned the Fraülein after the Socratic method, till that poor lady's mind became more like a maze than ever.

Alix's mind was of very inquiring sort; she wanted to know the wherefore of things, and to find some solution of the great problems of life, and was still young enough to think she could get the question answered to her satisfaction out of books. Her long hours of solitary existence, the rare predominance in her of the reflective and perceptive faculties, the absence of child companions of her own sex, her grand opportunities for desultory reading, and her perfect health of body and mind—all these causes acting together in a clever girl, in whom some of the interests common to her age were wanting, made some sort of mental outcome essential to her, and tended to such unusual mental habits as Alix Fairford possessed. The time was at hand when the problem of life was to come before her after a more serious fashion.

Henry Consett, following the same studies as his cousin, as a matter of education and on a more regular system, was her only confidant. Men of any sort of intellectual force are singularly drawn to and delighted by any similar energy in women. She would state to him her perplexities—there is never any lack of them to the honest student on this path—and he would solve them if he could, or join his wits with hers in trying to, if he could not. In communion of this rare kind between men and women, one mind is the complement of the other, and each supplies what the other lacks; there is no unpleasant collision, no jarring of opposing ideas. It was a new world to Henry Consett, the freshness, frankness, keenness of this girl's mind, her honesty, her perfect candour. It was to him a perpetual revelation of a thing quite undreamt of, and unconsciously to herself she often flattered him more than weak human nature can well afford to be flattered. "This puzzled me, Henry," she said to him once, "more than I can say; and now, when I listen to you, it has become quite clear—so clear that I wonder now at my stupidity." And he, poor fool, looking into the speaker's fair young face, and the great, shapely grey eyes, with the pure soul speaking through them so clearly, swore to himself that it was no common love that had him in its thrall. Men, he knew, were every day beguiled by kind looks, specious manners, and false phrases, and the love that came of such poor and spurious

fascinations must be ignoble. His love had no such origin. It was, he conceived, an altogether loftier, purer, and more ideal feeling.

Nor was the boy such a fool after all; and to have set his heart on Alix Fairford was to have loved a woman such as there are not many in this world—a tender and true woman with a world of undeveloped power of devotion, of love, and of sympathy. To love Alix as he loved her was to have guessed some of the latent nobility in the girl; but it was no source of happiness to him; to make it that, he needed to have touched Alix's own heart; and to have done that was not Henry Consett's good fortune, nor as yet the fortune of anybody.

Had she had ordinary experience, or, perhaps, had she but listened to the common talk of other women, she might have guessed her cousin's secret; but of such things she was ignorant, and as yet indifferent as to them, or, if anything, disdainful. In no girl of her age was it possible for the romantic element to be less developed. Sentiment appealed to her on its ridiculous side only. She had once startled Henry Consett by gravely observing that she wondered how Goethe could spoil his "Faust" by the foolish scenes with "Gretchen"! Her cousin positively did not know even where to begin to combat opinions so unorthodox. He loved his cousin, but never, except in very wild moments, did he think to win her. There was the impassable gulf of his pride. He, a poor man, with a fortune to win, could not seek her in marriage who was the wealthiest heiress in the county. He knew this well enough. He was too manly to sink into the mere despondent lover. Nevertheless he could not bear the burden of his ill-set love easily, for the burden of a hopeless love for such a woman is one indeed which it were better for a man never to have been born than to have to carry.

CHAPTER III.

It had long been a settled thing in the county that in the fulness of time, Gerald Consett was to marry his cousin, the heiress of Fairford Court. Not only was it in the order of

things that this should be, Consetts and Fairfords having intermarried from all time, but there were special reasons why such a marriage should now take place. Old Mr. Consett, Gerald's father, was known to have wasted his patrimony. The keeping of foxhounds is a singularly expensive occupation. He was known to be getting to be a needy man—not, indeed, that the knowledge came to the ears of society by word of mouth. Country lawyers are not expansive in their confidences, and the state of Mr. Consett's affairs did not leak out that way; but the story was told plainly enough whenever the Consett gorses were drawn. The gentlemen of the hunt found the hunting in that part of the county surprisingly improved. The meet at Consett used to be what is known as a "woodland day." The hounds would, perhaps, never once get out of the great woods round Consett Hall, and men would be cantering all day long up one ride and down another, till they tired of the picturesque glades and tree vistas, the long array of moss-grown trunks and their spreading side-limbs and the tall brown ferns round their roots, and longed for a "burst" across the ugliest country, provided only that it were not tree-encumbered. Now they had their wish; the country hereabouts had become all that the heart of a hunting man could wish; the famous Consett elm woods had disappeared, the timber had gone the way of much other timber, and had served the great purpose of this debt-paying excrescence on the face of nature. Everyone knew what that meant, but no one but old Mr. Consett himself and his lawyers knew how great the need had been, and still was. Gerald, indeed, had long guessed that his father's money affairs were not prosperous; but he had not supposed that his own inheritance was in danger of absolute non-existence. It was time, thought his father, that Gerald should know the truth, and take his measures accordingly.

Father and son, following the weary pack, were riding homewards at the end of the day at the uneasy jog-trot which horsemen have to adopt to keep pace with hounds travelling at their ease along a high road. The rest of the field had left, one after another, as their different roads branched off. At the gates of Consett Lodge father and son were by themselves. They rode on up the avenue in company, but not in conversation.

"The woods are a little bare, Gerald," said Mr. Consett,

dryly, glancing to where the stately elm trees had lately stood.

"It is almost a pity to call them woods at all," remarked the son, "I don't see many trees from this point of view."

"No, and you will be a devilish deal sharper than I take you for, if you get a sight of many trees from any point of view."

Gerald frowned at this not agreeable aspect of the matter to him as the heir expectant.

"You may safely conclude," said his father, "that I should not have cut the trees down without good reason. A man does not strip his own place unless he is driven to it. Your grandfather chose to treat me as an eldest son only in name; he left me the place and not the wherewithal to keep it up. The consequence is that I shall probably die a pauper, and you, my dear boy, while you live will certainly never be anything else."

As old Mr. Consett made this somewhat startling speech, he smiled; a thing he seldom did, and the doing of which by him was never a popular act, for his smile was the least genial achievement in that way that probably ever was; he would slowly uncover two very regular rows of sharp teeth, but they remained clenched, and his eyes had but little partnership with the motion of his lips in this facial spasm. His son had once in his unreverential boyhood undutifully compared his father's rare and ominous smile to the setting of a very stiff rat trap. He had never seen his father smile without some apprehension when he was a boy, and without a strong feeling of impatience now that he was a man.

Gerald rode on in somewhat moody silence. Mr. Consett said not another word, and presently Gerald, an angry sense growing up within him of being somehow duped and wronged, asked suddenly,—

"What do you want me to do?"

"On my account nothing, I can take care of myself,—on yours, marry a woman with money. If you have an easier way out of the scrape, pray let me know."

"If you mean that I should marry Alix Fairford," said Gerald, slowly and resolutely, "and I suppose you do mean nothing else, I tell you plainly that, rather than do that, I would see Consett Hall, and you and myself all at the devil together."

The young man had perceived at once that his father's anxiety on his behalf covered a scheme for his own advantage. It did. Ruin was at the threshold of Consett Hall. Nothing, Mr. Consett knew, could save him but one of those arrangements which creditors will generally agree to make with the occupier and his heir rather than realize their debtor's insufficient effects. In this case, however, Mr. Consett's own life interest even joined to Gerald's in the already encumbered property would go no way at all towards his restoration to solvency. Foreclosure stared him in the face. The horror and the shame of sudden and abject poverty were terribly imminent. It was absolutely indispensable that his son should be induced, first to bring a fortune into the family, and secondly, to agree to bind himself jointly with his father towards the creditors, and to pledge his reversion in order to pay the debts upon the estate. Mr. Consett could not count on the young man's filial affection, the very idea of such a thing would have been scouted as absurd by both of them, such abstractions as duty and obedience had formed no part of the Consett scheme of education.

Mr. Consett did not expect to find the task of convincing his son an easy one. He knew that his own principles and his own hard temper were inherited by Gerald. Youth, like charity, covers a multitude of sins; joined to good looks and pleasant manners it absolutely conceals them, unless the mask happens to lift for a moment, and it was lifted now. Anybody who could have watched the young man at this moment, his set and lowering expression and the angry flush on his face, would have been struck by his startling resemblance to his old reprobate of a father. It was indeed like father, like son. To such a son such a father could appeal in one way only,—to his pride, and to his self love, and to his fear of facing actual poverty. Here he was sure of his ground, and he knew he could bide his time. He waited till his son renewed the conversation.

"I understand you to mean that I should marry my cousin Alix?"

"I mean this, that in a month Consett will probably cease to belong to me—to us."

Gerald turned pale. This was a desperate strait, to which he had never thought to come. To be a Consett of Consett Hall was a great deal, to be a Consett a pauper, and without even the nominal prestige of the estate, was to be cut adrift from

all consideration. The world of English society would be an intolerable world. He had manliness enough not to hold entirely with it.

"I shall sell out," he said, with decision, "and emigrate."

Mr. Consett smiled as before, and again his son contemplated the performance with an expression of strong distaste.

"Hardly, Gerald. The money to buy your commission was raised on our joint security. You may remember that you signed a deed to obtain it on your twenty-first birthday. When I go down they will come upon you. You will sell out, no doubt; but the price of your commission is not yours, it belongs to the Jews."

"By Heaven, sir! I will not marry Alix Fairford," cried Gerald, in desperation. "You shall not drive me to that!"

"Will the girl not have you?" sneered his father.

"Whether she will or not is no concern of mine; I shall not ask her."

"Might I presume to inquire," said his father, "merely from curiosity, if you have any special objection to Miss Fairford?"

"Yes, I have. Alix Fairford," said Gerald, sententiously, "is a very good sort of girl in her way, no doubt, but it is not my way. I don't like school girls—overgrown school girls."

"Oh," said his father, mentally relieved, "I hardly know what may be your definition of a school girl, but I know that your cousin has never been to school in her life."

"Perhaps; but she has the manners, and the look, and the ignorance of a school girl. That is my meaning, plainly enough put. Remember, I have known the girl all my life. She told me to-day she was nearly eighteen, and in thoughts, in ways, and even in looks, she is still as complete a child as when I left her two years ago."

"The idiot," guessed the shrewd old gentleman "has entangled himself with some fashionable, flashy London girl." He guessed aright, and his description was a fair one of the woman who had seemed to Gerald Consett incomparable among women,—a pretty, shallow, insincere, over-dressed creature, with a soft voice and far too much manner. This is the character in women which always charms men of the hard, coarse and brutal type; a character which is the complement of their own, which abounds in that which they lack,

whose insincerity and semblance of softness is to them perfect grace, and their pretty, yielding ways and exaggerated manner captivating beyond expression. It somewhat excused Gerald's exhibition of savage temper that he should learn in one sentence that his love, and his fortune, and his position were all lost to him, and that he should be told he was to marry a girl who was to him a type of all that was dreary and insipid in woman.

Mr. Consett guessing how it was with his son, thought well to urge nothing more for the moment. Only as they were entering the house, he said, "To-morrow my lawyer will be here. You had better see him."

On the morrow Gerald did see the lawyer. The young man had a clear head for business, and the case was soon made plain to him. Every field on the estate was mortgaged to within the smallest possible fraction of its value, and his father's credit as a country gentleman of large estate having been good, he had incurred unsecured debts, which fully represented the margin between the mortgage advances and the real value of the land. Money had even been raised on the house and on its contents, on the pictures, the plate, and the family jewels; all the timber had been cut down. It was a deplorable picture of past extravagance and present need—a story of ruin told eloquently by rows of figures and the dockets on memoranda of deeds and of bonds.

"When will they foreclose?" asked Gerald Consett, with assumed stolidity.

"At any moment," said the lawyer; "they began to be frightened when the timber went."

Gerald left the room, and made his way to his father's study. He stood in the doorway.

"You were right," he said; "and I take your advice. If the girl refuses me, I really do not see what our prospects are," and so speaking, very calmly, he shut the door and went forth, ordered his horse, mounted, and rode off slowly through the lanes, and in no pleasant mood, to do his wooing at Fairford Court.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a pleasant March day, the first passage from winter to spring. The soft, warm air wafted up sweet odours of early wild flowers among the hedge banks and from innumerable opening leaf-buds of hawthorn. The blackthorn was already in blossom, and the first twittering of robins and wrens and hedge-sparrows made the winter seem already a thing of the past. It is not every one that has the luck to care for this sort of thing; but to the most unimpressible of us they have a certain transient charm. To Gerald Consett, riding moodily along that morning, they naturally produced an effect quite the reverse of charming. He cut fiercely with his whip at the wayside branches as he passed, scowling the while very vindictively upon the sweet face of nature; not quite unjustifiably, seeing that the existing order of things was so exceedingly adverse to him, and that in his philosophy—in most men's philosophy in such moods—the very aspects of nature have part and partnership in his misfortunes.

If ever short-sighted mortals can presume to apportion blame and pity, Gerald Consett was surely at this juncture of his fortunes a subject for unlimited commiseration and no sort of reproach. His nature was an honest one, and we know whether an honest man in the grip of adversity, and struggling manfully therewith, is or is not a subject to be respected and admired. More than this, he was a young gentleman of whom his admiring friends had often said, frequently indeed in excuse for some seeming harshness of judgment in him, or roughness of manner, that there was not a particle of malice in Gerald Consett. This was just; there might, perhaps, be found, on close examination, to be in him a certain lack of what moralists have called innate benevolence; but to blame him for such a defect would assuredly be to judge too curiously. He was a man of whom it could safely be said that never once in his life had he gone out of his way to do an ill turn to man, woman, or child; and this brilliant, pleasing, true-hearted, strong-minded, strictly logical and honest creature was the outcome of precept and example the most detestable! After this, what can the education *doctrinaires* say for themselves?

They might say this: that the man had never done a malicious thing, simply because he had never had occasion to;

the world was at his feet, every one's will, except his father's, had conformed easily to his stronger one. The one example always before him was the example of perfect selfishness. He followed it. As long as a thoroughly selfish man has all he wants, he would be very illogical to be anything but amiable. Gerald was perfectly logical. He had as yet always got what he wanted by fair means; why should he resort to foul ones? Why should he be mean, or underhand, or treacherous? Let the time come when the strong hand should fail him—when fair means should not suffice to win him his will, then indeed it would remain to be seen whether he would resist being both mean, and treacherous, and underhand. He had at present a superficial air of generosity; he never cared to possess more than he could use; anybody might take his leavings; and this moderation sometimes seemed almost like generosity.

Then again, his sensibilities, whether moral or physical, had never been exercised; perhaps they had never existed at all; perhaps they had been repressed, certainly they had never been cultivated; and this circumstance had served him not a little in the world, for what is more insupportable than for our friends to affect over-susceptibility—to fatigue us with professions of the keenness of their appreciation of moral and artistic beauty? It is intolerable! We find relief in the opposite extreme, and it is pleasant to hear it said, as Gerald Consett would say among his intimates, "For my part, I do not go in for that sort of thing"—it might be pictures, scenery, poetry, or such trifling with the more serious aspects of life—"I dare say it is very fine to admire it; I don't, and I get on well enough without." To be sure, a man can get on perfectly without them; and it is characteristic of a large nature and perfect unconventionality to say so. Or it might be some action that was being discussed, some instance of justice being pushed a little way towards generosity—a son, perhaps, rectifying in favour of his brothers and sisters the injustice of his father's will—a man doing a piece of equity beyond the jurisdiction of the Court established for that purpose. Such actions would move Gerald Consett almost to indignation. "When a man does a thing like that," he would say, "he has a motive behind the one put forward; otherwise he is an ass simply." Sometimes his hatred of shams would carry him too far; he would justify some thoroughly mean thing, and quite fail to see wherein lay its meanness. "I

would do it myself," he would say; "and I approve of it in another man." Even then his frank manner would often carry off the sentiment, and impose on his circle of admirers.

Possessing no fineness of sensibility, it was another advantage to him that his tastes were not of that refined kind which are hard to satisfy. He could endure the society of common-place people—of people far below him in rank, in manners, and in conversation, if only they were jovial and noisy enough. He could hold his own in every way with such people, could talk with them, joke with them, and, above all, drink with them. He liked gambling, and to set his own shrewd wits against the professional cunning of the lower kinds of sporting men. He was agreeably stimulated even by those forms of sport where the presence of the police is not invited, and he descended so low as to take pleasure in dog-fights and ratting-matches; yet he was not a cruel man; mere pain in an animal gave him no actual pleasure at all—nor, to be sure, would he have derived the smallest satisfaction from relieving any created being from suffering. He would not have stepped a yard out of his road to save a drowning dog. To do so, from his point of view, would have been a wholly illogical proceeding. He had his views, and he was consistent with them.

This was the nature of the man who, hearing of his impending ruin, was on his way to ask an innocent girl to share that ruin, and who was fully resolved to tell her not one word of the reason which drove him to ask her, or that his affections had been gained by another woman. Yet Gerald Consett possessed, in the old phrase, a mind conscious of its own rectitude; he was a man who had never, hardly, in his life—and he took a natural pride in the reflection—consciously done an unfair, a mean or dishonourable, or a cruel thing. How, then, was it reconcilable with his conscience that he was now on the way to do this discreditably mean, unfair, dishonourable, and even cruel thing? Why simply that the man's conscience was of the very flimsiest kind of conscience possible. It was one which it was extremely easy to satisfy; and the common moral formula for right-doing which consists in acting up to one's conscience, depends for its value entirely on the robustness of the conscience.

The road from Consett Hall to Fairford crosses the low hill ridge which bounds on one side the valley in whose centre the

house lies. Fairford Court was a quarter of a mile below him, he could look down upon its grey shingle roof circled with the green setting of lawns and fields; the garden was mapped out, with its intersecting paved walks, and at the bottom of the garden, the flash of the falling water-jet in the fishpond; beyond that the grove of stark, broad-branched cedars upon the expanse of velvety lawn. On the central walk of the garden Alix Fairford and her cousin Henry were pacing slowly backwards and forwards.

With this view below him, Gerald Consett reined in his horse, and waited a few minutes in meditation. If it be asked, did any compunctious visitings of conscience cause him thus to pause, the answer would be—none whatever. He had made up his mind to ask the girl to marry him. He did not trouble himself with the notion that if he seriously asked her to be his wife she could think of refusing him. The task for him had been to bring himself to the sacrifice; it never occurred to him for a moment to think that she too would be a victim. Only this vexed him, that the business before him would be an irksome one; he would have to make some inevitable sentimental protestations of admiration, love, and so forth. It was not that they would be lies that troubled him—such falsehoods were allowable in such matters according to his code—it was their absurdity as being addressed by a man of the world like himself to such a simpleton as Alix Fairford.

Watching the two cousins together, he happened to remember a hint which Henry Consett, in some moment of boyish confidence, had let fall of his love for his cousin Alix. The circumstance was almost too insignificant, as concerning the feelings of another person, to be remembered, but Gerald's memory was singularly retentive, and it chanced that this mere trifle had not dropped out of it. Seeing the two now together in seemingly eager talk, the memory of it revived. He certainly had been given to understand that Henry Consett was in love (or, no doubt, professed to be for his own purposes) with Alix Fairford. What if he, Gerald, had been forestalled? For a moment his face flushed angrily, but presently remembering how short a time Henry had been at home and at liberty to produce a favourable impression, and how certainly much more favourable an impression he himself must have already made, he was reassured, and even easy in his mind; not resting his reassurance on any particular amount

of conceit—for he was not vain—but on a perfectly well founded confidence in his own good looks and powers of fascination.

This recollection and these reflections, however, had a not unpleasing effect upon him. Before, the business in hand seemed a flat, stupid, uninteresting affair; he had begun it very unwillingly; now he could view his intended proceedings with different feelings. To make successful love to Alix Fairford was but a dull kind of undertaking, to supplant his cousin Henry would add a zest; he wished him no ill, but that Henry should lose what he most desired, and he gain it, would certainly supply that element of human interest which the situation demanded. Gerald's feelings were not of the enduringly acute kind. He could set a trouble aside from him easily, as such people generally can; his own love-cross had ceased to trouble him very much, he even forgot the exasperation which, till this moment, he felt against his father and against Alix herself, as the two immediate persons connected with his disappointment. He gathered up the reins, pressed his horse's flanks, and cantered down the hill with a light heart and an easy conscience, determined to acquit himself well and boldly in that which lay before him to do.

CHAPTER V.

UPON any history of the prosperous wooing of Gerald Consett, it would be painful to enter; upon the history of how Alix Fairford's youth was attracted by his youth, how her ignorance and simplicity transformed for her a mean and ignoble nature into a noble and heroic one, and how the vague, half-formed aspirations of her growing womanhood centred and crystallized round this mere creation of her own fancy. How all this happened need not be dwelt upon. There are few more dismal reflections to be made on the great tragi-comedy going on around us than that a true and honest love is to be won by men, and by women, who are altogether the reverse of true and honest and worthy.

So, with his good looks, his flatteries, his lying protestations, his feigned passion, he stole the girl's heart from her; and as it is the wont of love to beget love, his own hard and

selfish nature was, after a time, a little touched by this close contact of his with the pure, unselfish character of Alix Fairford. There came to him also a brief fever of something like love, and almost a momentary revelation that there might be in womanhood something deeper and nobler and finer than anything he had as yet suspected or encountered.

To compass his marriage with Alix there was need of all the man's worldly knowledge, and that worldly wisdom which has a much worse name. By Mr. Fairford the pecuniary difficulties of the Consetts were not even suspected till it came to be a question of settlements. Then such disclosures were necessarily made as disposed him to wish to break off the marriage peremptorily; but it was not Mr. Fairford's way to be peremptory with any very satisfactory result. It was suggested to him by the Consetts that the engagement had endured too long, that too much publicity had been given to it. This might not of itself have sufficed to weaken Mr. Fairford's determination against the marriage: Gerald Consett knew well what would suffice. He knew that Mr. Fairford would not contend a moment against his daughter's wish. He managed that from Alix's own lips her father should learn how entirely her heart was given, and how much her happiness seemed to her to depend on the marriage. Then he gave way.

So the marriage had to be, though it seemed an evil and was a bitterness to Alix's two nearest relatives, to her father and to her cousin, Henry Consett; to this latter a bitterness worse, to use no unmeaning phrase, than the bitterness of death itself. To the old man, indeed, it soon lost most of its poignancy, becoming alleviated to him by the necessary occupation of his mind in the hundred trifling preparations for the wedding, not trifling circumstances to him, for the wedding was to be, as all Fairford weddings had always been, a grand one, and his grief turned to something little deeper than pettishness and discontent.

To Henry Consett, compelled by his position in the family, his near relationship to the bride, and the insistence of the bridegroom, to take a prominent part in the marriage, the grief was of a terribly real kind, and the events of the wedding-day passed slowly and heavily, like some unutterably tragic pageant in an evil dream, like the slow procession of shapes portentous of woe, which cross the vision of a mind dis-

ordered by the near approach of death. To him, possessing still all the sensibility of his youth, it seemed impossible to draw any help from the resources of an untried fortitude, and this breaking up of his love seemed also the ruin of his life, and his grief to have no possible assuagement. Over all his present and all his future there was drawn, dark and thick, the pall of this ruin, of this ruined love. Only this one small consolation had he, that he had made no sign, that of the misfortune which had overtaken him, no one could know or even guess anything. And yet in this was poor comfort, or rather none at all; and his life lost all its savour, and his youth lost its spring, and the whole current of his thoughts moved sluggishly and with inexpressible dreariness.

When the last carriage had driven away, an unexpected loneliness had seemed to the old man to invade the house and to possess his own mind; he asked Henry Consett to stay with him that afternoon and evening, and bear him company. The shadows of that late autumn day lengthened slowly to the east, over the well-shorn turf and the level grey pavement of the walks, as the two men paced up and down them nearly in silence. Presently they were summoned to dinner, and sitting together afterwards, the mellow light of sunset still served for their only illumination, and filled the windows, while the bare tree twigs outside showed like a black network against the lemon-coloured sky. The reflection of the wood flames from the hearth flickered to and fro in broken lights across the ceiling, and flung dark shadows into the corners and recesses, which shifted their places as the flames rose and fell, like funeral hangings moved by the air currents on a windy day. A gloom hung over everything, and the two men could make no effort to dissipate it.

"It will be lonely here now," said old Mr. Fairford, for about the twentieth time since his daughter had left him, "dev-i-lish lonely, Harry."

"It will be lonely for you at first," said his companion.

"Of course, of course, and if that were the worst I should not complain. It was to be some day."

Henry Consett said nothing, knowing well what was in his uncle's mind. Presently the old man broke forth—

"A drunkard! Good God, Harry, a drunkard! A spend-thrift father, and his son a drunkard. That is to be poor Alix's fate! Harry, my boy, why did you not warn me?"

"It is not so bad as that," said the young man evading the question, yet beginning to fear that the truth was blacker still.

"Not so bad as that! Why, man, he was drunk—positively drunk—this very day of all days. I saw his face flush, and his step get unsteady, and I heard him curse and swear at the servants before every one, ladies and all. What worse can there be than that?"

"Did his . . . did Alix hear him?"

"She did—and I wonder now, Harry, that I had not the strength of mind to have him turned from the house and separate them, though they were man and wife, there and then for ever."

"Would that have been possible?" asked Henry Consett.

"By heavens, sir!" said the old man with the vehemence of the feeble-minded, "it should have been made possible. No law or lawyers shall stand in my way if I will have it so!"

Henry Consett shook his head.

"By Gad, I say!" said Mr. Fairford, "let him look to it. Let him be careful. My girl shall never be the victim of his drunken brutality. If she have cause of complaint, she shall leave him and come here and be the daughter of this house again."

"Would Alix, do you think, ever complain?"

"No," said the old man after a pause, "she never would, happen what will. But I will make it my business to know how things go on."

"You will never know that."

"They shall be watched."

"By whom?"

"By you, Harry, by you yourself."

"No, not by me; I could not do it."

"Why?"

"There are reasons which make it impossible."

"There cannot be. You are the fitting person; it is your duty. You are Alix's cousin, her nearest relation after me,—have always been her best friend." Henry Consett winced. "I tell you, Harry, that I expect this of you; I trust to you to do what I can ask of no one else."

The young man made no answer.

"Do you refuse me? Then you are no nephew of mine, and no friend of this house, or of Alix herself! I thought I might count upon you, Harry, I did indeed."

There was a long pause, and Henry Consett was racked by a secret agony. At length he made answer, speaking in a lower tone.

"Mr. Fairford, you do not know what you ask. I cannot be a spy upon Gerald. It would be utterly unworthy; and besides, there are special reasons."

"Special reasons be damned," said the old gentleman, losing his temper entirely. "Am I the man to ask my own nephew to do an unworthy thing? Spy, sir, fiddlesticks! I want no spying, I want simply to know whether a scoundrel who has entangled my daughter into marrying him, is treating her as a Christian gentleman should treat his wife, or is behaving like a rough and a blackguard as he is!"

Henry Consett said nothing, and Mr. Fairford went on—

"You are intimate with him—you pass for his friend. You knew the sort of man he was, I presume. You did not see fit to warn me or Alix."

"I did not know what I know now; besides, I could not. You must know that I could not."

"I don't know if you could not,—I know that you did not; and now you will not do the only thing that will save Alix."

"Yes, I will!" cried Henry Consett, with a sudden reversal of his determination, "I see it must be done, and I will do it."

It was enough for Mr. Fairford to have extorted this promise. He said no more on the matter, and it dropped; presently Henry Consett took his leave. This promise of his, rankled not a little in his conscience. He must put aside, he saw now, with this new bond he had entered into, any hopes he might have had, that time and a resolute holding of his thoughts aloof from Alix and her new life, might bring, in the far future, some sense of remoteness and at last some real anodyne to his great pain and grief.

He walked homewards over the two miles of meadow and woodland that separated Fairford Court from the Rectory. It was a chill autumn night and the wind blew strong and cold, not with the pleasant, rustling sound of summer winds among leaf-laden boughs, but whistling and sighing through the bare and already frost-hardened branch sprays with such a shrill and dreary sound as when it passes through the yards and rigging of a ship bared of her canvas before a coming storm. The sky was piled high with masses of dark cumulus cloud in swift

motion from the northward, and the moon, now obscured and now showing for an instant, seemed herself to be in uneasy movement, and to be struggling through the clouds like a skiff contending with the rising and falling billows of a dark and tempestuous sea.

Nature seems to be for ever in some sort in accompaniment with human passion ; now contrasting, with a strange irony, her calmest moods with our most stormy ones, now in perfect harmony and accord with the very tempest and turmoil of our souls. Most men of any mental force and resolution and susceptibility—and the qualities are nearly always inseparable—are alive to these influences, to these voices of nature, more than they think of owning, and at no time more so than when the line of action, which perhaps is to determine their whole future, is still unsettled and unresolved, when the river of their life, so to say, which shall afterwards flow in its course undeviatingly and irresistibly, is still at its first spring and origin and still to be turned aside or arrested.

Such a moment was this to Henry Consett. He had indeed pledged himself to a certain line of action, and could not go back from his word, but the way he should redeem his promise was in his own hands still, and in the way of doing this he foresaw the marring or the making of two lives,—of Alix's and his own.

Since the giving of this promise he had, strangely, so it seemed to him, lost the dull and oppressive monotony of despair which till now had overmastered him and numbed his faculties. There were before him now possibilities fraught indeed with more exquisite pain than any in the course he had previously resolved upon, and yet the new prospect was not to him so unspeakably hopeless and dreary and spirit oppressing. He would at least sometimes see the face and hear the voice of the woman he had loved, and he would be near her in her own interests. This of itself was an assuagement of the most oppressive part of the fate he had till now condemned himself to, but if an assuagement, one mingled with a bitterness beyond everything that he had foreseen ; for if Alix were happy, could he bear to see her so and owing her happiness to a rival ? or if rendered unhappy by Gerald, would not the witnessing of the misery of one whom he had set above the world and life itself, be a pain immeasurably greater still ? Henry Consett was only human and only a lover, and not

above the littleness of a lover's jealousy and the meanness of a lover's envy ; but there was better and worthier stuff in him than this, and the misery of the woman he loved would, he well knew, banish all thoughts of self, and be to him a misery of all others the most bitter and poignant.

Then the pressing question for him was if, finding the woman he loved disenthralled from her own love, desolate and afflicted, would he have the fortitude to let her have no suspicion of his own feelings ? The consciousness of the very strength of this love of his made him hope that he was strong enough for this ; but, having the fortitude, would he have the cunning to hide his secret from a woman's eyes ? Herein would be the real struggle ; and even if, after all, he should achieve a victory over himself and over Alix's penetration, how poor would be the reward, how utterly dreary the prospect of reaching such a goal ! He could believe and indeed make sure that he would strive earnestly to reach this goal and be a winner in this hard and profitless struggle ; but what if his fortitude failed him but for a moment, if Alix's insight should penetrate his disguise, and he should lose all in a second of time—what might this loss not gain him ? It thrilled him to the very soul even to think of all that a moment's defect of his loyalty might win. He could not put aside this possibility, or desist from dwelling on the greatness of this temptation, and summoning all his resolution, was not wholly able to be true and steadfast.

He was angry with himself, angry that in the moment of trial his resolution should be so weak, that even the great passion of his life, which had as yet swayed every movement of his soul to good ends, should not have power to subdue all baser thoughts, and the very name of Alix not lay them for ever. He was excited. The strife within him was strong, the good and the evil were in fierce contention. Should he, using the poor subterfuge of sympathy and friendship and pity, seek to shake the purity and loyalty of the woman he knew to be so pure and so loyal ? He knew now to its lowest depth the abject character of Gerald, and that in the clear, calm insight of Alix,—clear and calm from her very singleness and innocence,—this abjectness of his would be immediately revealed and would make the man contemptible and abominable in her eyes for ever. Then was the moment,—she would be desolate, alone in thought and without sympathy, miserable,—her very

purity and her very ignorance would make this the moment for the insidious approach of a traitor, for a profession of friendship which should be more than friendship, and for sympathy and pity which should be but too real. Alix was human and a woman—she was to be won. So spoke the Devil in his ear; he listened, but he overcame him. In an instant the image of Alix in her unsullied and noble innocence rose before him. Could he wrong her by a base thought? Would he not himself bear the heavy burden and the long torture of his unrequited love, without help or solace, rather than seek them in so ignoble a laying down of his burden as this? Yes, a thousand times!—So the contention between right and wrong ended, and for once the victory was on the side of right.

He had been walking on rapidly far beyond his father's house, and now stood on the first elevation whence the sea was visible. While he had been walking onward, occupied only with his own thoughts, unconscious of what was passing around him, the north wind had lulled, and presently afterwards a light breeze from the sea had swept the clouds from the face of heaven. Henry Consett stood on the brow of the hill. An immense expanse of land and sea lay beneath him in the eerie light of the full moon. The low wooded hills and dells seemed drawn on a level surface in monochrome, without casting shade or shadow, and the great solitary eye of night shining down direct from the centre of a cloudless sky, showed the vast water surface, with its slowly creeping waves hardly visible in the distance, like a sea of some molten metal. A calm and a silence reigned that were almost awful. So, too, in Henry Consett's soul did there reign a calm and a silence—evil temptation silenced and the calm of resolution braced to bear the great sorrow of his life.

CHAPTER VI.

It was many months before Henry Consett's promise to Mr. Fairford could in any way be fulfilled; not, indeed, for want of opportunity, for his cousin Gerald was urgent with him to visit them. Gerald Consett and his wife had begun their married life under somewhat peculiar circumstances, and, to speak fairly, under circumstances which were hard upon Gerald.

He had been brought up in expectation of great wealth and a great position, his tastes were expensive, and small blame to him that they were so, for his father set him no example of economy, and no more preached than he practised this virtue. Till that sudden revelation of ruin which we know of, no hint of warning had passed Mr. Consett's lips. The old spendthrift, as is the way with spendthrifts, tried to shut his own eyes to the grim truth, and took particular pains not to open his son's. So Gerald had naturally grown up a prodigal, and when his fortunes changed for the worse, his nature did not change for the better. He had neither native strength of purpose, nor solicitude enough for the woman whose life was linked to his, nor even enough of mere selfish providence for his own future comfort, to make him care to husband the small resources with which he had begun to live his married life.

A very ample allowance had been settled by Mr. Fairford upon his daughter during his own lifetime, and there was a clause in the settlements, to the effect that a corresponding allowance had been secured to his son by old Mr. Consett, upon certain phantom portions of his estates ; but the resources of the newly-married pair were in no way affected by this pleasing legal fiction, and the income of Gerald and his wife was no greater than the allowance made by Mr. Fairford ; less, indeed, for some portion of it had to go towards the partial satisfaction of Gerald's pre-nuptial debts. From a money point of view, the outlook was therefore very bad. It was not made better by the fact of Gerald choosing to begin the winter with a hunting establishment in one of the more raffish of our midland counties. Here, where the near neighbourhood of a large, semi-fashionable town attracted a great concourse of men and women with nothing to recommend them but their money and their faculty of spending it freely, here it was, of all places, that Gerald Consett chose to take up his temporary abode, and, without the slightest fear of creditors before his eyes, to spend money against every Croesus around him.

They admired, envied, and almost adored him, these despicable millionaires and semi-millionaires, and well they might, for there is an art in extravagance which these gentlemen, striving to attain to, were yet very far from being masters of. They had not been born spendthrifts ; Gerald Consett had. There was no culture about them, nor any native genius either ;

they lacked invention and taste and originality; like Pope's famous enriched citizen, their extravagance ended only in iteration. Gerald Consett, without going beyond the limits of his stables, his cellar, and his table, could easily and cheerfully and gracefully waste a fortune. He entertained his admirers freely, and they him. He was not above being able to take pleasure in the monotonous dullness of such companions; he delighted in the incense-breathing Croesus. Than the company of such men, their clumsy flatteries, their boisterous and melancholy-provoking humour, their readiness to ride with him, eat with him, swear with him, and go all lengths in drinking with him, he asked nothing better of life; and it did not occur to him that he could lower his own worth or insult the ladyhood of his wife by filling his house with such men. He cared, indeed, little who his companions were, so that he should be supreme among them, should bully them if he pleased, and be envied and flattered by them at all moments.

Women are notoriously more adaptable than men, and we know that it was not in Alix's character to assert her opinions or desire to impose her wishes on those she lived among. Whether this new and strange life fell in with her view of what was fitting, whether the sudden revelation she had of her husband's real character and real habits and likings had revolted her—all these were points on which there were none among those about her who cared to inquire; and had they been ever so curious, there was nothing in the girl's outward bearing to satisfy that curiosity. One thing only had attracted some little remark, and this, though a small matter, had been noted even by Alix's husband—the last person in the world, as a rule, to notice that which did not directly concern himself.

Among hunting people and in our hunting counties, where riding to hounds is not unnaturally an absorbing subject of conversation all the year round, the riding capacities of every one, man or woman, get to be very accurately assessed. Good riding depends partly on strong nerve, a good deal on physical strength and staying power, something on good judgment, quickness of decision, and so forth—chiefly on training from childhood to the ways and varying moods of horses. Now, Alix Fairford, at home and among her own people, had been set down as a very good rider. With her country training, good courage, and quiet, decided way, she could hardly have been anything else, but she was not a bold rider, for to be

this is usually with men an affair of temperament, and with women one of emulation, and Alix had never thought of riding but for her actual pleasure in doing so. There were in the neighbourhood to which Gerald and his wife had migrated several hunting men who had seen Alix ride at home, and therefore when first she appeared in the hunting field the ladies of the hunt, who were those chiefly interested, could learn at once what was Mrs. Consett's reputation as a horse-woman.

It happened to be to many of them a matter of absorbing interest. The ladies of this particular hunt were bold riders, of such a kind as English husbands, fathers, and brothers may congratulate themselves there are not many in more settled hunting districts. If men of a certain stamp cannot be remarked without spending too much money, so the wives and daughters of the same men must needs go as near to breaking their necks as possible, to attract the attention to which their manners and conversation, or other advantages, would not entitle them. These ladies were very bold riders indeed, and it was the more to the credit of their courage that they were so, seeing that they were very bad ones. They were not born and bred horsewomen, and could easily remember the time when in their nervous terror they had clutched the pommels of their saddles or the mane of the steadiest old horse in the riding-schools where their first lessons had been got. Now, these terrors were forgotten, and seasoned hunting men, who could see with equanimity their best friends rolled over by their horses, felt their blood run cold as they saw ladies trusting to the fatal security of a side saddle, riding ambitiously, without fear and without thought of reproach, at the most impossible fences.

"Poor ignorant creatures!" the old huntsman of the pack was once heard to soliloquize, as he saw three fair riders galloping abreast in hot and jealous haste across a deep ploughed field towards a formidable stone wall, each with loose reins held in one hand, and the other hard at work whipping their already too willing horses—"Poor ignorant creatures!" he muttered, in real pity; "they fears nothing because they knows nothing!" Refusing horses, wiser than their riders, light weights, and hands which are often light by nature, are the safeguards of such riders. Their Nemesis overtakes them in time, as it does all of us who defy it. The first heavy and painful fall is

invariably the end of the reign of foolhardiness in those who had never cared to ride hard from real love of riding, and who, in the old huntsman's words, feared nothing only because they knew nothing.

It was the "ladies of the hunt" who criticized Alix most keenly on her first appearance at the covert side; and well it was for their contentment that they could be assured by those who had previously known Mrs. Consett, that though a good, she was a cautious and a very quiet rider. In truth, but for this positive assurance, she might have seemed a formidable rival. No one indeed knowing ever so little of the art of riding, could fail to see that Alix as she sat on the best and hottest horse in her husband's stables (Gerald's nerve and hand had lately become too unsteady to ride this animal himself) was a most accomplished horsewoman. The horse, in high training and very fit for work, had done none for his master during a month or two, and was unusually restless, now half rearing, now curving his back in a manner ominous enough to those who had learnt the ways of horses, now playing with his bit, tossing his head uneasily up and down, and anon, as another horse came near, drawing up a hind leg with a caution-inspiring exhibition of the whites of his eyes.

"If Apollyon breaks any of your bones for you," said Gerald to his wife, in his more playful manner, and loud enough for the group of mounted men and women to hear, "don't abuse me, you know."

Alix smiled at this pleasantry of her husband, and made no reply.

A few of Gerald's admirers laughed a little; some of the people thought it a shame that a man should let his wife ride such an animal and make a joke on the matter into the bargain. The incident called a little more attention to Alix. Some of them speculated as to whether there was any cause to fear for her safety, and decided with themselves that there was not. To see the way she sat upon her horse and handled him was a true pleasure to those who could judge critically. Her tall light figure betokened endurance, and the full upper arm and well-opened shoulders, unusual strength; the supple figure swayed slightly and easily from the waist with every motion of the horse, and the light touch of the nervous hands, held low on the reins on each side of the withers, humoured

his impatience, and was reducing him gradually to a calmer temper.

The reputation which Alix had brought with her was quite confirmed before she had left the covert side. She neither knew nor cared, nor did she know or care that before the end of that day's run, she had won another reputation, and one which in the estimation of every woman out that day would have been the very height of ambition—she was admitted to be, not the best only, but, out of all comparison, the hardest and straightest rider of any lady in the field.

Alix was made aware of this fact for the first time by her husband as they rode home together. She could see that he was more than usually out of temper and gloomy; experience however had long taught her that any attempt to soothe and cheer him at such times was a mistake. For a mile or two of the way he said nothing, but his wife could see that his face was more flushed than usual, and his brow more lowering. She thought he had been drinking, till he broke upon her abruptly and without any of that thickness which she had learned to know the cause of.

"Why the devil did you ride like that?"

"How did I ride?"

"No evasion, please. I ask you why you rode like a mad woman. Don't tell me Apollyon pulled, for he doesn't. Do you want to cut down those other idiots? I really did not think you would come to that?"

She laughed a little, "Not at all," she answered quietly, "I rode straighter and faster than I used to at home, because . . . first, because the horse is very fast, and secondly—well, I know no other reason than because I liked it."

Gerald was angry with his wife and with himself. It was painful to him that he should have lost his own riding nerve, not his courage, he had all that still, but the delicacy of his hand, and the keenness of his eye, and the clearness of his head; they had gone from him with his late excesses. No one in the field rode harder even now, but he went wildly, not choosing his line with his former discrimination, not handling his horse with the light, firm touch of old. His best horses refused with him, his own temper re-acted on theirs, they grew fractious, fell with him repeatedly at bad places, and he was now seldom seen at the end of a severe run. He was secretly enraged at this, for riding had been the one thing in

which he had conspicuously excelled almost all other men ; but that his own wife, upon the very horse he could not manage, should outride him was particularly galling, for the man's nature was quite low enough for him to look at the matter from this point of view.

He scowled angrily at her, and yet could find no reproaches to make ; nor indeed had he found that any reproaches of his—and they were plentiful enough—made much impression on his wife, and this too, was a cause of anger in him. She was not to be bullied ; no loud words or brutal language made her even seem afraid ; she never retaliated in kind, and was submissive and compliant enough to all his wishes, even the most unreasonable, but she was not to be moved out of a calm, unruffled demeanour which had become her habitual expression soon after their marriage.

It had been beginning lately to dawn upon the man, piercing the thick mists through which only his selfishness could look out upon his fellow beings, that life to Alix was perhaps not wholly enjoyable ; nay, the man was not at all unintelligent, and, his thoughts moving once in this train, he began to suspect that his wife's existence might even be quite the reverse of enjoyable. She had her tastes, her pursuits, certain intellectual sympathies (to be sure he had never much troubled himself to think about them, but the fact of their existence had come, somehow or other, to his knowledge) and not one of these likings could she indulge in common with him. Then again, the society he had surrounded her with, he knew in his heart what sort of people they were, and though Alix had never complained of them to him, he knew well what they must be to her, how repulsive in every way, mentally, socially, and even physically, for there is a positive physical ugliness and repulsiveness in those who have perversely sunk themselves much below the average human standard of culture and good manners, or who, having full opportunities, have been unable to rise to the level of this average standard. He had guessed that her life with him must be monotonous and dreary, and even, to put it quite plainly, quite intolerable. Nothing could exceed the fairness of Gerald's judgment when he cared to exercise it, for he had few weaknesses to bias it ; he was not, for instance, a vain or conceited man, and he was acquainted with human nature well enough to know that one circumstance only could reconcile such a

woman as Alix to the life he had forced upon her, and this would be, that her first affection for him should still endure.

He was wise enough to be aware how completely he had dispelled her illusions, but not the less hurt in his self-esteem, because he saw it so clearly. His own brief passion for the girl had burnt itself out, but long even before this he had perceived that Alix had become completely disenchanted. Apart from the wound to his conceit, and few men are philosophers enough not to be vulnerable in this quarter, he cared little enough for the loss of Alix's love. What did anger him was that she failed in that subservience to him which he exacted from all who came near him. In all Alix's compliances there was a quiet, unspoken reserve of independence which he did not at all like. At his angriest, and in the very heat and whirlwind of his rage, when he heaped reproaches and curses on her, and even in his still more dangerous moods, in the incoherent ravings of his half-drunken madness before he had had time to sink into the stolid calm and content of the habitual drunkard, even at these moments, when his servants shrank from him, and his very boon companions feared him, Alix would look calmly and fearlessly into his eyes, and her face never either flushed with indignation or grew pale with apprehension.

Gerald could not endure this. He accounted for it easily enough, ascribing it not to any native courage or high spirit in his wife, but to a positive indifference to life itself. "The girl," he reasoned with himself, "leads such a devil of a life here that she positively does not set it at a pin's fee. She has been made desperate," so he reasoned, "and cares not what may happen to her." When he saw her in the hunting-field abandoning all her old habitual caution in riding, and outbraving the silliest and most foolhardy woman in the field, his conclusion was confirmed. "I believe," he said to himself in entire misconstruction of her nature, "I believe she would break her neck to free herself!"

In plain truth, he had as yet not learnt the secret of his wife's character; her anxiety to comply with all legitimate authority, her more than womanly readiness to fall in with every social usage and conventionality, and, coupled with these characteristics, the rarer one of a high spirit, a self-respect reaching almost to pride, and a moral and physical courage of the most unyielding kind.

He was for a time at his wits' end, not quite seeing how he was to put any pressure on a person made so desperate as he thought her. Yet he was fully resolved to make her submit unreservedly and slavishly to his will. The girl was his wife, bound therefore to obey him, and obey him she should. How brought to do so he could not quite determine, but that he should be master in the fullest sense he was resolved, by fair means or by foul; and baffled as he was, he absolutely hated the woman he had falsely won to be his wife.

It would be unfair to judge Gerald Consett too hardly in this. The man was but following out his instincts, and acting as he had been born and bred, as he had been taught and trained to act. He was masterful by nature, and it was hard for him that his wife, of all people, should be the one who refused to mingle abjectness with compliance. He felt sore about it. It was a grievance to him. To be afraid of him, and to be abject before him would have been a satisfactory acknowledgment of his masterfulness; Alix was persistent in being neither the one nor the other; he was resolved that by some means or other she should become both. Gerald Consett should not be too hastily condemned for making this resolve. Surely no more can fairly be expected of a man than what nature and art have made him; and nature and training had between them made of the poor young gentleman a spendthrift, a bully, a selfish, brutal rowdy, and now a confirmed drunkard. It is not, perhaps, altogether a subject for lamentation that such persons should exist. It would be a terribly monotonous world if there were no scamps in it, no rowdies, no bullies, none of the hundred forms of vice and depravity which make such light and shade in our social life, give us such occasions to be charitable and so enormously enhance our own personal virtues—those of us who possess any. What we may regret is that a man like Gerald Consett should ever have so much of the veneer of an ordinary gentleman as to pass in the crowd of other gentlemen, that he should not bear unmistakably upon him "the mark of the beast." The real pity of it is that such a man should be able to ensnare, to her lasting shame and misery, a pure innocent and upright woman, should be able to make that woman his slave and his victim, and poison every remaining moment of her life.

CHAPTER VII.

It was to this model establishment that Gerald had often invited his cousin Henry Consett, but Henry had reasons that we know of for not accepting the invitation with any haste. He had resolved to come, sooner or later, but he feared he knew hardly what from this visit: he could not easily bring himself to the point of coming face to face with Alix in her altered state of life.

Yet go he must, and Gerald for some reason of his own had lately become persistent in pressing him. Between Henry and his richer cousin there had always existed a kind of intimacy of the sort which is usual between men who are near relations, and have been brought up together, even though they have few common sympathies. As boys they had been close companions, having some boyish tastes in common, and even, in spite of sundry discordances in character, a sort of friendship, apt as boyish friendships often are to be interrupted by fierce quarrels, and at times by fights, after the manner of boys. As the cousins got in time to learn that they were about a match for each other, and that their personal encounters were invariably long, hot, painful, and never decisive; as they grew up towards manhood, and took to less demonstrative modes of disagreement, these appeals to the "duello" ceased, but the combative propensities of both young men were only in abeyance, and quarrels fierce and frequent were still common between them. Still there was some little liking, and some little mutual esteem. No man can, perhaps, quite come to lose all respect for the person of whose boyish fist he has once felt the vigour.

Of late years Henry Consett had seen less of his cousin. He did not like his way of life nor the companions he lived among; but Gerald, surrounded by men whom he despised, still held a little to the man who would never flatter him, and rather enjoyed his cousin's downright speeches and occasional hard words as a contrast to the obsequiousness of his newer friends and acquaintances.

Still Henry Consett could not be drawn to visit his cousin, even by the offer of good sport, mounts, and suchlike temptations. At last he had to come, and it was upon the direct invitation of Alix herself, and the invitation came by telegraph

—"Come here at once; Gerald has had a fall and is badly hurt."

In a few hours he was in the train, and in a few more driving through the park of the somewhat dilapidated country house in which the newly married couple had fixed their quarters. They were typical hunting quarters; everything unattended to and neglected except the stables. A large, ugly, square white house faced him all along the mile of straight park avenue. The garden paths were weed-grown, the shrubberies unkempt and untidy, the grass-plots rough. The house, with its hideous Grecian portico, and its symmetry of staring windows and doors at regular intervals, had an aspect of dreariness about it, and the uncared-for grounds and gardens struck Henry Consett by the strong contrast they afforded to Alix's old home. Did this contrast strike her too, and was her new life desolate and dreary to her, or not? were questions which rose to his thoughts, and which he would soon, he believed, be able to answer.

Henry Consett obtained a succinct account of his cousin's state from the servant who admitted him, and showed him quickly upstairs into Gerald's bedroom.

"Is your master better?"

"No, sir, I fear not."

"In any danger?"

"Doctor can't say, sir, yet."

"Accident out hunting?"

"Yes, sir, horse fell on top of him—broke two ribs—hurt in his inside—great pain—doctor with him now, sir."

With this short preface Henry found himself in his cousin's bedroom. The room was darkened, and Gerald lay on his back in bed; the doctor sat by his side.

Gerald was delirious; his face was flushed, his hands in constant tremulous movement, and he turned his head uneasily from side to side. He was muttering incoherently as Henry came in, and stopped as the door opened, staring at the new comer, but without any sign of recognition in his face. The doctor rose from his seat, and Henry sat down in his place.

"Gerald, old fellow, I am sorry for this." The old boyish associations came back to him, and his sympathy was real.

The answer was a volley of abuse, incoherent still, but in which he heard Alix's name, mingled with curses and foul words.

The doctor touched Henry on the shoulder, and whispered to him to come out of the room. He rose, and then for the first time saw Alix standing in the half shadow behind the bed head. She placed her finger on her lips, and stretched out her hand silently to take his. Then she motioned to him to accompany the doctor.

"Is there danger?" Henry asked, when they were outside.

The doctor was a rough-looking and rough-speaking country surgeon, and he answered briefly and to the purpose.

"He has broken two ribs," he said, "but there is no sign of any more mischief."

"That's nothing at all, is it?"

"Oh, nothing. The fractures are simple and the setting was quite easy and satisfactory. There's no hurt to the lungs—that's what we look to chiefly in these cases."

"He seems to be in great pain."

"Very little, I should say."

"But he is delirious—how is that?"

"Drink, my dear sir, nothing in life but drink," said the plain-speaking doctor, who had no idea of smoothing over a disagreeable fact. "Delirium tremens, that's what the matter with him."

"Good heavens! has it come to that already?" asked Henry.

"He has had it on and off for a week. He had it on him when he would insist on riding that devil of a black horse who threw him—Apollyon he calls him."

"There is no danger, is there?"

"No; that is, if I can keep him quiet, and get him to sleep."

"I did not think delirium tremens would make a man quite unconscious of what was going on round him."

"Not often, perhaps; but he is under opium, and the two are working together. Sleep is what he wants—or I won't answer for the consequence."

"Why, give him more opium!"

"That's all very well. Do you know how much he has had in the last thirty-six hours? Perhaps though, if I told you, you wouldn't think it out of the way."

"Well, go on. How much?"

"Over three hundred drops of laudanum, sir, in a day and

a half. It makes even an old hand like me rather nervous, I can tell you."

"Do you stop at that?"

"No; what's the good? I am giving forty every three hours. You see we have an unusual constitution to work on. Most men so far gone this way lose their courage—lose their nerve—get pale in the face—shake all over, like a ghost-seer. He is as strong as a horse still—got a fever on him."

"Has he any delusions or fancies?"

"Plenty, and very dangerous ones. He thinks his wife is plotting against him. He fancies—confound him for it—he is murdering her."

"That's very bad. Does she know it?"

"Know it, man! Why, he is turning and twisting his two hands together all day and night, fancying they are at her throat, and swearing he is strangling her."

"How can you let her stay in the room? Surely her life is in danger!"

"No, no; his bark is worse than his bite. In these cases they seldom do much violence except to themselves: they are mad, you know, and not responsible for what they do or say. I have known of men jumping out of a window or into a river, but not often of their harming others."

"Anyhow she must not stay with him while he is going on as he did just now."

"Get her out of the room if you can," said the doctor. "I can't."

"Suppose he tries to jump out of the window?"

"No fear of that, we have stopped him there; sent a man up outside with a ladder to screw the sash down."

"That was a good notion."

"It was not mine, though. It was Mrs. Consett's doing and order. Wonderful woman that! Some wives would think twice before they made that window too fast."

"I say," said Henry Consett, flushing angrily, "take care what you say, sir, I won't stand that sort of thing."

"No offence. But if you knew what I do—what we all do hereabouts—upon my word, I say, it's too bad, and—well, well—if you want to stop my mouth before I have spoken, I have done."

"I think you *had* better shut up, if you can manage it," said Henry, rather fiercely, for a huge anger and indignation

roused by his now helpless cousin, was lighting somewhat unfairly on the indiscreet and garrulous doctor.

"So then," he continued, "the accident is nothing in itself, only aggravated by this cursed drinking."

"That's it, exactly," said the doctor, a little shortly.

Henry mused. "Would you like any advice, anyone to consult with? Mind, you must forgive me if I suggest anything not quite according to professional etiquette, for I know nothing about such things."

"Go on, Mr. Consett; you won't find me taking offence."

"Well," said Henry, quite unconscious that the doctor was standing on his dignity, "it seems a rather serious case, would you like us to send for some other physician from town, or anywhere you please."

"What, a London physician?"

"Yes, if you like."

The doctor permitted himself somewhat to unbend, and even to laugh a little, silently. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Consett, but do you know how things are going on here?"

"What do you mean by 'going on'?"

"Well, do you know what a good London doctor's fee would come to? Why, a matter of fifty pounds—perhaps a hundred."

"Well, sir, what the deuce does that signify?"

"Why, clearly you do not know that there is an execution out against Mr. Consett, and two men in possession at this instant."

Henry Consett was certainly staggered for the moment by the announcement, though he had known it must come to this pass sooner or later.

"A large amount?"

"Five or six hundred, they tell me. However——"

"Will you take the place by my cousin's bed, please," said Henry Consett, "and beg Mrs. Consett to speak to me. If I offended you just now, you will forgive me. You were right, I was wrong."

The doctor did as he was bidden; begged Alix to go to her cousin, and took his seat again at his patient's bedside, muttering to himself with some little ill-humour as he did so, "A mighty free and easy way these Consetts seem to have, ordering folks about as if the universe was their own freehold, and we trespassers on it! However, this one is a gentleman through

it all, and this sottish blackguard—ugh! you brute!” and the doctor looked with a singularly unprofessional expression at the swollen and unconscious countenance on the pillow.

Henry Consett was somewhat at a loss as to how to treat with his cousin Alix. He knew her pride, and how he could wound her through it far more deeply than any hard treatment from her husband could hurt her. He was not prepared for her taking herself the initiative, and treating the whole matter with perfect straightforwardness and good sense. In truth the mild Fairford nature, with its easy compliance, docility and surrender of self, made up but the one-half of her character. There was in her another strain, and this, latent while things went smoothly with her, showed clearly enough under the pressure of the wrong and injustice she had lately been suffering from. There was in her an immense power of endurance, but it must be of the inevitable. Her fortitude was not the uncomplaining fortitude of the feeble-minded; as long as any effort of hers could lessen the suffering she had to bear, she had the sense and the force to make that effort. Henry Consett expected no complaint to pass her lips, nor did any, but neither was there any foolish reticence as to that which was patent to everyone. Her cousin, too, was her earliest friend, and the only really sympathizing confidant she had ever known. If anyone could and would help her it was he; yet her confidence would only go a certain way, and no power could have drawn from her that her husband treated her with injustice and even with actual cruelty.

She came into the room, and Henry found her, at the first glance, but little altered. Her face, to be sure, had grown rather thinner, its lines a little finer, its tones a little more transparent, its colouring a little more mellow and tender, but she was the same girlish, frank, and outspoken woman whom he had always known, and, since he could remember, loved. Only as she spoke, and as her expression varied with her speech, did he learn how great was the change. Yet it was not a change he could have expressed in words, or one, perhaps, that anyone with a perception made less keen than his was, would have noticed at all. He caught the sign and token of it rather in the modulation of her voice, in some faint touch and thrill in it of a more purely human tone, in an intentness in the expression in her face, and in her eyes more depth and more gravity, as of eyes no longer bright and glad with the care-

less, innocent gladness of the narrow world of youth and ignorance, but which had looked upon the greater world, and seen its selfishness, its wickedness, and its cruelty.

"Henry," she said, taking his hand in both hers, "I knew you would not fail me. It was so good of you to come at once."

"Why, of course I came, Alix, what are cousins made for, except to——?"

"Don't laugh at me, Henry," she said, gravely. "I want you to tell me exactly what the doctor thinks. Now, you will tell me exactly, will you not?"

"Yes, exactly. Gerald has broken two ribs, the doctor has set them quite satisfactorily. There has been no internal injury, and if he can only be kept quiet and got to sleep, there is no danger whatever."

"Ah!" said Alix, with a sigh of relief, "I did not think the doctor was taking me in, he is so very outspoken."

"Has he offended you at all by his plain-speaking?"

"Oh no, nothing of that sort could hurt me, and he means no offence."

"For my part," said Henry, "I don't much like unseasonable truths from strangers. He did offend me."

"And you told him so?"

"I did; but I begged his pardon afterwards, so it is not serious."

Alix laughed a little. "It is such a relief to hear you confirm what the doctor told me, and I am so glad, Harry, to see you again. I am quite in good spirits."

"You don't seem much used to be that, Alix," said Henry Consett, bluntly.

"No, indeed," she answered, simply, evading his question with all the diplomacy of a woman of the world; "I have so much to bother me just now. I have so much that I want you to advise me about. In the first place——" Alix paused, and her face coloured a little—"In the first place, you must know we are in trouble about money; we have been dreadfully extravagant. There is an execution against us."

"Against Gerald—I know. Can he pay?"

"I am sure he cannot. Then what is to be done? I have spoken to the men, and told them that nothing in the house hardly is our own."

"At whose suit is it?"

"The coach-maker —"

"Look here, Alix, it is too bad that you should have to go into this sort of business. Let me speak to the man, and settle it as best I can."

"Yes, Henry; but how will you settle it?"

"I don't know yet."

"Well," she said, "I think I do. I guess what is in your thoughts. You mean to ask my father to help us out?"

Henry said nothing; he had intended nothing else.

"Now you must promise me not to do anything of the kind. It would break his heart if he knew."

"How can he help knowing?"

"Knowing what?"

"Do not be offended with me, Alix; you said just now you did not mind plain-speaking; but you must know your father cannot help being aware of what every one knows."

The girl lost her composure, and covering her face with her hands, leant her elbows on the table by which she was sitting, and sobbed in the agony of her soul. "I could bear anything for myself, but that he should know of all these horrors—this is beyond me. It will kill him."

"He knows nothing except vaguely," he said, to comfort her.

She recovered herself in a moment. "Now, frankly, Henry, tell me, what does he know?"

"Why that Gerald is living extravagantly."

"Well, surely that is not so very extraordinary a thing for a man to do. What else? Has he been told that he drinks?—but my father must know that, for he saw it himself. After all, Gerald is not the only man in the world who drinks more than is good for him; it is not such a very dreadful crime, is it? Does he know more than these two things?"

"Why, Alix, what more than this is there for anyone to know?"

The girl fixed her still tearful eyes on him with a vague expression of inquiry in them; but did not answer. Presently her face relaxed into some semblance of a smile, a curious, not easily definable sort of smile, and, no doubt, to her thinking, quite inscrutable; but to Henry Consett, knowing half the truth, and guessing the remainder, more eloquent than if she had told him, with all the garrulous rhetoric of a common-

place woman, of countless injuries and insults beyond all a woman's endurance.

His intense pity for the woman before him in this moment of her supreme heroism and nobility of endurance, worthy now more than ever, as she seemed to him, in the calmness and beauty of her fortitude and silent contention with the inevitable evil in her life—worthier than ever before, he thought, of something greater and purer than any mere human love, even now, however, his strong pity did not blind him to the fact that her womanly intuition had risen to a wisdom higher than his, and taken in the fact that the burden of her life was for her to bear alone and unaided. She had perceived, and now he also learnt through her, that no human help or sympathy could lessen her burden. Any direct aid from him, he saw, could only be given with an infinite aggravation of her suffering. To benefit or to comfort her at all, he must ignore the cause of this suffering, and even his sympathy must be unexpressed, if it was not to hurt her pride. He saw that she was strong enough to bear the wound that was hidden in her own breast, and was womanly and weakly emotional only when the evil threatened to touch her father. Henry Consett now plainly perceived how imprudently he had undertaken the part proposed to him and almost forced upon him by Mr. Fairford. If he should be true to his promise to him, he would be striking the hardest blow of any at Alix herself.

"Alix," he said, after a pause, "I have felt strongly for you, as you may suppose, and have thought in my stupidity that the way out of these troubles was to let your father know of them. I now see that I was wrong."

"Thank you, Henry, for saying that," said the girl, taking his hand in hers, and pressing it warmly, "you were always my best friend; you could always understand me—almost before I spoke. You see exactly what I want. Only let us keep all this from my father, and I don't care what happens to me."

So was the young man won over to do the very reverse of that which he had so rashly undertaken. He extricated the family from the shame of the execution by communicating with the creditor in London, and undertaking that the horses and carriages, the only property about the house, should be disposed of at once. He himself saw to the nursing of Gerald, watching by his bedside through the long hours of his wakeful

delirium, and insisting that Alix should not remain to hear the threats and foul insults with which, in the drunken fever of his brain, the sick man never ceased to assail her. She had been obstinate with the doctor on this point; but with her cousin she yielded at once, as on every other on which he directed her, falling back thus readily into her old habitual attitude of submission and compliance.

At last the anxious watching came to an end, interrupted as it had been from time to time by the struggles of the patient to free himself from his bandages and rush upon some imaginary enemy. Gerald Consett slept; at first restlessly, with muttered imprecations still on his lips, but they grew more and more indistinct, till finally only now and again could the name of his wife be distinguished, coupled with a curse or a threat of unusual foulness and malignity, hissed out through his closed teeth; and the fingers still writhed with the same monotonous, horrible, murderous movement which the watchers had looked upon so long; but their muscular contortions grew less and less, till at last all sounds and all movement ceased, except the strong, regular heave and fall of his powerful chest.

"Off at last," said the doctor, speaking for the first time in his natural tone.

"Is he safe now?" whispered Henry.

"Safe as the bank," said the doctor; "and you needn't whisper; you may shout in his ear for all he would care for the next sixteen hours!"

"You think he is out of danger?" said Henry Consett.

"Out of danger, man!" said the surgeon, taking his hand from his patient's pulse; "he never really was in danger. Pulse seventy, and as calm and regular as his breathing. Look at his chest now. Did any man ever see the like! In spite of delirium tremens, and a heavy fall, and two broken bones—why, the man has fifty years of life in him still, if he don't break his own neck in one of these drunken fits. That will be his end, I guess."

"Is it common," asked Henry, "for a man with this sort of thing on him, to single out one particular person for his abuse?"

"No, it is not," said the doctor; "I have met with every form of this disease in my practice, and never but once knew such a case. Most men only make fools of themselves—

have ridiculous illusions. This man—— well, you may take fire or not; I am only doing my duty in telling you.”

“Well, sir, speak out.

“I mean to. This man, I say, is an unmitigated brute——cousin or no cousin, I don’t care——and his wife is nothing less than an angel. You may choose to ignore the facts, every one in this house and this neighbourhood knows them.”

“Suppose I don’t dispute them, what then?”

“Well, this. Now mark my words, this man lying here before us is as complete a rough and rowdy as any coal-heaver who ever brained a woman in a drunken brawl; and I warn you solemnly that his wife is not safe in his hands.”

“Why, you told me before that he was harmless.”

“So I did. He was harmless while the drunken fit was on him. What I now warn you of is this——.” The doctor opened his snuff-box, took a huge pinch, and clapped to the lid with his closed fingers, whereby to emphasize to the fullest his coming sentence: “He will be dangerous only when he comes to his senses again.”

“Do you mean at all times, when he is sober?”

“No, sir; I mean at such times as he is between drunk and sober——when he is maddened by drink, and before he is overcome by it.”

“What do you mean by dangerous?”

“I mean as murderously dangerous as a homicidal lunatic, or an escaped tiger!”

Henry Consett made no answer, and could come to no resolution. His blood ran cold at the very thought that Alix should incur this terrible risk, while he was quite powerless to save her from danger.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Gerald woke it was only after having slept continuously for nearly twenty-four hours. The doctor’s prediction was fulfilling itself; the man’s immense strength of constitution had pulled him through all his troubles; the drink-fever was gone, his hands were steady, his voice once again assured, the illusions had left him.

“Is that you, Henry?” he said to his cousin sitting at the bedside, “how did you come here?”

"Alix sent for me. Don't you remember about your fall?"

"Of course I do. Not much harm done, I fancy. Alix sent for you, did she?"

"Yes, and if you regret it I shall go off again."

"My dear fellow, you are as welcome as . . . whatever the right simile is," and he put out his hand to shake his cousin's.

He lay back quietly and kept silence for a minute or two. "I shall shoot that infernal horse," he said, presently. "Just ring the bell, will you, Henry?"

The bell was rung. "Are you going to give any orders about Apollyon?" said Henry, as he sat down again.

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I wouldn't, if I were you. Apollyon is standing in Tattersall's stables at this moment, and will be sold," said Henry taking out his watch, "in about a couple of hours from now,—the property of a gentleman—this well-known, weight-carrying hunter."

The servant entered. "Bring breakfast," said his master, with some presence of mind, and, when the door closed upon the man, "Harry, you're a confoundedly cool hand!"

"I have saved you three hundred pounds; you ought to thank me."

"I do—you are quite right."

"And the doing of a devilish dirty thing into the bargain. Fancy a man being brute enough to shoot a horse he can't ride!"

"Right again. What else have you been doing?"

"Sent all the rest of your horses up to town for sale, and your two broughams, drag, brake, mail-phæton and two dog-carts back to Peters."

Henry Consett was ready to place his strong hand gently on his cousin's chest, as the latter, losing for the moment his previous control over his indignation, was rising in wrath at this startling announcement.

"The doctor particularly said that you were to lie still," remarked Henry, quietly repressing his cousin's struggles and keeping him down securely on the bed.

"Harry, you beat the devil!"

"Otherwise," went on Henry, imperturbably, "he said he might be obliged to re-set the bones. Now, if you

won't jump up again, you shall hear all the rest of the story."

Gerald did repress his emotions and heard the story of his money troubles, and what his cousin had done to get him out of them. He had guessed what had been coming for a long while, and on the whole was not sorry to find the work done, and the trouble taken that would have had, sooner or later, to be done by himself.

"Why didn't you or Alix send to old Fairford for help?"

"You may save yourself that trouble," said Henry, shortly. "Only let Mr. Fairford know of your goings on, and devil a penny will you ever see of his money."

"He is bound to keep on Alix's allowance."

"You are no lawyer, Gerald. Where is your father's allowance to you? If your side break faith, Alix's people may do the same. Mind, I don't say he will, or even can stop the allowance,—but don't you give him the chance."

"He can't let his daughter starve."

"He can prevent your letting her starve, by taking her home again."

"I should like to see him do it!" said Gerald, angrily.

"So should I," said Henry.

"I know why you say that," retorted Gerald; "some day I'll tell you."

"By all means do," said his cousin, coolly, "and now you had better listen to me. My advice to you is not to go beyond your law—it won't take you far, I fancy—you've done it already, by all I hear, and if you go much farther, you will get into a scrape."

"Now, what on earth are you driving at?"

"Why, this: I hear on all sides that you treat your wife worse than your dog, or your horse—and that's saying a good deal of *you*."

"Alix has complained, has she?" said Gerald, savagely.

"You know she hasn't, you blackguard; you know she would let you kill her first, or perhaps you wouldn't venture."

"Go on, Henry; you have a sweet way of expressing yourself. Whom have you been listening to? The servants?"

"You needn't trouble yourself as to how I know. Anyhow, I do know, and everybody else knows in the neighbourhood; and I tell you, you run a risk."

"Which is?"

"Which is, separation from your wife."

"A supportable affliction!"

"And separation from your wife's allowance; what would you call that?"

"An irreparable blow."

The two men were silent. Henry's rough speeches to his cousin, his warnings and his appeals to his cupidity, had been the outcome of much meditation and consideration. Experience had long ago taught him that hard words and plain ones were the best sort of appeal to Gerald, and he flattered himself that his present arguments had told. Alix could not, as he had now become aware, be got to separate herself from the tyrant in whose power she had placed herself. Nothing was so fixed as this resolve of hers, and everything that was strongest in her nature strengthened her determination. It was only left for Henry therefore to do his utmost to persuade and threaten Gerald into a better treatment of her. He had not calculated on all the baseness in the man's base nature, however, or he would not have felt so secure as he now did.

Gerald was the first to break the pause. He had laid aside his mocking tone of voice.

"Harry, I believe you wish me well, after all. Shake hands and let us forget our quarrels. I am sick of this life I have been leading. I mean to start afresh; turn over a new leaf, as they say in children's books."

"And leave off brandy and soda before breakfast?"

"You take a great interest in my way of life, Harry; pray, who told you of that?"

"No one; it was a habit of your's long ago, I remember. Finding you here with delirium tremens on you, I supposed you had kept it up."

"You don't really mean to say, my dear Harry," said Gerald, "that I had delirium tremens on me. Surely it was the delirium from my accident."

"To be sure it must have been that, and we all made a mistake, doctor and all!"

"What a brute I must have seemed to you!"

"You did."

"Did I do or say anything out of the way, and was Alix in the room at all?"

"She was, till I made her go ont. You see you were hardly fit company for a young lady. You kept on calling

her the foulest names all the time, and swearing you were strangling her, and moving your hands as if you had her throat in your grip."

"This is awful. Did I look very horrible?"

"Particularly. Your face had a peculiar livid cast; it was swollen too. It reminded me of some faces I once saw in a drawing by an old Italian artist, a group of half-grown devils, with their faces all drawn awry and convulsed by different passions; wonderfully clever and very horrible it was, I remember; but the faces you made were worse by far."

"I must have been pretty far gone to have forgotten all this. Wasn't the doctor afraid I might do some mischief?"

"Only to yourself. He thought you might try to jump out of the window, but there was no risk of that. Alix had had the forethought to have it screwed down. The doctor made me very angry with him about that."

"How so?"

"He thought Alix particularly simple to have taken the precaution. I had to shut him up for his joke."

"Joke do you call it?"

"I did not understand the full force of it till afterwards, or perhaps I should not have been so angry with Dr. Short."

"That doctor had better not show his face here again," was Gerald's only remark.

"He won't much care to see *yours* again, I fancy, particularly as he can't much expect to be paid. I told him not to come till I sent for him. Your bones will mend of themselves, if you keep quiet."

"Harry, don't bore me with all this. I want to tell you my plans."

"Go on."

"I mean to leave this place, and go to Consett and stay there quietly. Perhaps stay at Fairford too, now and then. I shall give up this drinking. It spoils a man's nerve, and, as you observed just now, his complexion. I shall give it up, my dear Harry, cultivate the domestic gods, sweep clean the domestic hearth, and impress my father-in-law with my virtue and mildness."

"You will have to make a pretty clean sweep of your domestic hearth to do that. Don't let him hear you swear at your wife."

"Swear at Alix! Good heavens, Harry, you don't rise to

the level of the revolution which is working in me—I shall only speak at all in the most honeyed accents.”

“I must come down expressly to hear that !”

“Just what I am coming to—so you shall. You shall come and act as police, keep the peace, do duty as detective ; I think you are cut out for the work.”

“No sneers to me, Gerald. If you do anything like what you promise, you will be an improvement on yourself. If you keep sober and civil, it will always be something gained.”

“So it will, and sober and civil I mean to keep, and I am quite serious in asking you to come and see me in the character of reformed rake. Now, will you come ?”

“I will,” said Henry.

He was not displeased at the result of his conversation. He had clearly impressed his cousin. The strong colours in which he had drawn his portrait in the moment of his abject and brutal helplessness had served the purpose for which they had been used. Henry was not sanguine as to having reached his cousin’s conscience, but he saw clearly that he had touched his vanity, and vanity, he was aware, is the spring of a thousand fine, or at any rate decent, actions. Gerald’s sneering tone did not give him ground to suspect his sincerity. Cynicism was habitual to him, and was now used to hide, Henry supposed, his shame of his past outrages upon decency, and of his intention of reforming his ways.

CHAPTER IX.

HENRY CONSETT left his cousin’s house, and when next he heard of him Gerald seemed to be proving the sincerity of his promises of amendment by his behaviour. To employ an expression which Gerald was himself fond of using, he had “turned over a new leaf.”

Living in London, Henry heard from time to time, through Mr. Fairford, of his cousin’s altered way of life. Gerald was living now at Consett Hall with his wife, very quietly, and Mr. Fairford had become quite hopeful about his continued respectability. It was getting on to be the end of the hunting season, and Henry foresaw that the spring and summer months, somewhat eventless periods in our calendar of English social

country life, might prove a time of temptation to a man like Gerald Consett, not possessed of any mental resources, and finding little in life worth the enjoying but the company of spirits kindred to his own.

Late in spring Henry Consett was able to get away from his already increasing business engagements. He came home, and found Gerald and Alix staying at Fairford Court.

"It is all going on capitally," said Alix to him when they met; "my father knows nothing."

"Of what?" asked Henry, bluntly.

"Why, of—of what we know."

"All right, Alix," said her cousin, not at all reassured, "you need not trouble yourself to fence with me, for I will never be indiscreet."

They did not dwell on the subject, but it was clear enough to the young man that matters were not going at all well between Alix and her husband. Gerald was very far from cheerful. In Mr. Fairford's presence he took pains to behave decently, but in Henry's he used no concealment. The life he was leading, he told his cousin, was almost unbearably dull; he proved it by at times being in the lowest of spirits, and at others irritable beyond even Henry's endurance. He could not but wonder at the equanimity with which Alix bore with the thousand attempts he made to wound her by his sneers and taunts and bitter speeches. Had Henry known Alix less well, he might almost have speculated as to whether this calm did not after all result from some natural insensibility, so impassively did she listen to the outrageous insults of her husband; but knowing what he knew of Alix, he could not be mistaken as to this point. The child who had played with him, the girl whom he had loved, had never had a secret from him. Her character was transparent as crystal. She was possessed of the sensibility which is never absent in natures of the finer and keener sort, she could be hurt only too easily; this he remembered well from their childish days. Only in obedience to a strong motive, only under the control of some overmastering resolution formed after calm reflection and rigidly adhered to, could any woman, least of all one so endowed as she was, with perceptions so sensitive to injustice and oppression, preserve her patience under trials of it so numerous and so ingenious. Henry Consett began to suspect that such provocation as Gerald gave her was not altogether

the result of ill-temper, but proceeded from a settled design.

"Why do you insult your wife so disgracefully?" he said to him one day.

"Go on, my dear Harry," said Gerald, good-humouredly, "I told you you were cut out for a detective. Alix," he called out—his wife had been out of hearing for the moment—"you have a knight-errant in Henry. I congratulate you. He wants to know what I mean by bullying you."

Alix turned suddenly, and Henry caught a momentary look of extreme distress on her face. She laughed a little, however, a not very joyous performance, "Henry was joking," she said, "or you are; he knows there is no need of a knight-errant."

"Henry, you see," said her husband, "is of a nobly impulsive nature, and has his own reasons for seeking adventures."

No one said any more on the subject, and from that moment Gerald's temper perceptibly improved. He seemed to have become possessed of some hidden source of satisfaction.

"Henry," he said, "I have been thinking of a way to amuse myself. The yachting season, you know, is now beginning, and I mean to look out for something in that line."

"I am glad you can afford it," said Henry, not treating him seriously. "Shall you buy or hire?"

"Neither. Buying is unsatisfactory; you spend all your time and money, and just when your yacht is getting ship-shape, and you have got your cabins fitted nicely, and the last knot out of your deck planks, winter comes on, and the whole thing gets a nuisance; you quarrel with your captain, try to sell, and have the infernal thing hanging over you and eating its head off—if the expression is nautical—all through the hunting season."

"Then you will hire?"

"Well, no, that is a nuisance too. I shall make a cruise with some friends of mine who are not mere fair-weather sailors."

"That will be cheaper than either."

"Yes; and you see, when I go to sea, I like to take the rough and the smooth together. Now, as I never met with a

yachtsman who cared for anything but the smooth, I mean for the future to go in for professional sailors. I shall take a passage in a sailing vessel."

"Oh, yes, I see. You book for New York or Bombay or Rio, buy a tarpaulin coat, a sou'-wester, and a sea-chest, and come back in six months with all the skin burnt off your nose. Very pleasant."

"No, Harry, that's not quite my plan; I could not afford to leave my dear Alix and you for so long."

"Then you should take a berth in the steamer to Calais or Boulogne, and work backwards and forwards across the Channel till you are tired of it."

"It is surprising that a man of your intelligence cannot think of anything better than this. Now, look here, what do you say to our driving over to L—— Roads this very afternoon? I was there yesterday, and found some twenty or thirty wind-bound vessels in the offing. I made the acquaintance of several of the captains, found them the most affable, cultivated men of the world it is possible to conceive—delightful companions! We spent a most pleasant evening at the 'Red Lion,' and I parted on terms of real friendship with one gentleman of great culture, who is master and part owner of a coasting vessel. Now, are you beginning to understand me?"

"Not a bit; unless you mean to make a cruise with this cultivated gentleman."

"Of course I do. Can you imagine better fun for a man who likes going to sea? You have all the excitement of being at sea, and none of the bore. You sail, say, from Liverpool with a general cargo, bound for London, and you drop some of it at every intermediate port along the coast by the way. For instance, my friend Captain Bungay of the 'Rosebud,' interested me amazingly by his account of what his cruise is to be. First he starts from Liverpool, puts in at the Roads here weather-bound, last from Cardiff, goes ashore, has a pleasant time of it, and before he gets sick of shore, the wind shifts, and he steers for Bideford—'works,' as he calls it, into Bideford Bay—interesting scenery for those who like it—lands two or three tons of general merchandise, ships seven tons of crockery and leather, 'carries on' round the Land's End—magnificent coast scenery again—and so into Falmouth; ships twenty tons of tin ore, five of dried fish, and thirty of small coal—makes sail for Plymouth——"

"Very exciting and delightful, particularly the dried fish and small coal."

"But, my dear fellow, think of the improvement to your geography all the time! I can give you the whole of the voyage to London and back, if you like?"

"But I don't like."

"Come now, will you join me in a cruise in the schooner 'Rosebud'?"

"No."

Alix looked at him, and slightly nodded her head in token that she wished him to go.

"There is Alix signalling to you to stay at home," Gerald laughed loud at his intentional misinterpretation of the signal—"you must come now, to show your strength of mind."

"So I must," said Henry, "and so I will. You will want looking after."

So Gerald got his way, and the two young men, driving over that afternoon to the little seaport town, pulled up late in the evening at the principal inn, and found in the landlord's parlour a jovial company of sea captains, who gave an uproarious welcome to Gerald Consett, as one who had already made the best possible impression by his social qualities. Henry noted that he was quite at home among these honest, slow-speeched, hard-drinking seafaring men. There was no foolish pride whatever about him: he ordered in fresh drink for the whole party, and set an excellent example in disposing of it. The company did not break up till a late hour at night. A fair wind had sprung up, and the whole fleet was to sail with the early morning tide. Arrangements had been already made with Captain Bungay, and an additional supply of stores, not forgetting spirits, sent on board the "Rosebud." Gerald was in excellent temper; the cynical humour had left him; he was now very amiable—slightly incoherent indeed, very noisy as to his speech, and a little unsteady as to his legs; but between Captain Bungay who supported him on his right side (himself a little uncertain in his gait), and Henry on his left, the three men reached the quay-side with perfect safety, where Gerald and the captain proceeded to make night hideous with shouts of "'Rosebud' ahoy!"—"Boat ahoy!" now in alternate strains, now in discordant unison.

Feeling very much ashamed of his companions, Henry helped them carefully into the boat, and presently they were

alongside the dark hull of a small, broad-beamed coasting schooner, her rigging very slovenly, her sails ill brailed up, ropes trailing overboard, and every other symptom of bad seamanship and lax discipline. Henry and the crew of the boat helped the two men to scramble up the steep rope ladder, and they found themselves on a deck strewn with litter of every kind, encumbered with empty barrels, spars and lengths of uncoiled rope, and slippery with a slimy, sea-drenched dirt. Going below, they came upon the mate and boatswain in the tiny cabin playing at cards with a very dirty pack, by the light of an ill-smelling oil lantern. They were so intent on their game that the captain pushed them roughly from their chairs, before they were aware of the presence of the new comers.

"Come! you get out of this," said Captain Bungay with playful severity, "and make room for your betters."

The little den was just large enough for three fair-sized men to sit down in, and the subordinates, seeing the logic of the captain's order, surlily obeyed it and slouched out.

Gerald insisted upon having more to drink before "turning in," the captain was nothing loth, and when finally he was ready for such repose as could be afforded by the horrible little pigeon-hole into which Henry and the mate assisted him (the captain was already helpless) he was in no condition to criticise it with any sort of justice.

"Real luxury, Henry," he stammered out as he lay in his berth. "No yacht I ever was in comes up to it. I shall send for Alix to-morrow."

"You drunken brute!" said his cousin, his indignation overcoming him for a moment, "you had better keep her name out of your mouth."

"Henry," said the wretch, with the slow gravity and idiotically sly smile of the drunkard, "it's part of my plan—secret—but it's part of my plan to break her in. I send for Alix by telegraph to-morrow—made up my mind about it long ago—send her away at Falmouth, join me again at S——. Confound her! we'll see how her pride stands that!"

Early in the morning Henry was awoke by the trampling of feet over his head, presently the anchor was weighed, and when he got on deck the wretched old tub of a ship, in charge of the mate alone, was rolling slowly along before a favourable breeze.

When Gerald had slept off the immediate effects of his debauch, and made his appearance on deck, he was silent and sullen, and looked as if he meant mischief. He remembered and regretted that he had betrayed his secret to Henry the night before, and yet, resenting his cousin's reprimand, was determined, as he put it to himself, to have it out with him at once.

"I hope you see now by daylight what a dirty old tub the 'Rosebud' is," said Henry cheerfully.

"She's good enough for me and mine."

"If you mean Alix by 'mine,' I tell you plainly that if you venture to make her come on board——"

"Look here, Harry," said Gerald fiercely, "I have stood your interference long enough; you have come between me and my wife a little too often. Don't let me find you doing it again,—or——"

"Or what, Gerald?" said his cousin, laughing at his ill temper.

"Or I'll make it worse for Alix, that's all!"

"Come, Gerald, don't talk like a low cad."

"Do you take me for a fool?" cried Gerald. "Do you think I don't see your game and Alix's plainly enough?"

"Poor Alix's game, I take it, is to make the best of a bad bargain. Never once has she uttered a word of complaint against you to me or to anyone, and yet you know she can't be proud of you. Come, now, Gerald, make an effort—give up this low life, treat your wife like a Christian, and——"

"Confound you! leave off sermonizing, can't you? I know my own affairs, you don't. Alix is an infernal deal too independent. I'll teach her her proper position"—he looked at his cousin with lowering brows—"Curse her, I say, I'll break her spirit in spite of you!"

Henry got up and walked away. Nothing less than his fear on Alix's account could have restrained the man's own hot temper, and Gerald, unfortunately for himself, as it afterwards proved, never guessed how near he had brought himself to an assault and battery of the liveliest description.

"I shall get out at Bideford," said Henry, as they rounded the headland which forms the northern boundary of Bideford Bay.

"So shall I," said Gerald. "I can't afford to let you prepare Alix for what is coming."

So they disembarked that evening, Gerald engaging to return to the schooner on her arrival at either Falmouth or Plymouth, and after a few hours' drive arrived late at night at home. The two men had hardly exchanged a syllable till the carriage neared the woods of Fairford, when Gerald brought himself to mutter some words of apology for his display of temper. Then, as Henry got out when they came to the Rectory, Gerald said—

"Think no more of this, Harry; go on interfering as much as you like; you were appointed detective, you know, by myself, and I was wrong to quarrel with you. Come over and see us to-morrow."

Henry held out his hand as they parted, not quite understanding Gerald's drift, nor at all liking his tone; but determined to do his utmost to make Alix's lot a less heavy one.

When he walked over to Fairford the next day, he almost resolved to betray to Alix's father—in spite of his promise to her, and the conviction she had brought him to have, that she could best bear alone the burden of her life—the fearful tyranny from which his daughter was suffering uncomplainingly, and quite unknown to him; but he resisted the temptation. It would not, he had come to believe, soften Alix's lot, but rather make it harder for her; for her one source of consolation lay, he knew, only in this, that her father knew nothing of her misery.

As they all met at lunch, Henry purposely drew a strong picture of their adventures on board the "Rosebud," dwelling on the horrible dirt, discomfort, and want of discipline that reigned on board, but saying nothing of the intoxication of his cousin.

Gerald professed to consider this description over-drawn. Henry was a very bad sailor, he insisted—which was not the case—Alix, who was a very good one, would have been delighted with the "Rosebud"—the very name was an invitation to come on board. He had been quite sorry she was not with him. Captain Bungay would do everything to make her comfortable. He was a very cultivated, well-informed man of the world, with charming manners.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Fairford, much interested, "most remarkable in the master of a coasting schooner."

"Manners!" said Henry, exasperated: "why, the man was

drunk from the time I helped him up the side of his own ship till he staggered across the deck to shake hands with you at Bideford."

"No, my dear Henry, I think that was the mate." But the subject of intoxication was a dangerous one in Mr. Fairford's presence, if his father-in-law was to continue to be deluded, and Gerald hastened to change it.

Mr. Fairford stayed in the house after luncheon, while the three others went into the garden. It was not till then that Gerald allowed his temper, always well under control when he chose, to break out. First he attacked Henry for trying to make mischief; then, finding that his cousin would not be offended, he turned upon his wife.

"I know what Henry is at," he said, "and I know that you are playing into his hands."

"Nonsense, Gerald," said Alix, pleasantly; "Henry means nothing but good to us."

He turned his sullen face upon her. "Look here, your cousin threatened me yesterday with what he would do if I told you to come to me on board that ship, if it should please me to send for you. Now the question between us is simply, Do you, or do you not, mean to obey when I order you to come?"

"Don't use such words as obey or order, Gerald," said Alix, smiling; "of course, if you want me to come, I will. You said it was very nice on board, and I like the sea."

"But it is not nice. It is filthy; and all that Henry said is true. Now will you come?"

"Certainly not for my own pleasure; but if you want me——"

Her husband interrupted her with an explosion of savage fury. His face flushed with an angry red, and his voice became hoarse and harsh with his violence—

"You defy me, do you? Now we will see who is master. I tell you before I have done with you, you shall follow my bidding like a whipped hound."

Alix was looking at him with silent reproach, but quite calmly; but her calmness had in it, unfortunately, the very quality which could exasperate him to the verge of madness. He glared from her to Henry. He clenched his fist threateningly, and shook it in his face.

"Don't, Gerald, there's a good fellow," said Henry, mildly; "what is all this about? No one wants to offend you."

"No, by Heaven! You will take good care to keep *your* temper." Then turning again on his wife, "And so will you—you know what you gain by it"; and then his rage found full vent in a long string of curses, such as Henry had not heard since the drink-fever had been upon him. Now again nothing short of delirium seemed enough to account for his extremity of violence.

His hands now again clenched and unclenched themselves with the same murderous grip as in the madness of his fever, and finally the torrent of his passion culminated. Alix was standing before him unmoved still, but a little pale.

"Damn you!" he cried, his face livid with passion, his eyes injected with blood, and his forehead furrowed with the full and knotted veins; "you can stand calm and quiet there only because you know in your heart you are a ——" and the right hand of the madman made a quick clutch at the girl's throat.

The long endurance of Henry, the strong restraint he had kept upon himself, his politic and long-tried patience, all gave way in an instant before the hideous outrage upon manhood which was passing before him.

Alix trembled with actual physical terror and a mist came before her eyes; but even then she would not deign to retreat, and already she felt the cruel fingers clutching at her throat, when in a moment she was released. The whole weight of Henry's body, and the whole strength of his strong right arm, were in the blow which fell upon Gerald's half-upturned face. The quick, sudden flash of indignant rage had nerved his arm, and the blow was terrible. The very sound of it was not like the sound of a common blow, but rather like that when some heavy rock, parting suddenly from the precipice's edge, falls down sheer and full into the soft meadow land beneath.

Gerald fell to the ground, writhing with the pain, half-stunned, and unable to rise, so shrewdly and fiercely had the blow been dealt. It had all been done and was ended before the girl had recovered from the transitory benumbing of her faculties in that deadly moment of her terror. She was freed from the instant danger which had threatened her, and looking again with clear vision, she took in a picture enduring, indeed but for the fraction of a second, and yet which would never pass from her memory—one man writhing on the ground,

his face meanly contorted and discoloured with evil passion and baffled malignity, and standing over him another with the fire in his eyes of a righteous indignation, and his face lightened and ennobled by the consciousness of right vindicated, weakness relieved, and wrong punished.

Who shall blame the woman if for one short instant nature triumphed in her, and she sided with the man who had stood up for her in her peril, struck home for her good fame, and saved her from the insult and oppression of a tyrant? There is in all women an absolute passion—far stronger than that in men—for pure, full, and equal justice, and an instinctive hatred, beyond our hatred, of wrong and tyranny. For one brief moment her woman's soul leapt up joyfully in gratitude towards the doer of this deed of righteous manhood; but it was for a moment only; and then the habit of her life, her training to a self-imposed standard of right, her long conformity to one self-chosen ideal, overcame the mere woman's instinct. She knelt by the man who the very instant before had so foully insulted and injured her, pitying his hurt, and still more the hurt to his pride. With water from the fountain she bathed his forehead, and together they half helped, half lifted him till he could lean against the trunk of a tree.

Henry stood by silent and remorseful, not knowing if he had not, in the hurry of his indignation, done to Alix herself an irreparable injury. Alix herself was fearful now more than ever of the future. For a time Gerald remained without speaking, still stupified with the effects of the blow. At last his reason and his consciousness recovered themselves, and his face began to work again with the old passionateness. When he did speak, however, he spoke calmly.

"I don't know, Henry, what you expect to gain by this. Do you take me at a disadvantage to show off before Alix?"

There was no answer to so palpable a piece of unreason.

"I suppose you have long ago let Alix know of your feelings towards her?"

Henry made him no reply, and Alix did not understand him.

"I presume you have made her aware of this creditable state of things; but I think it at any rate as well to tell you that I am the dupe of neither of you."

"How not a dupe?" asked Alix, amazed.

"In this way," said Gerald, slowly, and emphasizing each

word, "that I have long known that your cousin was in love with you before you married me."

"Pray," said Alix, "don't say such things, Gerald; you cannot mean them."

He looked hard at her. "I think you are the greater hypocrite of the two. Let us hear if my dear cousin himself will back your mock ignorance with a downright lie."

Henry was silent.

"Harry," said Alix, beseechingly, "tell him there is not a word of truth in this. Tell him we were friends only!"

Henry Conssett did not speak. Gerald laughed bitterly.

"You ask too much, Alix. What would he gain by telling a lie which we should all three know to be a lie?" He went on, "I will tell you more—not more news, for there is no news in it to either of you. He has never left off being in love with you. The news to you both will be in my telling you."

"Henry, speak!" cried Alix.

"No, Alix, he will not deny it. Henry is the type of chivalry, honour, manhood, and so forth; you saw just now how he can act like the hero of a transpontine melodrama. He will not stoop to tell me a lie about his love for you. That would be to derogate from your own miserable standard—you yourself would think it mean of him. No! he will brave it out, and you will still think him everything that is perfection, the pink of honour and truth. To tell a palpable lie is contemptible, but to act one, to live a long life of hypocrisy with a profession of friendship on his lips and a damnable lie in his heart, to call himself my friend, and steal away my wife's loyalty, is still to be a hero in your eyes!"

"Henry!" cried Alix, in a last appeal, "tell him it is all false, tell him you never cared for me—for God's sake, speak!"

At last he did speak. "Alix, I loved you, but he well knows you never guessed it, and never would have guessed it. In a moment of folly, long ago, I told him the secret."

"And Gerald knows," said Alix. "Gerald, on your soul, tell me that you know that Henry does not love me now."

"Answer her, Henry."

He did not speak this time.

There was a long pause. Alix covered her face with her hands, and the tears welled slowly from her eyes. The long

fortitude that had borne wrong and calumny, and injustice and cruelty, broke down at last.

"Harry," she said, and when at last she spoke the words were quite uninterrupted by her previous emotion, her voice was low, but steady and clear, "I had counted you to be my truest and almost my only friend in all the world. It is very hard and bitter to know that I had counted wrongly."

She spoke to Henry now freely and openly, as if Gerald were not by, as if the scene that had just taken place had never passed. She touched him lightly on the arm, and spoke softly—"I am sorry for you, dear Henry, from the bottom of my heart, but you did very wrong to yourself and wrong to me to stay here, having such a secret."

"I did, Alix, but for all that secret, you may believe that I was true in my friendship for you."

"Yes," said the girl, after a pause, "I can believe it; but that cannot be any more, and after this day—after this next hour—we must never see each other again." She held her hand out. "Will you part from me a friend, and not be angry with me for saying this?"

He did not take her outstretched hand for a long space of time; at last he did, and looking at her, saw in her pure, sad eyes the strong purpose of her heart, and saw that of her own deliberate will she was casting off the last chance of human succour, and preparing to encounter alone, unhelped, and without the solace of any human sympathy, a future of life-long torture. It was the supremely bitter moment of Henry Consett's life to be helpless and hopeless in the presence of this crying wrong; but even then the great misery looming before himself did not blind him to the infinitely greater misery in store for Alix, and his despair purified from all earthly dross and separated from every touch of self that which in its beginning was a merely human love, and the great passion of his soul was now spiritualized and intensified and exalted to a devotion as high, as noble, and as pure as the woman who was its object.

They parted; and it was with no more than the common formula of parting friends. To Gerald he did not speak again, knowing well that nothing he could say would touch the man, and that almost any words he could use might inflame his rage against Alix.

Thus once again was Gerald Consett's malice foiled. He

had devised a base and cunning scheme to betray his wife into the subservience he so longed for in her, calculating that even if she were physically brave he might still find her morally a coward; and though he well knew the calumny he affected to believe in to be an utterly baseless lie, he was still hopeful that it might serve its purpose with Alix. His instinct or his cunning told him that to an innocent and sensitive woman even a vague shadow on her good name is most terrible among evils. So he had been at work for weeks past, encouraging Henry to be about the house, careful to reconcile himself with him after every one of their quarrels, throwing out a dark hint at one time, uttering a mysterious threat at another, all of which he promised himself should be remembered and produce their effect when the moment was come for discovering his plot. Now the whole cunningly constructed edifice of guile had fallen to the ground, and he himself was utterly baffled by the purity and simple strength and prudence of the intended victim herself. So complete was his defeat, so thoroughly was he foiled, that while the few parting words were passing between his wife and Henry, he had been silenced and almost shamed by the very contrast of his own dishonour with her good faith and the sudden revelation to him, by the light of her single-hearted loyalty, of his own treachery. But it availed Alix nothing that the wretch should see himself to be utterly ignoble and hateful. Rather did it harden him the more against her; and Alix's cup of bitterness was not yet filled to the brim.

CHAPTER X.

THAT night Gerald left Fairford Court, and his wife could only surmise that he had rejoined the vessel at one of the seaports at which she would have to put in. During five days nothing was heard of him. They were days of peace, and they might have been—so sweet is the change from care and trouble to calm and quiet—days of actual happiness, but for the evil with which her whole life was bound up, and but for the presentiment of some new and worse trial now hanging over her.

The days passed on at Fairford Court with the old peaceful orderliness, as when she had spent her girl-life there with her

father. Nothing seemed changed: the cedar trees moved stiffly and noiselessly in the air currents, as they used to move when she was a child and watched the breeze stirring them, without a sound or a rustle; the sun still gilded their trunks in the mellow evening-time, and the emerald of their mossy, snake-like roots still glowed in the slanting sun-rays as brightly as of old. The water of the fountain fell with the old ceaseless musical monotony. The people about the place, the grooms and the gardeners, were unchanged in look and manner. They all seemed glad to see her back. They would even forget to call her by her married name; she was still "Miss Alix" to them till they remembered her new state. Her pony which she had ridden as a child neighed as it had always done when she came near its box and it heard the familiar rustle of her dress. The dogs, lying about on the terraces asleep in the sun, started up as she passed out through the door into the gardens and leaped round her in circles, barking with pleasure, or fawned upon her in their delight.

No one at Fairford seemed to suspect the sorrow that oppressed her, and which, to her thinking, had changed her whole nature, while it had clouded all her life. She often scanned her father's face curiously. Had she contrived her mask so well that even he, with his love for her, could not see the tears that were behind it? One day she was passing from the gardens along a corridor where stood a lofty mirror. She caught sight unintentionally in walking by, and almost before she was aware, as people do, of her own transient full-length reflection. She stopped short, startled to see that the glass gave her back, not the sad, dejected, care-oppressed woman she had fancied she must have grown into, but the slender, girlish figure of the past, with the light, elastic step of youth. There was nothing changed here, but in the face—for she had, as it were, caught her own habitual expression by surprise—she noticed a difference. There was, indeed, no trace of the melancholy which she expected to see. In truth, the very buoyancy of her youth had banished it at least from her expression; but a new look had come, one of a curious, intense wistfulness, an inscrutable look which seemed to defy any attempt to read what underlay it. A purely womanly expression, not intentionally assumed, but the slow-coming result of suffering and of repression, of weariness of life and hopelessness of the future. With these feelings the natural cheerful-

ness of her years and character was contending, and likely at last to contend in vain. For the time, however, the full beauty of her life's spring-time was on her face. None but those quick to catch the more subtle touches of nature's handiwork had ever considered Alix Fairford, before her marriage, beautiful. She had been too pale, the outlines of her face were too pure and severe to please common tastes ; but now the face was transfigured ; the girl herself, for the first time in her life, knew herself to be supremely beautiful. Her face was a little flushed with the cool garden air, its dainty oval was exquisitely set off by the thick light-brown hair, on the lips was the pure carmine of perfect health, the eyes, large always, seemed of a darker grey under the bistre-coloured shadow of her hat.

As she stood thus for an instant, with a faint smile of pleasure on her lips, she caught the image in the glass of a face so extraordinarily like her own, and so life-like, that she turned round almost expecting to see a living woman behind her. It was the reflection in the mirror of the pictured face and figure of Barbara Ambrose. The greatest of our portrait painters had here clearly worked lovingly ; with careful pencil he had followed nature in her subtlest efforts to produce a masterpiece ; with his most durable tints he had tinged the smooth ivory of the skin with the same rosy flush of youth that was at this instant on Alix's own cheek. His brush had drawn the delicate eyebrows in a bold line and shadowed the large, dark grey eyes with the deep transparent shadow of a broad-brimmed hat, as Alix's own eyes were shaded ; and the master had known still more of his art, for he had revealed in his magical touches the spirit of the woman even in drawing her features. If the eyes were calm and fearless, on the full lips was an expression of softness and docility. Alix had precisely this expression ; and there was the same contradiction between the fearless look of the eyes and the gentle, feminine expression of the mouth.

"Now," said Alix, looking at the lovely face in the picture and its curious expression, hitherto inscrutable to her, "now I know the story of poor Barbara Ambrose !"

It afforded Alix some comfort to observe the perfect contentment it gave her father to have her with him. The old man had never much liked her husband ; at all times Henry had been his favourite nephew. Gerald indeed forced himself in his

father-in-law's presence to control so much of his rough temper as he conveniently could, but he was not always quite successful. Mr. Fairford did his very best to overcome his old dislike and the shock which the first revelation of Gerald's true character had caused him. He was himself not an observant person, he was absent-minded, and things on the whole passed with tolerable smoothness at Fairford. Only every now and then the old man would be startled by some unnecessarily hard word addressed to Alix in his hearing, or catching the sound of some cynical and vaguely threatening sentence from Gerald's lips, would look quickly at his daughter to gather from her face its effect upon her; but Alix had learnt to watch for these rare acts of scrutiny in her father, and it was easy enough for her to foil his curiosity. He believed her to be happy, and he believed Gerald to have altogether reformed his evil ways. He was satisfied.

Now the days passed pleasantly for the old gentleman. He liked when he went in and out of the library, to find his daughter ensconced in the great leather arm-chair, or standing at the tall brass lectern, her old familiar place. Here it was that in the afternoon of the fifth day after Gerald's departure, Mr. Fairford brought in the post letters, and displayed them on the lectern for his daughter to choose hers from the heap.

"Here is one from Gerald to you," she said, "and one for me."

The dreaded moment had come. She watched her father closely as he read his letter, keeping her own unopened. She saw a look of displeasure grow gradually as he read.

"Alix, my dear, do you *want* to go on this cruise in a coasting vessel? It seems to me a wild-goose chase. He describes it all *en couleur de rose*, but I should think twice about going."

"It would disappoint him so much if I did not," said his daughter.

"Ah! you want to go," said the old gentleman, not pleased.

"No, indeed!" said Alix, "I would a hundred times rather stay here quietly with you."

Her father's frown relaxed. "Then, dear, we'll send off a telegram to tell him so."

Alix made no answer. She had skimmed through her own letter and crumpling up in her hand a little scrap with

the words, "Read this to Mr. Fairford," she obeyed this order by reading out the letter aloud, needing all her control not to show in her voice her contempt for the meanness which could thus force her to betray her father into believing that the letter contained the writer's real sentiments or any form of communication habitual to him.

"MY DEAREST ALIX,—We have been at work day and night preparing for you. Captain Bungay is taking a real pride in making your state cabin and the main saloon fit for you. Your cabin is quite a marvel, new panelled, and hung with water-colour drawings; I never saw any cabin in a yacht so nice. The weather is delicious."—

("Why," said Mr. Fairford, "it has been blowing a gale from the north-east for three days!")

"—A gentle breeze from the southward will just send us along pleasantly."—

("Very odd," said Mr. Fairford, "that the gale should not have reached the coast.")

"—I should be sorry indeed, my dear Alix, both on your account and mine, that you should not join me. You will, I am sure, enjoy the cruise of all things. We put in the day after to-morrow at S—, a charming little seaport in Cornwall, and if you start at once, you will be in plenty of time. You take the rail to B—, and there a fly will be waiting (I have written to the station-master about one) to take you on to S—, it is only a few miles from the station. At S— I shall be waiting most impatiently for you,

"Your affectionate husband,

"GERALD CONSETT."

Alix preserved her self-control admirably, reading steadily down to the last sentence and the last word of this vile piece of hypocrisy without betraying the smallest trace of emotion.

"Alix, my dear child," said her father, kissing her on the forehead, "he is a good fellow, Gerald. I have never been quite fair to him. I like him for that letter. I was a selfish old man to want to keep you here; you must go to him at once, like a good girl."

Alix almost felt guilty herself, so wrung with pity was she at this betrayal of the old man's simple faith. The command laid on her was so tyrannous, the manner of it so treacherous,

that even Alix for a moment rebelled and weighed in her judgment the for and the against of disobedience. On one side peace and quiet; on the other, the fearful chances of trusting herself to Gerald's mad cruelty; but the balance was weighted on the side of obedience with her long habit of submission, and more heavily by solicitude for her father. She could not let him know the truth. She made her election.

"Yes," said the girl, "I must go at once."

Mr. Fairford took upon himself most cheerfully all the arrangements of the departure. "She would take her maid, of course," he said.

"No," said Alix, "not on board ship. She would be so miserable; she is not a good sailor like me."

"Then John shall go with you as far as S——, and see you safe on board."

"No," she said, "Gerald particularly wished me to bring no one with me." (She could guess his reason.)

"Well," said the old man, "if you won't take a servant, I will go with you myself as far as the coast."

"Oh no, dear papa, you would make me so anxious. In this cold wind you would get your bronchitis again, and I should be nervous and uneasy about you all the time I was on board."

So Mr. Fairford compounded by going in the carriage with her as far as the station.

As Alix drove through the grounds, her heart well-nigh fainted within her. There was some vague presentiment of terror to her in this hateful voyage. She could not guess the form in which it would be made horrible to her, but she foresaw in this deep-laid scheme of her husband, some quite new and worse trial than any she had yet gone through. Humiliated, outraged and insulted, as she had already so often been, she knew that what was now coming was to be crowning piece of tyranny. At the turn in the avenue where the house with its pleasant gardens and broad, sunny terraces was visible for the last time, an almost uncontrollable impulse made her stand up for a moment, and lean forward in the carriage.

"What are you looking at?" said her father.

"Only," she said, "having a last look at the dear old place."

"Last, my dear! Why you will both be back again in a week, tired to death of Captain Bungay and the 'Rosebud.'"

"So we shall," said Alix, and she did her best for the rest of the drive to hide her low spirits.

Mr. Fairford had noticed nothing—only when the train had come in, and they were together in the waiting-room, there was something which at last roused his suspicions.

"Do not be anxious if we stay longer than a week," Alix said; "Gerald is so fond of the sea; he may want to make a long voyage."

The last bell began to ring. They took leave of each other hurriedly. Alix kissed her father on the forehead; she did not speak. She raised her thick veil a little; she looked hard at him for a moment, then she flung her arms by a sudden movement round his neck, and pressed him to her in a quick, passionate embrace. In a moment she had freed herself, had left the room, and entered the railway-carriage, and in the next the whistle sounded, and the train was in motion.

As Mr. Fairford drove homewards this emotion in Alix, who was so very little used to be emotional, puzzled him exceedingly. He could not understand how a parting, which was to be only for a few days, could move her so strongly. Her veil had been drawn down over her eyes, and he could not see any traces of feeling on her face. She had not uttered a word—was she afraid to trust her voice? The whole scene indeed had passed too quickly for him to form any opinion or to observe anything, except that his daughter was very strongly and, he could not but think, very strangely moved. Were her relations with her husband not, after all, so good as he had come to believe? He promised himself to redouble his watchfulness on their return, to observe most curiously and most cautiously, perhaps to question Alix herself; and, above all, to consult his nephew Henry. The old man was troubled in his mind then and thereafter, and this parting of his with his daughter was destined never to be effaced from his memory.

CHAPTER XI.

ARRIVED at the station where her journey by road was to begin, Alix found the only conveyance which the neighbourhood could afford drawn up in expectation of her at the station gate.

A rickety four-wheeled phaeton, with a single, very poor-

looking, raw-boned horse in the shafts, and a wizened old driver, were to take her the fourteen miles which, she found, still separated her from S——. The wind was strong and keen, but the day was sunny, and Alix minded the cold less than did the old man at her side.

“When shall we get there?” asked Alix, as the horse stopped for the third or fourth time to walk, at a very slight rise in the road.

“Not before nightfall, miss,” said the old man, whipping his horse in a vain attempt to get a jog-trot out of the animal.

“Do not hurry him,” said Alix; “if I get there to-night it will do.”

She looked at her watch. “Three hours more of liberty for me,” she thought bitterly, and tried to disengage her thoughts from the future. She looked out on the countryside, and fixed her attention on that. It was monotonous scenery, but in a way very soft and beautiful, undulating, without a single tree in sight anywhere, but, as if to take their place, huge, broad-based boulders of granite, as tall as trees, caught the lights and shadows on their lichen-stained sides, and the low hill-tops were crowned with those massive rocks, weather-worn into quaint shapes, which the Western folk call Tors. The whole surface of the earth seemed curiously inlaid—so close and level was the plant-growth—with a richly harmonized enamel of neutral tints, grey, green, and brown—brown of the heathers, green of the gorse-plants, and grey of the ling, intersected everywhere as by threads or rims of burnished gold, formed by the rich, blossom-burdened branches of the gorse. All this was to Alix very new, and very lovely. She watched the cloud-shadows hovering over the hollows, deepening the already deep and transparent shade-tones in the dells between the hills, then coursing up the declivities as the wind-gusts would take the clouds, growing greyer and thinner as they rose; then, as if by magic, vanishing from sight at the summits.

To look at such things could still give the girl true pleasure, so full and strong in her even now, was the spirit of life and of youth; her courage so unbroken as yet by oppression, her delight in the mere act of living still so fresh and so intense.

But the journey was drawing to an end, the darkness of

evening was subduing the harmonies of the landscape, and presently blotting them out. Soon there came signs and tokens of the neighbourhood of the sea. The road grew sandier, and once, as the wheels sunk a little deeper into the sand, and the horse's hoof-clatter was deadened by it, she caught the first moaning of the sea, the long-drawn wash of the waves on a curving stretch of beach: first the strong murmur of the gathering billow, then the low roar of the advancing surge-ridge; then the crash of toppling and breaking waves, the swill and splash, the foaming and frothing, and finally, the prolonged rattle over the shingle of the retreating waters, dying slowly into silence, like a human sigh, making altogether the dreariest of all the voices of nature. The wind grew chillier, and she drew her shawl close round her and shivered; but her time was not come yet, for driving down to the quay-side, a man hanging about came up to the carriage, and asking if she was Mrs. Consett, handed her a paper with a few lines scrawled in pencil:—

“We have left for N——, only twenty miles further; you can get a fresh horse at the inn and go on.—G. C.”

“When did the ‘Rosebud’ sail?” asked Alix.

The man answered that she had left the port with the early morning tide the day before; so that it was obvious enough to her that her making the journey so far had been wholly unnecessary.

The girl lost no time in carrying out her husband's instructions; but there was some difficulty in obtaining a horse. There were none in the little town. Alix had herself to apply at the inn, and would have failed, but that at the last moment a farmer offered to send to his farm, three miles off, for a spare horse of his own, which, he said, she was welcome to the loan of.

It seemed to the frequenters of the inn a quite unaccountable circumstance that anyone with the dress and soft manner and voice of a lady, should have arrived at such an out-of-the-world place, and should intend to go twenty miles more that night. The frequenters of the inn had gathered her story partly from the driver, partly from the short dialogue about the fresh horse. The drinkers and loungers about the bar clustered in the passages to watch and to listen.

“Get back, all of ye!” said the farmer who had offered his horse; “where's your manners, staring this fashion at the

young lady?" and he drove the little crowd of staring louts back into the bar and inn kitchen whence they had issued, some with long clay pipes, some still grasping their great coloured mugs of beer and cider.

"Now, then," he said, "if I might venture to offer a little counsel to you, miss, it would be to order a plateful of bread and cold meat in the landlady's parlour. It will be the best part of two hours before we get my old horse into them shafts, and when you get him there, he ain't what you'd call a flyer."

Alix saw that the farmer was the person in authority in the neighbourhood, and that his advice was excellent. So tea was ordered, and cold meat and bread and butter.

"No, Miss," he went on, "he ain't so to say a flyer, isn't old Bobby; three miles an hour on the level, and four down hill or coming home. I calls him a good average three-and-a-half miler."

It was ten o'clock before Bobby was ready and the phaeton started. The night was very dark, and the men standing round the carriage held up lanterns; the loiterers in the inn had come out to see the last of this strange episode of a young lady hurrying at dead of night to join her husband on board a coasting-vessel. Some slight suspicion of the true state of the case had, perhaps, crossed their minds. The pencil-written note had been public property for two days; the writer of it himself had passed three days in the town, some idea of his ways had got about, and a shrewd guess was made at the reason which could induce a lady like Alix to follow his orders so zealously and so obediently. Anyhow, popular opinion was with her, and showed itself in officious help in the harnessing of Bobby, in the lighting up of many more lanterns than were necessary, in confused advice to the driver to mind this corner near the cliff-edge, and that deep bit of road in the hollow by the old willow tree; and finally, as the carriage drove away, they were so pleased to see the young lady lean over the side to shake hands with the farmer, that they broke out into a little chorus of "A pleasant journey to ye, ma'am—good luck, and God speed you."

The old farmer said nothing till the carriage wheels were out of hearing; then he gave to his corduroy breeches, shiny interwear, a very hearty and resounding smack; "She's a But innocent young thing as ever drawed the breath of life,

dang me if she ain't ! " and then, with just enough of pause to separate the mild imprecation from the petition which followed ; " Pray the Lord she may never rue her journey of this night."

CHAPTER XII.

THE night drive was not pleasant ; it was cold, the moon as yet was not risen, and would not be up for hours to come ; a cold, searching north-east wind blew in their faces. It would be daylight before they reached N——. Alix was almost dropping from sleep, the driver closed his eyes and fairly dozed from time to time, till the horse standing stock still would wake him up again to his wearisome task.

The long, cold hours passed on, appearing longer and colder as the morning grew nearer, as to all watchers by night they seem to become. The moon rising in a misty sky had shown the grim outline of grey, serrated cliff on the sea side, and, to landward, dreary stretches of granitic sand blown into heaps and still the sport of the winds, for they felt the fine sand against their faces with every gust of the keen wind. It was a desolate scene, uninhabited by beast or bird, but that now and then a whimbrel or a curlew, startled by the moving carriage, would rise with circling flight, uttering its wailing cry and lose itself in a moment in the chill sea fog.

At last Alix, straining her eyes eastward, saw the grey streaks of the coming day, then rosier tones, and at last the blood-red haze heralding the sun itself. She had done her share of yachting, was a fairly good sailor, and had heard enough of sailor prognostics to know that such a red and cloudless sunrise was a sure foretoken of fogs and of east wind, bad, as she knew, for travelling up channel. Perhaps her husband would desist now, and would not compel her to undergo all the horrors of life on board such a vessel as the " Rosebud."

Presently the sun was risen, and as yet had drawn up no fog or mist. It was clear ; land and sea were calm. Not half a mile from them she could distinguish the white-washed houses of N——, forming three sides of a cliff-surrounded harbour. There was no shipping but fishing boats, except one schooner, and this she guessed at once from Henry Consett's

account of the vessel's clumsiness, and the untidy appearance of her rigging, must be the "Rosebud." The road was high upon the cliff, and as they drew nearer to the town they could look right down upon the "Rosebud's" deck, and see four or five men at work getting up the anchor and setting the sails. In a few minutes they had rattled through the one street of the town, reached the quay side, and Alix had directed the driver how to hail the "Rosebud's" boat. The schooner was not a hundred yards from shore, and the hail was gruffly returned from on board.

"Be you Mrs. Consett?"

"Tell them to send a boat on shore immediately," said Alix, to her coachman.

Her tone was a little peremptory, and the landsman reflected it in his shout, "You be to look sharp and send that boat as is tied to one end of your ship, d'ye hear?"

The language, though not nautical, had its effect. Two of the men on deck wriggled along an overhanging spar and dropped with the help of a rope into the boat; one sculled shoreward, while the other began to bale out the accumulation of sea water in the boat's bottom. Coming within fifteen yards, the man sculling stopped and turned round to inspect the occupant of the carriage.

"Be you Mrs. Consett, ma'am?" he asked, a little more respectfully than before.

"I am," said Alix. "Is Mr. Consett on board?"

"Bless your heart, ma'am, he's all right, he is! Safe in his bunk this twelve hours to come, I'll warrant."

"Please to back your dingy into these steps," said Alix. "I am going on board."

The man turned his boat round and proceeded to execute the required manœuvre, muttering to his companion, the while, "Blest if the young lady don't know a thing or two!"

There was roughish weather outside, and it was not smooth even in the harbour. The light boat danced up and down like a cork, so that Alix had to watch her opportunity to get in from the slippery landing steps. What a difference there was, it struck her, between the beautifully clean, shapely boat of a yacht, and this one, ill-smelling, tar-painted, and with a little pool of dirty water over the bottom boards, running first to one then to the other side as the boat inclined with the sea motion; and when they neared the great barrel-sided schooner,

uneven with ill-fitting plank joints, and with great lumps and patches of pitch on her clumsy sides, how unlike the fine lines and smooth symmetry of the yacht to which Alix was accustomed. She had to climb up on deck by a rope ladder, there was no other appliance, and Alix would have known by this alone, had she not been sure of it before, that of the preparations for her mentioned in Gerald's letter not one had been made.

She looked around her when she got on deck. Henry's description had certainly not been overdrawn. The planks, the rigging, and the spars were still dank with the morning dew; all over the deck was a grimy mud composed of dirt and coal dust, that could have been scraped off by the inch thick. On this inky incrustation the scales of fish and the shells of mussels, crabs, and lobsters formed a glittering and horrible mosaic. The men were grimy, ragged in their clothing, sallow-faced for sailors, scowling and ill-mannered—also a rare thing in seafaring men—and this confirmed what Alix had overheard a man say at the inn the night before, that the "Rosebud" was a drunken ship, from the captain to the cabin-boy.

She looked for the cleanest place on deck and sat down on a crate of deck cargo, meaning to wait patiently till the captain or her husband should come on deck, but she was exhausted with her long, wakeful journey, and shivered with the cold. So she went below, seeking for shelter at least from the wind. In the main cabin she saw playing-cards scattered on the table and the floor, two or three empty black bottles, several glasses, two of them broken, and on a settee running the whole length of one side of the cabin, further sign of a debauch, the captain himself at full length on his back, possessed by a most unmistakably heavy sleep. She thought the cold and dirty deck was better, and retreated up the companion-ladder.

One of the men who had brought her on board offered to fetch her some hot tea. When he brought it he brought also a piece of bread and a huge chunk of some coarse broiled fish, on which the men were presently to breakfast. The tea was in a small bowl. It was as dark almost as ink, and without milk, but the girl was glad enough to drink and to eat.

In the course of an hour or two Captain Bungay came on deck. He blinked his eyes as if not yet quite fully awake, and

looked up aloft as though he was not aware of what was going on in his ship. He did not see Alix for a minute or two till as he passed by her seat she called to him.

"Ah! you've come aboard, ma'am?" he said, civilly, but with a voice more gruff than she had believed could issue from a human throat.

"Yes, I've come on board," said Alix cheerfully, "and I travelled all night from S—, and your men have given me breakfast, and I am making myself quite at home."

"That's right, ma'am, but I wish they had woke me to make you a bit comfortable like."

"How is my husband, Captain Bungay?"

"Well, ma'am," said the Captain slowly, "I can't say as he's a-going on just as his friends could wish. You see, ma'am,"—evidently wishing to spare her feelings—"a gentleman like Mr. Consett is nat'rally a bit lonely among rough sailors like we, and mewed up in a bit of a hooker like this. Then the evenings gets to seem a som'at long, and he flags, and takes a drop of something to comfort him, and, . . . well, when a gentleman ain't used to it, you know, ma'am . . . You'll find Mr. Consett of a morning, a bit, as one may say—if you'll excuse the word, ma'am, a bit in the blues and sombre-like."

Alix said nothing. The man meant, she saw, very kindly, but even this softening down of the actual truth from such a man as Captain Bungay was humiliating.

"Is Mr. Consett resolved to go on in the 'Rosebud'?" she asked.

"Yes, he is, ma'am; and if you could persuade him to leave the schooner even now, 'twould be the wisest thing."

Alix shook her head.

"Ah!" said Captain Bungay, "I feared he'd mind no one's bidding, he won't listen to me, and truth to say, I'm feared of him when he gets in one of his wild fits. Last night he was ranging the town like a madman, challenging sober men to fight him, then he must needs jump into the sea at midnight, and swim off to the schooner, because the boat wasn't a-waiting for him at the steps!

"I don't like to trust my men with him, or him with them, for more than one has threatened to do for him. There's one poor fellow in the fo'c'sle now, a-groaning and moaning, as he got down yesterday and hammered him to death's door with his fists."

"Poor fellow!" said the girl, shuddering. "Is he much hurt?"

"He's bruised all over the colour of—of this deck," there was nothing blacker in sight, — "but he ain't, so to say, mortally hurt."

The captain paused, while he took a long survey of Alix. "You looks a very young lady," he said, in a rather deprecatory tone of voice, "and not much used to a rough and dirty life at sea. If I might make so bold now, ma'am, as to give a bit of advice——"

"Do so, please," said Alix.

"It would be that you'd never no call to come on board the 'Rosebud' at all. Not but what," said the captain, in the very gruffest of all his tones, and turning outwards the palm of a broad, fin-like hand with all the fingers extended, in sign and token of his native gallantry—"not but what, ma'am, it is a honour and a real downright pleasure to have a lady like you aboard. Still, under all the circumstanzas of the case, mum, with the gentleman in that tremenjous bad temper, I do say boldly to you, let me have the boat got ready and row you to shore in her my own self before worse happens."

"Thank you very much," said Alix, "but I think I must stay."

As she spoke she saw her husband coming towards her. Scanning his face attentively as he approached, she saw at once by its sodden appearance and his bloodshot eyes that he had fallen completely into his old habits. He was in one of his most dangerous moods. At such times, she knew, he was not often violent, but by turns sullen and silent, or hard, cynical and mocking. He was in just the temper in which experience told her he was liable to break out suddenly into the maddest excesses of passion.

"You have taken your time," he said.

"I could not have come sooner. I started an hour after your letter came, then I got a fresh horse at S——, and travelled all night."

"Dear me!"—in a mocking tone—"you must be tired and hungry."

"I was both, but I am rested now, and I had some of the men's breakfast."

"What luxury! Now, perhaps, you would like to go below and turn in?" She shuddered involuntarily. "No?"

Well, perhaps you would rather wait till to-night. You have a charming bunk, just over where they keep the salt fish, and there's only a moreen curtain between you and the main cabin. You'll hear all that goes on—and we keep it up pretty late, I can tell you!"

Gerald watched her face very closely as he spoke, and fancying he could detect a look of disgust, dropped his mocking tone in a moment, and in a low, concentrated voice muttered, almost in her ear—

"Look here, once for all, drop your fine-lady airs, or you'll find it worse for you—worse, by Heaven, madam, than anything you dream of!"

Then he walked forward to where the men were at work, and hardly again spoke to her during the day, passing nearly the whole of it now dozing in his berth, now sipping brandy-and-water in the cabin.

In the meantime, the schooner, having left the harbour and its protection, was labouring against a strong and freshening head sea, now under reduced canvas as she got further away from the tall shore cliffs, now again making a long board and more way in the calmer water near the land.

The captain was good-natured to her. He showed her her berth. The place had been a little tidied and cleaned, but it was still neither clean nor tidy. The cabin was very narrow, and very noisome, and very dark. She was glad to return to the fresh air of the deck, and she let the day wear on, sitting in the same place.

Towards night-fall the wind rose and the sea roughened, the spray began to sweep across the decks, and the captain persuaded her at last to go below for the night. The weather was growing overcast, and he expected a stormy night. She crept silently through the main cabin, and reached her berth without being perceived by her husband, who was sitting at the table drinking and playing cards with the mate. Presently they were joined by the captain. Alix lay down without undressing in the stifling, coffin-like bunk, and the absence of any partition between where she was and where the men were sitting, except one thin curtain, compelled her to overhear all that passed.

"Did you leave Mrs. Consett on deck, captain?" she heard Gerald say, in a very thick voice.

"She's just turned in, poor young lady," said Captain

Bungay, "and sorry I am, for her sake, she ever came aboard this craft at all."

"You just mind your own business," retorted Gerald, savagely, and no more was said. The play went on between them silently but for the few necessary phrases of the game and the occasional jingling of pieces of money.

"Why, hang it, men, you leave me to do all the drinking!" said Gerald.

"Well, Mr. Consett," said the captain, in his slow, gruff tones, "'twould be wise if you left it too. You see, sir, a bout of drinking ashore is a thing as no man can accuse me of setting my face against, but at sea, sir, hard drinking is suicide, and in half a gale of wind like this, it's murder into the bargain."

"I thought you were a better plucked one, captain," said Gerald. "To hear you talk, one would think you had the Channel squadron under you, instead of one old billyboy. Why, she's such a broad-beamed old tub, I'll defy her to founder in a hurricane!"

"Lord, now," said the captain, good-humouredly, "to hear you landsmen talk!"

Gerald, however, did not like contradiction or any sort of airs of superiority, and his temper began to display itself. A furious and foolish altercation presently rose between the three men about the play. Alix noticed that her husband was in nowise overcome by the stupor of intoxication, as he so often mercifully had been, but if he were intoxicated at all, was maddened into a rage and malice far beyond even his usual furies. Presently he threw cards, money, and glasses noisily against the opposite partition with a furious oath, and dashed upon deck.

"Yon's a fearsome man!" muttered the mate, a North-countryman, between his teeth.

Alix lay in terror, feeling sure he would now turn his malice upon her. After remaining for more than an hour undisturbed, she heard his step in the cabin.

"Alix," he cried, "come on deck."

"Dear Gerald," she answered, softly, "it is so cold and miserable—I hear the sea washing over the decks. Do let me stay here."

"Come!" he said, sternly, "or disobey me and take the consequence!" and he left the cabin without another word.

She got up, wrapping her waterproof round her, and followed him. As she emerged from the companion-hatch, the strength of the gale almost took her breath away, and the violent rolling of the vessel made it impossible for her to walk a yard without holding on to something. It was quite light, for the sky was clear and the moon already high. She noticed that the men themselves could not keep their footing unhelped, but crept along by the bulwarks, never letting go of a rope or rail the whole way. Gerald was standing at the shrouds.

"You infernal milksop! What are you afraid of?" he cried out amid the noise of the storm, as she passed near where he stood.

"I am not afraid," said Alix, trying even then to seem cheerful, "you know I am not afraid," and the cold spray of the wave which struck the vessel's side burst over her and wetted her through and through.

Captain Bungay came up. "Now, ma'am," he said, coaxingly, "this is no place for you, please to go below—now, do, there's a dear young lady!"

"Not yet," said Alix, speaking low, "my husband wants me to stay, and I am used to the sea. A storm is nothing to me," she said, laughing, to make as little as she could of her husband's tyranny.

"But, dear Lord, Miss! the sea's nothing to what we shall have it presently, when we get beyond the Start. Down it will come on us then due north, and we shall have the seas over the deck in bargefuls. We are battening the hatches down already, and making all snug aloft."

Alix shook her head. The sea had no terrors for her that night; only her husband, for the first time in her life, inspired her with a vague physical dread.

"Captain Bungay," she said, "will you try to persuade my husband to go below? Do, pray, as a favour to me, speak to him. I am afraid for him as well as for myself; in the state he is in, he might slip and fall overboard at any time, might he not?"

"No danger of him, ma'am; he can walk on these decks as safe as I can. However, it isn't a favour of your asking as I'll refuse this night, though man might as well reason with the storms of the Lord Almighty as with him."

She watched Captain Bungay creep round to where her husband was standing, but the wind was too loud for their

conversation to reach her. She saw the captain direct a look towards herself, as if referring to her, then put his hand softly on Gerald's arm as if in remonstrance, and she saw the hand roughly shaken off, and then she heard her husband's voice raised in anger above the storm itself.

"Don't you presume, you hound, to advise me!" and then, with a sudden accession of fury, "You venture to come again between me and my wife, and, by heavens! I'll knife you!" His hand went into the breast of his coat and drew out a long broad knife.

Alix did not hear the captain's answer, but presently he left Gerald Consett and made his way back to Alix. Finding that she was still resolved to stay on deck, at her own request he lashed her securely with a strong piece of lanyard to the mainmast of the schooner, leaving her to leeward of the mast.

"You will be a bit sheltered here," he said, "from the seas and the wind, and safe, any way."

Alix remained half stupefied by the piercing cold, stunned by the noises of the storm, the tumult of the foaming billows, the creaking of the heavy timbers of the ship, and the shrill whistle of the wind in the rigging; her eyes remained shut, or only opened for a minute when the heavy brunt of an unusually lofty wave against the ship's side seemed for a moment to stop its onward course, and sent a shiver as of physical pain through the ship; then would she perforce open them to watch for the sweep of water across the deck. She hoped almost that her husband had forgotten that she was on deck. She would wait, she thought, quietly and silently, till perhaps in time the storm would drive even him below for shelter, and the captain, she knew, would come and tell her as soon as her husband was overcome by sleep, and she would creep down unobserved, and herself escape from the cold, cutting wind and the soaking wet, and find rest and shelter. Buoyed up by this prospect of escape, she looked half-furtively round to where her husband had been standing. He had left his post, and she saw him coming towards her, his one hand grasping a rope which stretched diagonally from the ship's side. She saw that, continuing his hold of it, he would pass within a foot or two of her. He came on and stopped opposite to her.

The wretch had contrived this whole scene. He had attempted ordinary bullying, and failed; he had tried moral pressure, and failed in that too, ignominiously, as much

through his brutal coarseness and incapacity to appreciate the finer springs of his wife's nature, as through her own high courage. Then he had conceived a plan which he knew must succeed. He would bring her on board this filthy vessel in bad weather. She should be humiliated thoroughly, and she should be brought down by fatigue and exposure, and by cold and by terror, and even by hunger. The very elements should work for him; the waves should drench her, the winds chill her, the storm terrify her. He had taken pains to keep himself sober enough to work out his design fully, and yet be enough in drink not to lose heart and spirits for his task.

"So you have been plotting even here against me—you deputed the captain to remonstrate with me?"

"I asked him to advise you to go below."

"Do you venture to admit that to my face?"

"Dear Gerald, surely you would not have me tell you a lie?"

"Yes, I would," he answered fiercely. "I will not have you dare to tell the truth if it provokes my anger; you shall not venture to think so lightly of it. If a lie will save you from my displeasure, you shall come to tell a lie to save yourself."

"Gerald, dear," she said, softly, "you know I would do anything to please you, but you could not seriously think of such utter meanness as that. Do not let us talk of it."

"You are going to dictate to me, are you? You are to overbear me eternally with your airs of equality? I tell you, I will have no such thing, and if I choose that you shall show your inferiority by telling me a lie with every breath, you shall do it. By Heaven!" he said, lashing himself into a fury, "you shall lie out of pure abject subservience to me—you shall, if I will have it so, lie as a slave lies to his master, in fear and trembling. A lie is the surest sign and token of a slave, and you shall be nothing else!"

A shiver passed through her body. It was her utter wretchedness that caused it, not fear of him, as he fondly thought, nor even the cold and biting wind that searched her exhausted frame through and through, but the feeling of being utterly abandoned and desolate. She looked into his eyes, and saw nothing that promised a grain more of mercy than his words; she looked from him out to sea, at the awful waves, awful with a grand elemental rage, crowding up mercilessly, as

if eager to overwhelm the ship, to break to pieces the work of men and crush out the human lives in her; and she found even them less fearful and less cruel, because not, as he was, ignoble and mean.

"Gerald! Gerald!" she cried to him in desperation, "is there nothing I can do to soften your heart to me?"

No, there was nothing she could do. There was for ever fixed between them the impassable gulf which lies between a pure and noble character and a coarse and base one. He must degrade her to his level, or else hate her. She could never raise him the fraction of an inch, while he knew in his heart that time and oppression and humiliation would lower her pride and sully her brightness. Now he was in the humour to stop at nothing. He felt to-night his courage high, his resources boundless. Let her look to it! His blood was up—she should bend now for good, or break!

The sea and wind were meantime rising, the sheltering cliffs were passed. The ship's course was altered and the wind was dead against them, and Alix now found no protection from the mast to which she had caused herself to be tied. A heavier wave than had yet struck them crashed against the vessel's side, broke up like a great forest-tree splintered by a thunder-bolt, and fell in cascades upon the decks. Casks and large spars were displaced, and floated and dashed about. Then there was a sudden scuffling of feet, and the captain and crew ran upon deck. They secured the moving objects, then proceeded to shorten still further the little sail upon the schooner. Gerald and his wife were for the moment alone.

Alix had been drenched by the floods of water, and she noticed that they had reached to above Gerald's own knees as he held on tightly to the rope with both hands.

"I have been waiting for this," said the wretch. "Now we will see whether you will venture to call your soul your own, when I tell you it is not!"

The girl trembled this time with real bodily fear, as she saw him glance first round the ship as if to see if they were in sight of the crew, then look far out to sea.

"We shall have another big one presently."

"Another what?"

"Another wave like the last. We'll see how you stand it without your lashing to the mast."

She did not understand him till he swung himself forward,

still holding to the rope with his left hand, and with his right drew forth the knife she had already seen.

"Gerald!" she said, with a feeble cry that was lost instantly in the rattle of the tempest—"Gerald, do not kill me!" She mistook his purpose, but not his cruelty.

"No, curse you, though may God confound me if I should mind it! I thought we should have you showing the white feather when there was real danger."

He paused for a moment with the knife in his hand. "Now, knock under once for all, or, by the Almighty, I cut the rope and send you adrift!"

The wave was coming, already the vessel was rising to the heave of the water which preceded the great wave itself. There was an instant's hush of the storm. She was bewildered, frightened. She knew herself to be in the power of a cruel madman, and she believed her last hour had come.

"Gerald," she cried, "I will obey you and have obeyed you in everything; how can I do more?"

He came forward without a word. He thrust the knife out to slit the rope which bound Alix to the mast. In desperation she put her hands on the knife itself to restrain him.

"Let go! curse you! or by heaven I'll chop your fingers off!"

Alix cast one last look at the sea. A huge black mountain of water was rising high above the vessel's side. She shut her eyes, and clasped her hands in silent prayer. Already she felt the knife pass between her body and the mast; she felt the rope-strands being shorn through; then came the thunder of the striking wave. She seemed to fall down, down, with the sinking ship, the noise of rushing waters was in her ears, and her whole body swayed and floated in the waters. Only after a minute or two could she open her eyes; she was still firmly fastened to the mast. She was safe still;—but Gerald?—She cried out in an agony; but no one came to her.

She screamed again and again for help, for she could plainly see her husband's still living body struggling in the water. The huge billow which had struck the ship had snatched away its victim. Half way up the side of the great smooth hill of waters, under the calm light of the moon was Gerald Consett making a last struggle for his life.

"Save him! dear God of love and pity!" cried Alix, her hands clasped, and with more fervour than, the minute before, she had prayed for herself.

Now, may all the powers of nature that he called to help him in his devilish plot against his victim, turn against the tyrant in his extremity! May the wind chill his life-blood, the waves overcome his strength! May the placid moonlight mock his ineffectual struggles—the whirlpool suck him down to a foul and deserved death!

Can the death of a fellow human being ever be rejoiced in? No; but of a tyrant, a monster, a devil, snatched away in the crowning moment of his devilish tyranny!

CHAPTER XIII.

It was a few days after these events that Henry Consett, at Mr. Fairford's request, arrived at Dartmouth, where the schooner "Rosebud" had put in, for the purpose of inquiring fully into the particulars of his cousin Gerald's death. Alix had returned to Fairford Court immediately on the arrival of the ship.

When Henry came among the shipping, he was able to pick out the "Rosebud" easily enough among other similar coasting vessels. She bore strong signs of having suffered from bad weather; part of her bulwarks and several of her smaller spars were carried away; her rigging was more than ever knotted up and untidy.

Captain Bungay made no secret of anything. Mr. Consett, he said, was not on the day of his death overcome with liquor; but he was excited with it; he had been sipping and sipping all the day long. He was in a very dangerous state, the captain considered. The day before he had attacked one of the sailors, and had nearly killed him. He had threatened the captain himself with a knife, the very day he was carried overboard. Henry Consett asked if no effort was made to save him.

"Lord bless you, Sir, no boat could have lived two minutes in the sea there was; besides we was all of us knocked about all over the ship by the sea, and senseless for a time. Then we was down on the aft part of the ship helping in one of

our men. He got washed overboard too ; but as luck would have it, some back current—there mostly is some back eddying when a wave comes slushing and sluicing over a ship that way—some turn of the water threw him against the quarter of the vessel : he laid hold of a rope floating in the water, and we hauled him in. However, here's the Log, Mr. Consett, which it's all set down official-like in black and white."

Henry took from the captain a large square book, with dirty blue paper cover, and following the indication of the captain's forefinger read as follows :—

"April 17, 187-. Lat. 50° 15' North.

Long. 3° 30' West.

"3.15 a.m. Terrifick gale from the northward. Call all hands to furl the mainsail, and whiles lowring it down, the ship shipping termenjous sea over the port bow taking away Bull works on both sides, started the companion ladder in the abaft deck hatch, and taking two men overboard, Thomas Ryder and Gerald Consett, wash me from the whele, and the rest wheare nock senceless for short time when i heard the report of man overboard we then saw Thomas Ryder over the quarter and had hold of some ropes which had been wash overbord we got him on board after short time, and we then saw the other man two far astern which he soon disappeared and was not awheare at first there where two overboard we were all nock senceless to different parts of the ship.

"JOHN BUNGAY, Master.

"SAMUEL BROUGH, Mate.

"THOMAS RYDER, A.B."

This was Gerald Consett's epitaph. Henry read the simple record, with its precise and forcible quaintness, not without strong feeling. "This is all that you know about it?" he asked, after a pause.

"All I knows, Mr. Consett, so help me! A man may have his thoughts ; but that's all as I puts down in black and white."

"What are your thoughts, captain?"

"My thoughts, sir, are better not spoken," said Captain Bungay ; "and yet truth is truth, and, perhaps, for the young lady's sake, you that are a relation, should know what was the truth ; for hang me if I think, if her folk had known any part of it, they'd have let her come aboard of this ship!"

The captain, without saying more, went to the companion-ladder, and passed the word for Thomas Ryder to come into the cabin.

"This is the man as was washed overboard the same time," said the captain, as a sailor came in, having his arm bound up in a sling.

"You have had a narrow escape, Ryder," said Henry Consett.

"The Lord was merciful to me, sir," said the man, quietly.

"Tell Mr. Consett where you were just before the sea came aboard," said the captain.

"I was a standing, sir, he said, speaking up as if he were in a witness-box, "just abaft the main shrouds—we had been a lowering down the mainsail—when the bo'sen sings out, 'Look out, men; she's a coming on us again!' meaning the wave, sir, and most of us run for'ard; but I hadn't time, and laid hold of the shrouds, and waited for her there."

"What did you see, Thomas Ryder?" said the captain, "when you was a holding on to them shrouds?"

"I was a standing," said the man, "within half the deck's breadth of the lady and gentleman, as was both close to the mainmast, and I see the gentleman get out a knife from the breast of his coat and branditch it for a bit in the lady's eyes, and keep on a threatening her like, for I couldn't hear nothing, and I thought it was murder, or som'at near it he meant, and I holler'd, 'Drop it, you murdering villain, will you?' but the wind was in my teeth, and I couldn't hear my own voice, much less could he."

"What else did you notice, Thomas Ryder?" said the captain.

"Then I see as the young lady was lashed to the mast, and that thundering scoundrel was a cutting the lanyard through. She put up her hands to pray, by the Lord, she did, sir, and I see her shut her eyes. I couldn't stand that! Just at that minute the wave was a rising towards us, and a towering over us, and I thought I'd just have time to run and stop him; but the sea was beforehand with me, and with him, for it carried us both off before the lashing was cut through. That's all I know about it, mister," said Thomas Ryder.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. FAIRFORD could not at first understand the manner in which his daughter accepted her bereavement. She had telegraphed from Dartmouth the news of Gerald's violent death, and that she herself would come to Fairford immediately. A letter sent at the same time had given a more particular account of what had happened; but it contained nothing more—no expressions of grief, no word to signify any sense of her loss. This astonished him in a person so warm in her affections as Alix, and, as he had recently had occasion to notice, so devoted to, and so loyal towards her husband.

When she came to him she spoke little of what had happened, dwelling indeed on the horror of the occurrence, but giving way to no outward manifestations of natural grief. She was silent, self-occupied, as if in deep and constant thought; she would sit without speaking for hours. At last her father got alarmed. The inconsolable grief which, as he imagined, underlay this sternness, should find expression, or he apprehended her health, and perhaps her mind, would suffer. He said something to her to this effect; he lavished upon her all the common and conventional phrases of consolation.

She turned upon her father her eyes, filled with a world of tenderness towards him; then this look went from her face, she stood up before him and placing her hand on his shoulder she looked full and almost sternly upon him, "Father, don't think I grieve—I cannot." Then she paused, and in a voice sunk almost to a whisper, "Father! God has delivered me from a fearful tyrant!"

In truth, Alix's trouble had come from a very simple cause. She had lost her husband, and yet, though at the moment of his death there had been horror at its awfulness, and even a heartfelt prayer that he might be given back to life, she knew now that of true sorrow she could feel no touch whatever; and this gave her great pain, that she who had been wretched for days at the death of a favourite dog or pony, should be unable to shed a single tear or have even the shade of a regret, for the loss of her husband. It shocked her that she could be so hard-hearted. It went against her conventional training that she should be like this.

"Alix, my dear," said her father, disturbed in his mind,

"are you sure of your facts? You were so happy together."

She shook her head gravely; "You were mistaken, I deceived you; I lived a life of torture. While he lived I strove hard to do my whole duty to him and to hide the truth from you. I knew it would break your heart, and it was my only comfort that you did not know it, father. I believe that God in his mercy has delivered me from him. I cannot be sorry, and I will not pretend to be. Dear father, never let us mention his name again; let me live again in peace and quiet here, and be a daughter to you again."

He kissed her and he said no more. He did not quite understand it. He could not believe in his own complete blindness, and yet he was too much accustomed to trust to Alix's good judgment to suspect that she could have judged hastily in this. He resolved to do what he always did in a difficulty, to write to Henry. He had already telegraphed to him in London to go to Dartmouth and inquire concerning Gerald's death, and now he wrote to him there, bidding him inquire very particularly into Gerald Consett's treatment of his wife on board the ship. Having done this, Mr. Fairford told his daughter that Henry was now at Dartmouth making necessary inquiries, and that he would soon be at Fairford.

"He will not come here," said Alix quietly.

"My dear, I have particularly begged him to come. I have important business to transact with him."

Alix shook her head, and it turned out that she was right, for though he was within but two or three hours' rail of Fairford Court, Henry wrote the result of his inquiries but did not come.

The letter was a long one; it told exactly all that its writer had learnt, and Henry added that this behaviour of his cousin's was such as he had himself observed in Gerald. Mr. Fairford, he wrote, might ask why if he was aware of this ill-treatment of Alix, he had not at once put him, her father, in possession of the fact, why he had not kept his promise to watch over Gerald and let Mr. Fairford know how he was behaving. The answer was that when he made that promise he had but half understood and half appreciated Alix's character. Had she been as other women are, it would have been well to betray the secret of her life in her own interests. Alix

being what she was, it would have been to multiply her sorrow and to add to the burden she had set herself to bear. Therefore he had deliberately broken the promise he had rashly made in his ignorance.

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Mr. Fairford to himself, and was pettish about it. He never had any secrets from his daughter; he knew her good sense too well. He gave her the letter to read. "I am much disappointed with Henry," he said to her as he did so.

She read it slowly, dwelling on each sentence carefully, and looking back to read some parts over again. Then she remained standing, deep in thought, the letter still in her hand.

"Harry has behaved foolishly in this," said Mr. Fairford, "badly, even."

"No, father dear," said Alix, "he has behaved wisely, and, if I could tell you all, very nobly."

Mr. Fairford was not a very observant man, but he began to guess how it had been with Henry. "Poor boy!" he thought to himself, "I laid a heavy task upon him, and it was no easy thing for him to keep his promise to me."

All through the summer months of that year Alix and her father lived quietly together at Fairford. It was a neighbourhood of bad roads and long distances. There were few visitors to be received, and those whom she could avoid seeing she did. The person whom she least wished to meet was old Mr. Consett. It was a relief to her to hear that he had left the neighbourhood; he was in very delicate health and was living in town. The Rev. Henry Consett, his heir, had at the elder brother's suggestion taken over the management of Consett Hall, and allowed Mr. Consett a pension. The reverend gentleman, an excellent man of business, as careful as his brother was extravagant, found that the great majority of the mortgage loans had been made at rates of interest unnecessarily high. He at once changed the solicitor of the estate, paid off the mortgages one by one with ready money of his own, and raised money on the same securities on more reasonable terms. He re-adjusted the rents, and had the satisfaction to find the income of the estate soon in considerable excess of its burdens. Henry, on whom the property was entailed, would, if he lived fifty years, be in possession of a fine,

unencumbered estate ; in even twenty years time he would have something to keep up Consett Hall upon.

Alix tried to live over again at Fairford Court her old, peaceful girl-life, but at first she could not, the past still held her in thrall ; her ordeal had been brief indeed, but so fearful that it had seared itself indelibly upon her memory. She was dazed and bewildered, as it is said men after long years of imprisonment, suddenly acquiring their freedom, are dazed by the light of day, and are bewildered by the very breadth of the outer world : the black lines of the prison window bars remain upon their retina and blot out half their outlook upon the brightness and fairness of nature. So could she for a long time not taste the old pleasure she had once had in this quiet life of hers. Sometimes at odd moments the memory of what she had gone through would come upon her. She would be starting for her daily walk in the woods, the dogs baying eagerly round her, and her steps would be suddenly arrested, she would stand for a minute or two with the warm, pleasant sun-rays streaming upon her, and the wood scents blowing against her face, wrapped in deep and painful thought. She was free, her reason told her, free as the summer air around her, and yet somehow was she obstructed and hindered of her freedom by the spell of the horrible past.

Time and youth and health thawed this spell that was on her. She slowly regained her spirits, the savour of the country life gradually came back to her. One thing only remained of the old bitterness, and this, she thought, would always hang to her life. It was a humiliation to her that she had ever, as it were, belonged to and been bound to obey and—in the phrase which was no unmeaning one to her—to honour such a man as Gerald Consett. Her story was, she was quite aware, well known. It had spread from little beginnings, and had been handed from one to another—not exaggerated, for that would have been impossible. It was known that she had been tyrannized over, bullied, outrageously used, and foully humiliated. This shamed her, and Alix who had never known what it was to be shy, was shy on this point. It hurt her self-respect.

When the autumn came round, and the people of the neighbourhood would soon come for the hunting and the shooting, her father saw that the prospect was not agreeable to her. Fairford Court was a hospitable house ; the last thing

to do, in Mr. Fairford's eyes, was to impair its ancient reputation in this respect. He bethought him of his bronchitis, though it gave him little trouble, and of his London doctor's advice, given the year before, that he should pass a winter in a warm climate. He suggested that they should go together. She eagerly assented. Where should they go? he asked. She should choose. She thought of all the places that would suit him best, Nice, Mentone, Rome. He objected something to each; Nice was chilly, Mentone disreputable; Rome a crowd and malarious; and finally chose Madeira as the place of all others that his daughter would delight in. "There is no trouble in getting there," he said, "the climate is soft, the natives are civil, the scenery exquisite, one is comfortable in a house of one's own, and one may have society or not as one pleases."

"Of course I shall ask Henry to arrange about the passages; we will take as many servants as we can, all the arm-chairs and books we can pack up, your two terriers and my Newfoundland."

Alix was pleased.

"I will get Henry to come down here for a week," said her father. "I don't know what the boy is at,—work, I suppose—he used to be so fond of running down here."

He watched her face for her answer. Alix did not give one. She had glanced at herself, as her father spoke, in a mirror in the drawing-room, and the reflection showed her one of the most hideous and most unmitigated widow's caps that ever did its utmost to disfigure a fair young face. It was a fancy of Alix's to wear this form of weeds, against all female advice. Some malicious people insisted that its very extravagance heightened the charm of her youth and freshness, but it was no such reason that made her wear it. Any badge of widowhood was necessarily hateful to her, and the more it was conspicuous the more it was hateful. It was, in truth, a touch of her long dormant conventionality that made her think of this form of mortification. She could not mourn inwardly for her husband, but she could give an outward token of mourning which should be the most disagreeable possible to her. This should be her penance. She longed a hundred times a day to leave it off, never so much as at this moment, but she would wear it till the very last minute of the very last day appointed by custom for doing so. It was a fancy of a surprising conventionality for a girl like Alix. She could often

not think like other women, but she could always force herself to behave like the primmest of them.

The next fortnight passed in preparations. Henry did not accept Mr. Fairford's invitation to come to them. He had given himself all imaginable pains about taking their passage; he had himself gone to Southampton and chosen their cabins in the steamer; things that Mr. Fairford, though an old and luxury-loving traveller, had not thought of, were there in readiness—books for the voyage, in each cabin a hamper of hot-house fruit, delightful Indian deck-chairs of bamboo: the gentleman, the purser said, had given him most particular instructions for their comfort; he had left but that morning for London.

Mr. Fairford was well pleased with his nephew. Alix said nothing, she was disappointed; she had wished much to see her cousin, she was puzzled by this unnecessary avoidance of her. Henry knew how much her father was used to depend upon him, and also how much she herself had depended upon him at all times of her life. So she professed to herself that she had reason to be displeased and dissatisfied.

She had plenty of time to think over the matter. They had a fine passage. The weather was calm, chilly on deck at first, but as the steamer plied its way swiftly southwards the air got soft and warm. All day long she and her father sat on deck, seldom talking much, reading at times, but chiefly idly watching the gentle dip and roll of the great vessel to the slow heaving of the ocean swell. Then came in sight the lofty volcanic cliffs of the island, gilded by the setting sun, and coming close in they saw the town set on the shore of a wide bay, and the great mountains sloping up round it, amphitheatre-wise, and the white villas dotted about over their sides.

"There!" said Alix, "look at that house on the very edge of the cliff, farthest off from the town, on the right. I can see the terraces and steps going down all the way to the sea, and the great flowering creepers on the house. Let us live there, father."

"My dear," said her more prosaic father, "it is probably not to be let. Besides, you would be lonely, so far away from the town."

"I want to be lonely," said Alix, "if you don't mind."

Perhaps because the house was remote, or too large for

most people, it was found to be still unlet, and in three days Alix and her father, their five servants, as many native ones to do their work, the three dogs, and all the furniture and books were safely installed in this particular house of Alix's choice.

It was lonely, certainly, but they liked it none the worse for that. They purposely kept out of society. They did not feel at all dull; Alix had never known her father so well pleased. He got to look and to feel ten years younger in the soft air and amid the endless variety of scenery of this enchanted land. He joined Alix sometimes in her rides, but oftener she went alone along unfrequented **bridle-paths** in the mountains on her native **pony**, attended, as the custom is, by the pony's groom on foot; or else she would stay in the broad gardens, surrounded by the sweet scents of a wild growth of heliotrope and roses, and listen to the summery murmur of the bees in the shrubs around her, and the cadentic murmur, hardly louder, of the sea waves beneath; and in those long solitary hours of reverie the memories of the past would come before her, and uncertain glimpses of the future.

She knew in her heart all the time that Henry had done well not to come to her. He would argue that, as she knew the secret of his love, his coming at all now would mean but one thing, and he would have assumed, she was sure, that this one thing would be displeasing to her. She was, he would argue, an heiress, he, in spite of his new prospects, a very poor man. Knowing Henry as she did, she was quite sure that this very line of argument had passed through his mind, or, at least, would pass through it if he cared for her still. But perhaps he did not care for her now. He had liked her as a girl, now perhaps the trials and vicissitudes of her life had robbed her, in his eyes, of whatever charm she had had.

Henry wrote to Mr. Fairford a business letter, and he deputed Alix to answer it, and thus they began to fall again into their past habits of familiar correspondence. In her last letter she scolded him a little for never having come to see them. Did he intend to go on in this way? She thought it not kind, and her father, she was sure, thought so too.

When the monotonous but not unhappy weeks and months wore by, and the spring came round again, her father observed her eagerness to be gone, and augured well of it. And in the middle of April the steamer that had brought them was bearing

them homewards again through the same calm seas, and father and daughter one day were sitting in the sun as the steamer was coming up the English Channel.

"My dear Alix," said her father, after a protracted silence, drawing a long breath, and with an unusual touch of seriousness in his voice, "I am an old and a broken man; does it ever strike you that it must be a cause of anxiety to me to think that I might die, and you be left alone in the world?"

"You are *not* old, and you are *not* broken," returned Alix, stoutly; "you shall not say so. I know what you mean, and I will not marry any one, but I will live with you and take care of you. Besides," said Alix, more quietly, "I am quite old now."

"You are twenty next June, my dear. Now, I have been thinking that when we get back you must go out into the world again."

"No, no," said the girl, "you must not ask me to, dear father, and I will tell you my plans." Alix was still very young, and therefore delightfully irrational. "When we go back, you shall let me be the mistress of Fairford. I shall dress rather old," said Alix, with perfect seriousness, "and be very dignified, of course, and receive all your guests for you; I shall soon get into the way of it, and people will come to look upon me as a sedate, middle-aged *châteline*."

As she said this, Alix happened to look at her father. He was doing so much to suppress an almost unconquerable inclination to laugh that she thought it best not to pursue the subject for the moment.

"Yes, dear," he said, with a rather suspicious gravity, "you shall do all this;" and though the one desire of Mr. Fairford's life was, and always had been, that she should marry Henry Consett, he was far too wise to seem to cross the girl's fancy, or give her any indication of his desire.

Alix smiled a little at the picture she had drawn of herself, but it was one drawn in good earnest. It was the life she had marked out for herself. If she should choose to live this life it would be well; if not, it might perhaps still be well—or better. Alix was no tragedy heroine. Had things gone as they usually go with the rest of her sex, no one would easily have discovered that she was more than a gentle, simple-hearted, bright, loving, and most lovable English girl. The

sterner stuff that was in her had come out under pressure, but she took again kindly to her normal mood; she did not at all relish existence under high pressure. So it was that her solution of the problem of life was not marked by any more than feminine wisdom or penetration.

Their ship reached Southampton, and steaming rapidly up the river came to an anchor. The tender came off to take the passengers ashore. Alix and her father were standing a little apart from the crowd on deck, she leaning on his arm, when he felt it very suddenly and unaccountably compressed.

"Papa," she cried, "look! There is Henry at last, come to meet us."

"My dear," said her father with quite amazing simplicity, "how very glad I am that you have left off wearing that most hideous cap."

"The time was up," said Alix.

"Ah!" said her father, "but how lucky!—It was really very attentive of Harry," Mr. Fairford repeated over and over again, in the vain endeavour to repair that terrible blunder of his, "very attentive indeed, knowing how all this sort of bother plagues me."

"Harry, my boy," said Mr. Fairford that evening, after dinner at the hotel, "you will come down with us to Fairford?"

"I am very busy just now" Henry began slowly, looking into his cousin's eyes. "Come!" the eyes said, distinctly, and he continued, "but of course I will come. Shall I not be in the way, though?"

"Not in mine," said Mr. Fairford. "Alix, indeed," he went on with an assumption of great gravity, "is going to become *châtelaine* of Fairford, and will be busy,—poor Mrs. Watson's reign is over."

The allusion was lost upon Henry, nor when he arrived at Fairford Court did he observe that the old housekeeper there, whose black silk gown and great bunch of keys was among his earliest recollections, was one whit less occupied in her household affairs than before, or that Alix had assumed to herself any of Mrs. Watson's duties.

She and Henry were companions as they had been of old. They visited all their old haunts together. There was no strangeness at all between them, but at times an indefinable feeling of something irrevocable, some vague touch of regret

would come across both of them as they found themselves together at some spot fraught with the associations of their early companionship. The gardens and the woods, and the banks of the stream which ran through the woods, were full of such spots. Their walks often led them along the wooded banks of the stream, under the shadow of broad-limbed oaks, where the water rippled noisily over its pebbles; or they made their way through the willow and alder brakes where the river ran deep and silently; and one day they had come unexpectedly upon the one beech tree which stood in the thickest of the wood, its great gnarled roots, moss-covered, forming a natural seat on which they sat down as they had a hundred times before. The thick foliage formed a perfect roof overhead and, arching high above them as they sat, the broad boughs touched the turf again with their extremities, and formed a dense leafy screen all round them. This she remembered was the very last place of her meeting with him before her marriage. She had been sitting there with her books, and her dogs had been lying asleep around her. Henry had come into the wood to look for her, and they had sat for an hour talking idly together. She wondered whether he remembered this.

"Alix," he said, "this was the place where we met the last time, do you recollect?"

"I was just thinking of it, Harry," she answered. She passed over his saying "the last time," which was indeed a patent absurdity. "How odd that you should remember it too!"

"I suppose," said Henry, almost as if speaking to himself, "that I have remembered it five hundred—or more likely five thousand times. You were sitting just there and did not hear me, then your dogs growled as I moved the branches, and you looked up." Then he stopped suddenly, and presently he said, "We were like brother and sister, were we not, Alix?"

She seemed to him a little absent. In truth, she was vexed with herself that she had been so dull in those days as not to have guessed the truth and discovered the secret of his great love for her. Her lips almost trembled and her eyes swam with the tears in them, but he, looking frowningly on the ground did not notice her face.

"I was very silly, I think," was all she said.

"You were a great deal wiser than I was," said Henry, rather bitterly, and she was not at all inclined to take the remark

in its literal sense and uncomplimentary sense. He looked at her inquiringly and said no more, though struck a little by the look of sorrow in her face.

There are few things more inexplicable than the occasional crass stupidity of very clever people. That Henry Consett should at that moment have looked upon Alix's face and been unable to read the meaning which underlay it was a marvel of dulness. He argued reasonably enough, "If she did not love me then, why should she now?" But of what avail is reason in such cases? There is a wisdom in these matters beyond the wisdom of logic. Could an instinct not tell him that the girl yearned to him with a passion as strong as his own? Whose image but his, did he suppose, had filled her heart all these months past? Her eyes were opened at last; to her he was now the truest, best, bravest, and most loyal, the most perfect of created beings, and, better than all this, had he not loved her long and faithfully and against all hope, did he not perhaps—she had come to be nearly sure of it—did he not almost certainly love her still?

But Henry guessed nothing of all this; what he did read in her look was only that she pitied him with all the warm sympathy of her compassionate heart. He did not approve of being pitied. They walked on in silence buried in their own thoughts, and these thoughts were not pleasant in either of them.

"I cannot in prudence stay here," thought Henry. "Alix," he said, "I am neglecting my work shamefully,—I am getting idle."

"You want to go away?" asked the girl, not trying much to hide her sadness.

He did not make any answer. They stood for a minute at the entrance of the house, turning back to look at the last glow of the western sun on the garden, the most beautiful moment of the day at Fairford,—a sight familiar enough to both of them, and to Henry graven on his very heart along with the one romance of his life, the strong passion of his love for the only woman who had ever found a place there. There were the straight, paved walks, the lichen-covered balusters of the terraces, the gush and spray, silvered in the strong slanting light, of the dropping fountain, the quaint sun-dial, and the broad expanse of level turf, and beyond this the tall cedars with their sun-reddened trunks and emerald-tinted

roots,—and all this bathed and made vivid in the soft warm glow of the evening light.

"It is beautiful!" said Alix. "How often we have looked at the sunset here, have we not, Henry?" She watched his face.

"It is a good deal more than beautiful to me," said Henry, "and I must go." He turned abruptly, and they went into the library, expecting to find Mr. Fairford, but he had not come in.

They did not talk for a time. He watched her moving about the library. The level sun-rays filled the room, passing through the dusky orange of the stained glass. She was near the book-shelves, between the window whence the light streamed in and where he stood, leaning against the mantel-piece and watching all her movements.

She wore a long dress of a black material which fitted close to her lithe, slim figure, and trailed a little on the floor. The sun-rays touched all the outlines of her body with a curious iridescent light, and made of her fair hair a hazy golden halo round her head. Never yet had the girl been so exquisitely and perfectly beautiful; if he had tried, he could not have kept his eyes from following her movements. He did try, but he put off resisting, for a little. "To-night," he said to himself, "and then never again."

Alix was lifting a heavy book into its place on an upper shelf. It was beyond her reach. She stood on a stool to reach up.

"Let me," said Henry, and he took the book from her hands and was placing it on the shelf.

"Harry!" said Alix, and she timidly put her hand on his that was close to her on the shelf.

He looked up quickly in answer.

"Won't you stay?"

Their eyes were nearly on a level. He looked eagerly at her. This time he could not be mistaken; he guessed the truth.

"Alix, if I could believe it possible" but he did believe it possible before he finished his sentence. "You care for me, my own darling?" He held her so tightly in his arms that she could not answer for a time.

"Dearest Harry," she said simply, "how could I possibly not love you?"

Incidents of African Travel.

BY THE HON. W. H. DRUMMOND.

THE wonderful stillness characteristic of early dawn in the tropics rested over everything. Not a sound reached my ear, save the distant and indistinct murmur of running water, as I stood watching the western sky, uncertain whether a new day had indeed broken, or whether the white ghostly light shed by the moon had deceived me. Twenty yards away could be seen the sharply defined outline of one of those great tented waggons peculiar to Southern Africa, surrounded by its sleeping oxen and native attendants, the dusky forms of several of whom could just be distinguished by the glowing embers of the smouldering camp fire. Excepting my own waggon, from which I had just risen, and its surroundings, there was nothing to break the complete solitude of the scene. A sea of long grass, the points of which, wet with the heavy dew of these latitudes, shimmered and sparkled where the rays of the moon, now low down in the sky, fell upon them, covered a level plain which stretched away, seemingly without a break, into the far distance where earth and heaven, half concealed by a veil of haze, seemed to blend together. It was one of those perfect morning scenes, the remembrance of which never quite fades from the recollection; utter solitude, perfect peace and stillness, the stars of the southern hemisphere above, bright and beautiful beyond the conception of the inhabitants of colder climes, and the cool morning breeze playing pleasantly, welcome enough after the close thundery heat of a summer's night.

I had not long to wait; soon the grey light of dawn became decided, and shouldering the rifle on which I had been leaning I proceeded through the long wet grass across the flat in the direction of the stream the murmur of which had

reached me where I had been standing. I have said the plain was seemingly unbroken ; it was not really so, however, though, even had it been full daylight, a stranger would have been unable to discover the fact. In truth one of those deep gorges peculiar to countries subject to violent rains formed an impassable barrier a few hundred yards away from where we had camped for the night, though the abruptness of its sides rendered it invisible until one almost stood upon their edge. It was a part of Swaziland, however, over which I had already travelled, when, like at present, returning from shooting expeditions into the interior, and I was aware that the masses of jungle with which age had clothed every fissure harboured many of the larger bush antelopes, as well as innumerable baboons and leopards; so, provisions being scarce, I had started thus early in the hope of securing one of the former for food.

There was still so little light when I reached the spot that it was with difficulty I succeeded in hitting upon a track made by the game which I had noticed the preceding evening, and by which I had determined to descend, and I had not gone down it many yards before I found the darkness produced by the dense foliage so great as to render any further progress impossible, except at the risk of a broken neck, so, seating myself under a rock, I waited on the increasing daylight. Life was already stirring, faint rustles, and once a breaking twig, denoted the whereabouts of antelopes, or, it might be, of their enemy, the leopard, while the calls of birds sounded from every side; by and by the rustling became louder, and it was evident some animal was coming up the track by which I was going to descend, until at last it got so near that I could distinguish the rattle of sharp hoofs among the boulders and stones below me. Suddenly there was a dull sound as of some heavy body falling, followed by a confused noise of struggling, a half choked bleat, which I thought I recognized as coming from the throat of an unkumbi (*Cephalopus Natalensis*), and then silence again. I could see nothing from the position I was in, and did not care to alter it until I could see distinctly enough to fire if necessary, so I remained quiet for a few minutes more, and then began cautiously to descend again. But a few steps sufficed to explain the cause of the noise, for as I got round the corner of the rock, under the upper side of which I had been sitting, I came in sight of an immense boa con-

strictor, some ten or twelve feet of whose huge body was in view, employed in licking the carcase of its victim, a young doe of the species I had expected, which lay, a shapeless mass, within a yard of the very path I was following. No doubt had I blundered on through the darkness another five yards I should at that moment have occupied its place, even though the great snake might perhaps have found it impossible to swallow me after killing me; however, the idea was enough, and without remembering at the moment how I should disturb the whole bush, I levelled the rifle at its broad head and fired. It was not until the smoke cleared and I could see its whole body as it writhed and twisted in its last agonies (the bullet having fortunately severed the back bone an inch or so behind the neck) that I comprehended its enormous size and strength, and that the portion I had already seen was little more than half its full length. I had no means of accurately measuring it at the time, and after-events prevented my returning to it, but I have no hesitation in saying that eighteen feet would be decidedly under the mark. I have, indeed, no doubt it was at least twenty feet, while its girth was considerably more than that of a man's thigh. It was considerably the largest snake I ever saw, though I have more than once killed specimens of the same species varying from twelve to fifteen feet. They are, however, considering their numbers, but rarely seen, lying chiefly on the edges of thick cover, into which they betake themselves if disturbed while basking, as they are fond of doing, outside in the sun. Their food consists of almost anything they can catch, from a rat or little bird to a small antelope, though no doubt they occasionally kill a large one which, unless of unusual size themselves, they are unable to swallow, and I doubt their lives being such an alternate succession of feasts and fasts as has been imagined. No doubt when they do catch an antelope and eat it the after process of digestion occupies a considerable period, but such captures, except, perhaps, in the case of the blue buck, which is little larger than a hare, are, I fancy, rare, and I have never yet killed one, small or large, which had nothing in its stomach, though the contents have been on more than one occasion sufficiently miscellaneous.

I had never before felt the slightest fear of a boa constrictor, for, though they can bite severely, any which I had previously come across could, under most circumstances, have

been dealt with without much difficulty by an active man with such a weapon as a clubbed gun, but the enormous size of this monster commanded respect even in death, and I could not but feel how utterly powerless a man would be in its grasp, and how nearly I had escaped a fearful death. It has, indeed, often struck me as wonderful how seldom one hears of the actual and unaccounted-for disappearance of any of the numerous European hunters who are day by day and year by year encountering deadly risks alone, and under circumstances which would of necessity preclude their fate from ever being known. Fatal endings to encounters with wild animals are unfortunately by no means rare, but I cannot call to mind a single instance in which the mode of death has not been ascertained, and scarcely one in which the body of the unfortunate man has not been recovered.

But to return to my story. It was now broad daylight, and after reloading my rifle I left the reptile and its victim lying side by side, and struck further down into the gorge. The breeze which had sprung up with the dawn had now considerably freshened, and I hoped had to some extent deadened the report of my shot, so I proceeded with caution, expecting momentarily to catch sight of the spotted skin of an imbabala (*Tragelaphus sylvaticus*), the fresh tracks of which I saw on all sides. My labour was, however, for a long time wasted; the ground was most difficult to get over with the necessary silence, being very steep, and covered with great rocks, and boulders with loose shingle in between them, scarcely bound together by the roots of the low but dense bush which grew on it, and it is more than probable that it was as much owing to this cause as to my having already fired that a full hour elapsed before I saw anything. I was then about three parts down the gorge, within a few yards of the stream which ran at the bottom, and to whose unceasing toil during centuries its existence was most probably due, and on reaching a spot where the jungle was thin I sat down to examine the opposite side, now within easy rifle range. My eyes after a few minutes' careful search were rewarded by seeing one of the larger bush antelopes feeding in an open nearly opposite me, at which I immediately proceeded to take a steady shot. The bullet told loudly, but the animal made a bound into the jungle and was, of course, at once lost to view. However I had little doubt as to the correctness of my aim, and scrambled

down the one side and up the other with all haste, finding within a yard of where the antelope had been standing such a blood spoor as rendered its ultimate fate certain. This I followed, but my bullet, having struck too far back, had caused no immediate result beyond loss of blood, and for upwards of an hour I tracked it foot by foot till my back was aching, and my patience all but exhausted. In Africa, one learns to look upon antelopes, excepting such as the eland or koodoo, as small game, and, as a rule, a hunter would as soon think of following the spoor of one which he had wounded as we at home would of tracking a rabbit or hare. If he killed it on the spot or he found it dead within a few yards, well and good, but, if not, he would most likely turn away in search of others. In this case, however, it being so late that it was improbable I should find any more feeding that morning, and knowing how hungry all my men were, I determined to bring this one to bag, feeling sure it was only a matter of time. Several times while I was tracking it I fancied I heard noises on the plain above, but the sound of the breeze among the trees, and of the stream beneath me rendered me uncertain, and I thought nothing of them. At last I caught a glimpse of the red skin of the antelope a few yards in front, and on moving an obstructing branch I saw it was lying down. My first impulse was to make certain of it by another shot, but something peculiar in its position struck me, and I went forward a pace or two, so as to see it more distinctly before firing another of the three remaining bullets in my pouch. A glance told me the truth; it had never ceased running while strength remained, and then had fallen dead in its tracks. A great imbabala doe, fat as fat could make her, and weighing as much as I did, was a somewhat embarrassing bag to convey through dense bush up a nearly perpendicular hill. However, I had only two choices, either to carry her myself or go to the waggon and get the Kaffirs to do so, and as the latter would have entailed my going to the top and back as a preliminary step, I decided to clean her and make the best of my burden. Description is needless of how I toiled and grumbled up the hill, of how often I rested, and how often I fell, or of the state of my chest and arms as, wet through with perspiration, and hardly able to speak from exhaustion, I threw her down on the flat above. For the first few seconds I stretched myself beside her to recover my breath, but as soon as that was accomplished

I turned towards the waggon, and shouted for assistance, not having the slightest intention of carrying my prize one yard further than I could help. No answer. Where were they all? perhaps asleep or out gathering fire-wood in anticipation of my return! I looked round. There was not a living thing in sight, save on the far horizon, where I could just distinguish a black mass, which might be men or might be cattle. And then it struck me, where are the oxen? An undefined dread of something, I knew not what, had already seized upon me, and leaving the antelope on the ground, I hurried forward towards the waggon. Its appearance, as I drew near, showed of itself something had occurred. There were a number of rents in the canvas which composed the tent; the front box, which held all the little necessities of wild camp life, was tilted up, and its contents spread in confusion on the ground; the fire was scattered in every direction, and, more suggestive than all, my eye having been caught by the lowering flight of a black vulture, I saw what was only too evidently the remnant of one of my oxen, killed and cut up after the native fashion. I had then but little doubt of what had occurred during my absence, and the "sign" when I reached the spot confirmed all my suspicions.

A large body of men, without doubt a war party, had passed, and from the number of different trails there were I judged it must have been several regiments strong. Most of them had not come within a quarter of a mile of my waggon, but had marched steadily by, and even those who had ransacked it and had driven off the oxen had evidently been hurried, as they had scarcely finished cutting up the one they had killed, had, indeed, not even first skinned it, and from the direction they had come from, and were going in, and there being no trace of cattle with them, I came at once to the conclusion that it was a Zulu army on its way to harry the Amaswazi. On reaching the waggon I began to examine more closely the damage done; fortunately they could do little harm to the load of buffalo hides, horns and ivory it contained, but they had ripped open with their assegais the sides of the canvas tent which formed our only shelter from the wet; had taken all my blankets, besides a few goods which I had carefully retained to pay for food while passing through Zululand, and, worst of all, had carried off my double gun, and all the lead and powder they could find. Fortunately

a bandolier containing a few bullets had escaped their eyes, and as my powder horn was more than half full I had still the means of procuring food, and of defending myself if attacked. At the same time, though the position might thus have been worse, it was no pleasant predicament to be placed in hundreds of miles away from the Colonies; alone, without goods to purchase provisions from the natives, and forced to leave my waggon with its valuable cargo to shift for itself till I could return with a fresh team. However, wild life renders one essentially self-dependent, and gives one the power of at once deciding on the best course to adopt under almost any circumstances, however unexpected, into which one may be thrown.

I was hungry, and therefore obviously enough the first thing to do was to eat; so, returning to the antelope, I cut off such portions as I wanted, struck a light with my flint and steel, and soon had made the simple preparations necessary for roasting sufficient for my wants—no inconsiderable quantity, by the way, as it was difficult to foresee when I might procure another meal. By the time the meat was ready I had thought over my case, and had made up my mind what to do. There were two courses open to me; one was to go to the Zulu King, lay my complaint before him, and at the same time borrow a span of oxen from a missionary who lived near him, and put my waggon in a place of safety till I could send for a team of my own; the other was to abandon the waggon and its contents, go straight out to Natal, the nearest English Colony, and demand the value of my property from the Zulu King through our Government. Had I felt any hope that the latter course would have succeeded, I should most probably have adopted it, as tending to give the natives a salutary lesson regarding the plundering of whites, but as there was very little chance of our Government taking such a case up at all, and none whatever of their so far pressing it as to procure me justice and restitution, I decided upon trusting to my own exertions and my personal influence with the King. I had not, however, the faintest intention of leaving Swaziland before I had given the Zulus good reason to repent of their having plundered me. Revenge first, monetary considerations afterwards.

The first thing was to unload the waggon, take out the ivory and conceal it. This may sound simple enough on paper, but it was no easy task to throw out some fifty great

buffalo hides, each of them almost as much as I could lift, then carry the ivory, tusk by tusk, into the gorge, and there bury it with the aid of the spade and pick which form part of the necessary gear attached to every waggon which penetrates into the roadless interior; next to replace the hides that the hyænas might not get at them; and lastly to gather together all the odds and ends, and the yokes, straps, etc., which form the harness of an African team of oxen. It was, however, at last accomplished, and, taking my rifle, I was on the point of departure when I saw my waggon-driver, Matyane, make his appearance out of the gorge, carrying, much to my delight, the double gun I had supposed taken by the Zulus. His account of what had happened was straightforward enough. About an hour after daylight they had seen the head of the war party, which he said was about two thousand strong, make its appearance in the distance, and two of his companions who were Bombo Kaffirs, and consequently great cowards, and not in the least to be depended upon, at once took up their assigais, and as soon as they clearly made out that it was a Zulu army, disappeared in the gorge, no doubt as a preliminary measure to getting home as fast as their legs would carry them. There was only a Natal boy, about fourteen years old, left, but he remained, and they then both occupied what time there was to spare in putting out of sight everything they thought likely to tempt the cupidity of the Zulus. As the leading regiment approached, a man was sent from it by the commanding officer to ask whose waggon it was, and on receiving a reply proceeded on his way, the soldiers, who probably thought I was hiding inside, confining themselves to shouting abusive epithets, and telling me to come out. No further notice was taken of them till the arrival of the officer in command of the whole force, who came up in person, asked the usual questions about the waggon, its owner, and its movements, and evidently disbelieved the answers, declaring loud enough to be heard by those some little distance off that the Amakafula (a term of contemp, *lit.* "those who have been spat out," referring to the fact that most of the natives in the employment of Europeans are refugees from the neighbouring semi-independent states) lied, and that it was some waggon belonging to the Dutch; "if not," he asked, "where is the white man? you lie, he has ridden home when he saw the Zulu." Without doubt, had I been on the spot, well

known as I was in Zululand, I and my belongings would have been treated with respect, if not civility, and after I had undergone and parried the usual amount of begging from the principal officers, they would have quietly departed, very possibly one of their number remaining to see that the young and unruly soldiers confined themselves to words, and did me no real injury. The bad feeling, however, existing between the Dutch and Zulus is so great that such a hint as had been thrown out by the leader was, Matyane was aware, quite sufficient to insure the plunder of the waggon, if nothing worse, and he and the boy therefore held themselves in readiness to take to their heels at a moment's notice.

The next question of the officer in command was to ask for powder, and on being assured there was none left, he told some of those near him in a significant tone to "look." Half-a-dozen men instantly sprang into the waggon, tumbled out the contents of the fore chest on the ground, while those outside drove their assegais through the canvas to feel what it covered. Matyane saw, as he said, that it was now or never with him as far as his safety was concerned, so, making a sign to the boy, and snatching up the gun which was standing against the waggon wheel, they both made for the gorge at the top of their speed, pursued by the Zulus, and, narrowly escaping the assegais flung at them, gained its shelter in safety. It was doubtful, he thought, whether they would have succeeded in doing this, had not the foremost of the soldiers been attracted by my oxen, past which they were running, half-a-dozen of their spears being immediately plunged into the nearest, which was torn up into fragments almost before dead, while those who could not get near enough to struggle for a piece employed themselves in ransacking the waggon. This accomplished to their satisfaction they had resumed their march, while Matyane, with the instinct of a native for learning anything that may prove useful, followed them for several miles concealed by the gorge, until, fearing I should return and wonder at his absence, he had turned back, leaving the boy, who had accompanied him, to watch them, with strict orders to be careful to keep out of sight and to return the instant they camped. He did not expect them to go far. Their object, no doubt, was to surprise the Amaswazi and capture their cattle before they could be driven away or concealed, and to effect this they would probably go this after-

noon as near the inhabited part of the country as they dared, and then camp until such an hour, perhaps one or two in the morning, as would give them ample time to reach the nearest village at cock-crow. The whole of the district we were now in was uninhabited from fear of sudden forays from Zululand, such as this.

This opinion of Matyane only confirmed me in my determination to give the alarm to the Amaswazi in return for the wanton injuries inflicted upon me by the Zulus, but it was necessary to act with extreme caution, as not only should I be certain to be killed if caught by the soldiers, but even if it became known that I had done so Zululand would be closed to me for the future, and all chance of getting redress and compensation from the Zulu King would be lost. However, I knew the country well, and could, I thought, easily make my way, even in the dark, to one of the Swazi villages where I was known, if the boy was able to describe pretty accurately where the Zulu army had camped. Meanwhile there was nothing to do but to await his arrival, and roast more meat for his and Matyane's use. Two hours passed without incident, and then I caught sight of the boy skirting along the gorge. He came up, saluted me as usual, and, without a word, seated himself and commenced eating. There was no need of questions. I knew he would not have returned until he had fulfilled his errand. Matyane, however, was not so patient. "Basep" (where are they now?), he asked, but the boy turning to him, replied gravely, "Ngisadhla" (I am still eating), and nothing more was said until his hunger was satisfied. Then he gave us a detailed account of the exact spot to which he had marked them, and without further delay we started. Ten or twelve miles were soon accomplished, although darkness had set in before we had completed the first; I was leading, and had just reached the top of one of those undulating waves of which all African flats are composed, when the twinkle of a number of small fires right in front made me stop. It was the Zulu camp, and a considerable detour was necessary, but after another three quarters of an hour of walking I had begun to consider ourselves safe, when I suddenly felt Matyane's hand on my shoulder, and with the old hunter instinct of implicit obedience I dropped on the spot. The native crawled up until his head was alongside mine, and then whispered, "There's something lying in the long grass a little

way to the left. It may be only a hyæna or a pig, but I don't like to go on without seeing it more distinctly." He was right, and I knew it. The Zulus have a plan of sending out scouts and spies miles and miles away from their camp, and this might be one. Matyane was a Zulu himself, had served with them in several wars, and had since had much experience as a hunter, and if he was uneasy, there was, I might be sure, good reason.

He now took the lead, and wriggled through the grass like a snake, while we followed him as best we might. In this way we proceeded some fifty yards, when he suddenly stopped, and as he did so I became aware that some other body was forcing a passage through the grass, and coming towards us. A second afterwards Matyane sprung to his legs with a suppressed yell. I felt a sharp pain in my left arm, and as I jumped up I saw a native fall backwards with a groan. Each of us had been stalking the other. The assigai intended for Matyane had hit me, while his, hurled with a more certain aim had entered the chest of his adversary. Dark as it was, there was no doubt about who and what he was; a Zulu by his dress, a spy by his presence here, and though one might be sorry for his fate, yet as our own lives depended upon his silence, and the lives of many Amaswazi upon our being able to warn them in time, we could not regret it.

My arm was painful enough, but after binding it up we proceeded, and the rest of the journey was performed without incident until we were about a mile from the nearest village, when my ear caught the sound of approaching voices. Down we went again, and in a few seconds three forms became visible through the gloom; they passed close enough for us to see that they were in full war dress, and their tongues told us they were also Zulus. They were talking in a low tone, but we could catch words, and gathered enough to guess their errand. They had been examining the different villages under cover of night, to find out where there were most cattle, and were now on their way back to make their report. It would have been most unwise of us to give them any suspicion of our existence, and though nothing would have been easier than to have shot all three as they passed, yet we allowed them to go unmolested. In truth, despite my oxen and the pain of my arm, I did not want to kill Zulus, only to cause their expedition to fail, and prevent their killing other people. Ten minutes' fast walking after this brought us to the village, and

although the head man had retired it was not long before he made his appearance when informed of my arrival. I shall not soon forget the look of abject terror with which he received my information, but he recovered his composure by the time the men of the village had assembled, and was able to give his orders with a coolness and judgment which surprised me. A number of the most active were told off to spread the alarm, while the older men were sent to superintend the women in preparing for instant departure. There was a native doctor among them, and I asked him to look at my arm; the assigai had gone sideways, fortunately cutting no large blood vessels, and had merely inflicted a flesh wound, which, though rather painful, was quite trifling.

I had intended, after warning the Amaswazi, to have made my way back at once, but the expression of the general opinion was so strong that I could not escape falling in with some of the detached parties of Zulus, who would be sent out for the very purpose of cutting off any stray fugitives, that I decided not to attempt it, and for the time to take my chance with the Amaswazi. In half an hour after our arrival nothing living save a few fowls remained in the village, and we were in full flight. The scene was sufficiently striking; in front the men and big boys drove a mixed herd of cattle, sheep, and goats, followed by the elders of the party with whom I was, then came what seemed in the moonlight an endless line of women and girls carrying the children, and every description of household property, which from its value or portability had been deemed worth saving, while some distance behind them again were three or four men who acted as rear guard. In this way, and with more expedition than might have been deemed possible, we proceeded for an hour or more, such silence being maintained as was practicable under the circumstances, though the occasional bellow of a calf or cry of a goat as they were forced to keep up with the others, or the low wail of a baby disturbed by the rapid motion and chilly night air could not well be prevented, dangerous as they might prove. We were then joined by the inhabitants and herds of another village, and before long by another and yet another, until at last we mustered some three hundred souls, and perhaps three times that number of cattle. The last comers reported that the whole country was roused, they having seen, while on their way to join us, several runners who

had been sent out for that purpose. It was now about three a.m., and I began to get anxious to find out where we were going. Of course, like every one well acquainted with Swaziland, I had both heard and seen many of the caves in which they were reported to conceal themselves when invaded. Some of these were no doubt of the largest size, and capable of affording temporary protection to a great number of people and cattle, but none which I had been permitted to see (for the Amaswazi naturally enough most jealously guard the secret of their whereabouts) would have contained the half of our cattle. I therefore asked the head man, by whom I was walking, and received for answer that we were close to the "Innqaba" (fortified place, whether naturally or artificially so) where we were going to take refuge. We were at the moment entering a *cul de sac*, formed by two spurs running parallel to each other, a range of very irregular hills being in front, the highest peak of which, cone shaped, stood right above us. Suddenly there was a halt. The men dashed in among the cattle, each selecting as many as he could drive, and in ten minutes they had disappeared at a run over different portions of the two spurs, where, as I was afterwards told, the animals were allowed to scatter and feed, the men employing themselves meanwhile in driving separate animals high up into the hill, where the ground became rocky, and their trail would in consequence be invisible. Meantime we were employed in a similar device for throwing the Zulus off our tracks. Everybody separated, and spreading themselves out like a fan, climbed about half way up the mountain, when on reaching the stony hard ground they halted. It was as difficult as interesting to understand what was going on, but as every one seemed to be as well acquainted with his or her proper station, as a crew of one of Her Majesty's ships at fire quarters, I concluded that it was all right, and followed in silence the head man whose village I had warned. Clumps of thick jungle covered portions of the mountain side, and it was at the end of one of these we ultimately found ourselves. The ground, after we had got to a certain height, had become almost perpendicular, and was composed of what seemed in the moonlight to be boulders, set like plums in a pudding, in a mass of smooth and slippery but irregular rock, and the walking in consequence had been simply execrable, so I was glad on arriving here to be told that we had reached our destination, though I could not

conceive where the cave, if cave it was, could be. No time was, however, to be lost, and, some thirty men having assembled, the leader parted the bushes and entered. Of course it was pitch dark inside the jungle, but the Swazi evidently knew his whereabouts, and in a few minutes halted. I was then asked to go a little above to be out of their way, and as a few gleams of moonlight struck through the branches, I was able to see what they were doing. Nothing more than by their united exertions remove an immense boulder, a black hole taking its place. A shrill whistle then sounded, and in a few seconds the women and girls began to come up singly, and walking without a word into the hole, disappeared. This went on, until by none arriving, it was evident they had all entered. Another whistle, and before one could count ten, a man driving a cow was to be seen at the mouth of the hole, the animal going in while the man retired, another, and yet another, every now and then a man following the cattle into the hole, no doubt to drive them forward, and to make room for those to come. Before the last of them had, however, been put into safety, daylight had begun to break, and the men worked harder and harder, oftentimes carrying refractory calves or goats in their arms, and thrusting them bodily into this wonderful hole, which seemed capable of swallowing anything, so that by the time it was full daylight (about seven a.m.) everything had disappeared save some fifty men, who at once replaced the great rock, and, calling to me, hurried away. It was sufficiently light by this time for me to judge, and I am bound to say that, had any one told me that some one thousand head of cattle, goats, and sheep, and upwards of two hundred human beings had passed into the bowels of the earth at this spot, I should utterly have disbelieved it; there was hardly a sign but what might have been caused by a herd of cattle feeding through the jungle. The Amaswazi were evidently in a hurry now, and moved very rapidly along the mountain side, until they had crossed the spur, where one of their number remained behind, when, as nothing could be seen of the Zulus, they proceeded more leisurely, and soon after began to climb the hill. Some twenty, however, who were to act as spies and runners, watching the enemy, and carrying information of their movements from one part of the country to the other, kept straight on.

We had almost reached the top of the cone we were

climbing, when a whistle caught our ears, and on turning we saw the man who had remained on the spur making signals, which my companions evidently understood, and in consequence increased their speed. The Zulus were in sight. A few more steps sufficed to take us over the top, and then I comprehended what had been meant by a "fortified place." We were standing on the perpendicular edge of an immense old crater, at the bottom of which I could see the cattle feeding, and people buzzing like flies round the rocks and inequalities which formed the sides. Here was the secret of the immense caves of which I had heard, where great herds of cattle such as this could remain for weeks at a time in concealment. It was indeed fortified, both by nature and art, for wherever the former had rendered descent possible, the Amaswazi had worked away until at no spot was there a less sheer fall than twenty feet. Such a height we had to descend by rudely cut steps in the side, an operation which would have been simply impossible had any one tried to oppose us. Only half of us went down, the others crawling away to spots known to themselves from which they could observe the enemy's movements. I, however, had a not unreasonable desire to obtain some food and rest, besides being extremely anxious to explore the opening between the mountain side and the crater, and therefore followed the footsteps of my former guide. Except the perpendicular portion, which at the place where the steps were cut, was so sheltered by a projecting ledge, that it could not be commanded from the top unless by fire-arms from the opposite side, it was tolerably easy to get to the bottom. Once there it was evident what great pains had been taken to render the place both secure and comfortable. The whole of the sides were more or less scooped out into shallow caves, advantage having been taken of every favourable natural inequality, in which were stored great baskets of maize and millet, with such pots and utensils as each family had been able to provide for itself. One side was so much excavated in addition to the natural tendency of the bank to overhang, that it could be used as a cattle kraal, a rude dyke of stones and rocks having been built round the part. It was evident the great weakness of the place, i.e., the danger of its being bombarded with rocks, stones, spears, etc., from the top had not been overlooked, and had it been discovered, it could have sustained a far longer siege than any Zulu army would have had patience for, as, owing to the

excavation all round the sides, the defenders, and at least a great portion of their cattle, would have been in comparative safety. There was a stream of rather mineral tasting water rising at the higher end and running through it, which made its escape by the subterranean passage opening on to the hill side, which it had no doubt enlarged, if not made for itself. It did not, however, come out where the people and cattle had entered, but when still about ten yards from the surface, it suddenly dropt through an opening in the earth, and disappeared, though there was a similar stream issuing from the jungle a little lower down, which the natives did not doubt was it. Many years ago, they thought it must have come out above, "For," as they said, "who could have made the hole unless the water did?" All they had done was to enlarge such portions of the passage as would not easily admit of a beast passing, and to put a kind of bridge formed of timber and stones, through which the water could percolate, over the spot where the stream disappeared.

All this information my eyes and ears gathered while I lay resting and lazily watching the roasting of part of a goat which had been slain for my particular delectation. The people were very good to me. It had become generally known, that to my warning they owed their present escape, and, had I been twenty men, it would have been impossible for me to consume the food they brought me. An hour had elapsed, during which I had managed to satisfy my hunger before any news came from the outer world, and then a man descended and told us that the greater part of the Zulus had passed on, but a regiment still remained below, evidently suspicious of some of the Amaswazi being in concealment near them. He added, that he had been ordered to ask for half-a-dozen blankets with which he was to return at once. These were soon provided, and feeling curious as to how things might end, I went back with him, finding the pull up a good deal harder than the descent. On reaching the top, we crawled on our hands and knees to a spot commanding the whole valley below, where we found about a dozen Amaswazi lying watching.

The Zulus, numbering perhaps three hundred men, were spread out all over the hill side, evidently hunting about for a clue to where the cattle, whose fresh traces they saw on all sides, had been driven to. In this, however, they utterly failed, even though some of their number passed through the very

jungle which concealed the entrance, and soon after my arrival they assembled together again, and forming into their respective companies, began to march after their comrades. All immediate danger seemed passed, when suddenly two men were seen to leave the ranks, and make for the top of the hill a little to the right of where we were. As soon as this was noticed by the Amaswazi with me, they crawled away, only leaving one man behind, and disappeared among the stones and boulders. I also remarked, with some curiosity, that they did not leave their blankets behind. Up came the two Zulus, until on arriving at the top they took a line which, in a few minutes, would have discovered the crater to their view. They were about a hundred yards from me, and I could see them quite plainly—evidently young unmarried men, fully armed, and wearing all the paraphernalia of a Zulu in war dress. They were not hurrying, but talking together, and never noticed that as they passed a great boulder, two figures rose from behind it. Another second and the figures had reached them, several more seeming to spring out of the ground as they did so. The two Amaswazi were unarmed, but held blankets half spread out in their hands, and in less time than it takes to write it, each of the unsuspecting Zulus had their heads muffled in these novel weapons, and while they vainly struggled to free themselves, others rushed up, and with knotkerries and spears, soon ended the struggle. The whole affair was over in a minute, and no noise had been made that could have been heard two hundred yards off. It is a curious fact, that if you throw anything over a man's head, his natural impulse is to struggle to free himself in silence, but so it is, and the Amaswazi, well aware from former experience of the fact, had just taken advantage of it to prevent the men giving an alarm.

On turning to look after the Zulu main body I saw they had disappeared behind the spur, and as those who were watching on that side made no sign, rightly concluded they were following the leading regiments as rapidly as possible, and were not awaiting the return of their two scouts. However, I remained on the top for another hour, talking to the Amaswazi. They told me this had been the chief hiding-place in that district for many years, and that every precaution was used to prevent the secret of its whereabouts being betrayed to the Zulus. In the recollection of one speaker, he had been hid four times in it before, once for five days. From below it

looked such a sharp bare cone that it did not excite suspicion, and no one ever came near it, unless it was men who wished to examine the surrounding country from its summit, in which case every care was taken that they should not go back again. After hearing all that they could tell me, and finding everything seemed quiet, I again descended to the bottom, and rolling myself up in a borrowed blanket, slept until late in the afternoon, when, on learning from scouts who had come in that the Zulus were still pressing onwards, and the road into Zulu-land was perfectly clear, I determined to start back at once, and see what I could towards rescuing my stranded waggon. Before doing so, however, I went to examine the passage between the crater and the hill. There was but little to be seen, the roof was rock throughout, as well as the upper portion of the sides, while the bottom over which the water ran was stony. In places it opened out into large chambers through which a dozen men could walk abreast, while at the narrowest part, there was ample room for the passage of an animal. The surface was, of course, uneven, the water forming basins of a foot or two deep, and my only wonder was, that cattle did not object to be driven through the comparative dark, over such ground. The spot at which the stream disappeared was so far concealed by the bridge, but I judged from the sound that there was a sort of waterfall. No doubt, had this subterranean passage not existed, the crater would have become a lake with a stream overflowing it, but probably some crack or fissure had been formed by the throes of the volcano while in action, which the water had gradually enlarged till it became its present size.

I started with my two companions soon after dark, and without adventure reached the waggon, which we found intact. Next morning we pursued our way, and after three days' hard walking, reached Nodwengu, the Zulu king's principal residence. Here I had friends among his officers, and even before I was granted an audience, had found out that the expedition had been undertaken without his knowledge, though with the connivance of his eldest son, who, even in those days, was beginning to usurp considerable power. His majesty, on hearing my story, expressed much sorrow, representing how uncontrollable soldiers are when on such an expedition, and promised to make good my loss, which, after about a year's delay, he did. I also got him to send to the missionary and request him to lend him a

span of oxen to fetch a waggon from the Swazi to Nodwengu, and his reverence, who would have laughed at such a request from me, dared not refuse the king. The waggon came to no further harm during my absence, and except the delay, which, as time is not of great value in Africa, did not much matter, I suffered no real loss from my adventure. It was also satisfactory to know, as I afterwards did, that the Zulu expedition had been a miserable failure, had hardly taken a hundred head of cattle, and had lost several of its principal officers, among whom was my friend, to whose remarks I owed the plundering of my waggon.

Ancient and Mediæval Music.

BY OSWALD CRAWFORD.

WHAT song the Syrens sung is, as a great and learned man once suggested, an inquiry not wholly idle or unprofitable. A speculation apparently almost as unprofitable, and seemingly to the full as impossible of solution, is involved in the questions of what description was the music used by the ancient races of men, what sort of melodies were played at the concerts represented on Egyptian and Assyrian pictures and bas-reliefs? Can we learn the nature of the music played at the Babylonian Court on the instruments which our version translates into cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and psaltery, or will it ever be safe to hazard a guess as to the accompaniment to which the hexameters of Homer were chanted?

All such questions the earlier writers upon the history of music passed by in contemptuous silence, or replied to by a frank avowal of ignorance. "The best music of barbarians," says Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," "is said to be hideous and astonishing sounds. Of what importance can it be to inquire into practices that have not their foundation in science or system, or to know what are the sounds that most delight a Hottentot, a wild American, or even a more refined Chinese?"

The Johnsonian roll of Sir John's concluding period carries at present no conviction with it. A careful study of the national music of primitive peoples, and, above all, of Asiatic tribes and nations; the application of strict principles to music, considered as a science, and a very careful study of the forms of construction of the musical instruments of ancient and of foreign nations—such, for instance, as are in use at the present day by savage tribes, such as are depicted on the art remains of the Greeks or Romans, or those of the great extinct nationalities of Asia Minor, or found interred with the dead in the catacombs of the Egyptians—such are the chief data at our command in making our investigations.

Before going further, I would premise that the solution of problems such as I have indicated in the opening lines of this article, desirable as it may be for the gratification of our curiosity, is of real importance chiefly as it bears on questions connected with the scientific history of music. It would be, no doubt, interesting enough if we could reproduce at will the music of the ancients, but it is more than merely interesting to know by what slow progression the art of music grew from its origin to what it has now become; to know what that origin was; how far the musical art is based upon immutable natural laws, and how far it has been developed *subjectively*—that is to say, in accordance with the thoughts and the feelings and the idiosyncrasies of individual men or individual races.

It would be an interesting task to trace the path along which recent inquirers have been led, step by step, and with rare and patient sagacity, to arrive at conclusions which have, as I believe, all the value of discoveries, but such a task would require a whole volume to do it justice, and I can in the present paper only indicate a few of the successive stages along the road of inquiry.*

Some years ago Captain Willock, when engaged in his researches among the supposed ruins of Babylon, found a pipe of baked clay about three inches long, which, by common agreement of antiquaries, is of Assyrian workmanship. This little object can hardly be less than 2500 years old, and is probably the most ancient musical instrument in existence. It has two finger-holes, and when both of these are closed, and the mouthpiece is blown into, the note C is produced. If only one hole is closed, the sound emitted is E, and if both are open G is produced. Thus the notes of this instrument, which is believed to be the very oldest yet discovered, produces the tonic, the third, and the fifth—that is, the intervals of the common chord,† the notes which, sounded together, form what

* I write for those who are not wholly without musical knowledge, and on their account I relegate to an occasional foot-note explanations of simple musical details which only the non-musical reader can require.

† The interval between any note and the next note to it which is in perfect concord with it, is known to musicians as the octave, and the interval is divided by our modern musicians into a scale of six notes, known as the Diatonic scale. Including the first, tonic, or key note, this scale consists of seven notes, which are designated by the first seven letters of the alphabet. Taking C as the key note, it is found that C and E and G give, when sounded together, a concord so complete that the old writers named it *Trias harmonica perfecta*.

is termed by musicians the harmonic triad. Here is at once established a certain coincidence between our music and that which must have existed during the Babylonian captivity—a coincidence which, to be sure, *à priori* reasoning might go far to establish, but never so convincingly to non-scientific understandings as does the evidence of this insignificant pipe.

The least observant student of the art-remains found among the ruined cities of the Assyrian and Babylonian plains cannot fail to be struck with the evidence which they afford of a strong and widely diffused musical culture among the kindred races who inhabited them. The frequent introduction in mural paintings and bas-reliefs of instruments of music, the representations of concerts and long processions of musicians, the repeated allusions in the Bible to the musical habits and skill of the people of Babylon, all point to a singular development of the art of music.

In the opinion of Rawlinson, the Assyrians were superior in musical skill, as they were in every form of culture, to the Egyptians themselves, and the Assyrio-Babylonian music was, there is little reason to doubt, an early and yet a highly developed form of the Asiatic type of music—a type which possesses to this day most extensive and most characteristic developments among the slow-changing nations of Asia. If we are asked for more positive proofs of the advance of music among this nation, we point to the unmistakable evidence afforded by the constructional complication of many of their instruments. We have from among the ruins of Nineveh countless representations of the harp with strings varying in number from ten to twenty-six ; of the lyre, identical in structure, though not in shape, with the lyre of Greece ; and of an instrument differing from any known to modern musicians. It was harp-shaped, was held horizontally, and the strings, six to ten in number, were struck by a *plectrum* held in the right hand ; it has been called the *asor*, from its resemblance to the Hebrew instrument of that name. We find frequent representations of a guitar-shaped instrument, and of a double pipe with a single mouthpiece, and finger-holes on each pipe. Besides these, the Assyrians had musical bells, trumpets, flutes, drums, cymbals, and tambourines.

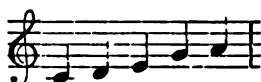
Almost every one of these instruments, either in its original form or slightly modified, is in use to this day by some one Asiatic or African nation. The ancient Greeks adopted the

lyre and the double pipe; the former is still used by the Abyssinians under the name kissar (Greek, *κισάρα*). The double pipe the present writer has himself seen in use by the boatmen of the Nile. The guitar of the Abyssinians is probably identical with the long-necked guitar or tamboura depicted on both Assyrian and Egyptian monuments, and still in use all over the East, and even in Hindustan. The ancient Assyrian harp is remarkable for not having the "front pillar" which completes the triangle in the European harp, and this apparent defect of construction is characteristic of every sort of harp employed in Asia at this day. On Assyrian bas-reliefs we find representations of concerts in which several of these instruments are taking part. In one, for instance, we see seven harps, two double pipes, a drum, and the above-mentioned asor. These are a few from among the vast number of facts before us, and the conclusions legitimately to be drawn from them are numerous and interesting.

Looking to the fact that the strings are, in the great majority of stringed instruments, multiples of 5—that is to say, that they are either 10, 15, 20, and so on (sometimes, but not always, the additional note is added, making the number 6, 11, 16, etc.)—it is not unreasonable to conclude that the instruments used would be tuned according to the intervals of the scale in common use. If they were so tuned, it is probable, if not certain, that they divided the octave (if I may so term it) into five notes, a scale which has been named the *pentatonic*. This pentatonic scale is singularly characteristic of the music of Asiatic nations at the present day. If I am correct in my interpretation of the well-known passage in Plutarch's "Dialogue on Music," the Dorian mode was identical with the pentatonic scale, or at least resembled it greatly. Many of the national melodies of primitive nations are written in this pentatonic scale, notably certain Scotch and Irish airs, and no argument to prove that this mode spread from a single centre can be used from its prevalence. Its extension is too great for the argument, for it is found in China and in Ireland, and among the savages of North America. It is, indeed, a natural scale, more likely to be used by a perfectly uninstructed musical intelligence than any other. A child with a good ear, being set to find his way from the tonic to its octave,* will

* See previous note for explanation of these terms.

probably skip the fourth and the seventh in the diatonic scale, and make the intervals (assuming the scale to be that of C).*



This is neither more nor less than the pentatonic scale, which consists of five whole tones. In ascending to the octave a minor third † is formed, and the same chord of what we should call A minor is effected by descending to the prime.

Now, this being the pentatonic scale, we should expect, if the Assyrians had adopted it, that their harps, and those of their instruments whose strings produce but one note each, would have the numbers of those strings corresponding to the notes of the five-toned scale, or that they would have one note more added to whatever multiple of 5 they might choose, so as to enable them to extend the scale to its nearest perfect concord, or, as we say, to the octave. This is, as I have shown above, precisely what is the case.

Continuing our inferences, we may conclude that the music of the Assyrians was composed in the major key, because those nations who employ the pentatonic scale mostly adopt this key. ‡ The use of the pentatonic scale with its minor thirds, in reaching and descending from the octave, produces music of a remarkably plaintive character, as is evidenced in a great deal of the more ancient and genuine Scotch and Irish airs written in this mode. We may further be quite certain that the musical accompaniment employed by the Assyrians was in harmony, and not, as has been frequently argued, in unison § only.

It is quite consonant with modern musical conceit—a conceit which cannot, from the nature of the musical art, be so easily shown to be unfounded as corresponding over-estimation

* Differing therein from our scale in wanting the semitones from the third to the fourth note (E to F), and from the seventh to the octave (B to C).

† A third is the interval between one note in our scale and the next but one to it; where the interval is large, consisting of four semitones, as between C and E, it is termed a major third; where it is less, consisting of three semitones, as between E and G, it is termed a minor third.

‡ The diatonic scale of C contains the minor chords of D, E, and A.

§ Unison is where a number of voices or instruments perform the same part, in contradistinction to harmony, which consists in a succession of chords (or tones in combination) sounded according to certain musical rules of progression and succession.

of modern progress in science and in the imitative arts—it is quite in keeping with this high opinion of the advance of modern music to depreciate the state of the art among the ancients, to allow it melody and rhythm, but to conclude that the wonders of harmonic science are altogether the creation of the master minds of later composers.

I am confining myself to one branch of ancient music, that of the Assyrians, and I have chosen to consider it alone, because all that can be said about it can be narrowed to a comparatively small compass. There are no written records as there are of musical art among the Greeks, to give rise to endless discussion as to the interpretation of obscure passages, nor are there any existing relics, or possibly existing reminiscences, of their music, as there are supposed to be of the Hebrews in the chants still heard in the synagogues of that ancient race.

The Chinese, it has been said, are an Asiatic nation, whose civilization is immeasurably superior to that of the ancient Assyrians, and yet their musical performances are always in unison. This is a sample of arguments which go to feed the vanity of us moderns. In the first place, the Chinese are removed by the space of a huge continent from the ancient Assyrians, and have nothing in common with them in race, language, or manners. Admitting their superior civilization, the point at issue is the degree of their musical culture; and if we knew nothing of either race but what we could gather from representations of their musical instruments, we should have to conclude that the Chinese had carried this sort of culture much the shorter way of the two, for their instruments are fewer in number and much simpler in construction than those of the Assyrians. Moreover, the supposition of their performances being always in unison is itself a delusion, founded on the bad observation of early travellers. It has recently been shown that they have music in parts; they do, in fact, possess a sort of harmony.

The argument by analogy, therefore, breaks down, and from the actual facts a sort of *a fortiori* inference, not without a certain force, may be used, to the effect that harmony was known to and employed by the musicians on the old Assyrian bas-reliefs. Stronger reasons, however, than this exist for this presumption. The simple fact of their possession of a double pipe with a single mouthpiece implies harmony of a sort which we are by no means justified in supposing primitive

or inchoate. It is clear that the use of such an instrument is at least utterly incompatible with any performance in unison. Moreover, the attitude of the harpers using the many-stringed harps, who are almost invariably represented as playing with both hands—not simply playing with one, and *dulling* or *stopping* the strings with the other—conclusively points to the simultaneous production of several notes in concord.

Writers are apt to regard harmony as a thing growing up only in the course of a progressive cultivation of music, very much as logarithms were a necessary outgrowth in the course of the progress of the science of numbers. This is hardly the place to show how complete a fallacy is contained in this view. If an illustration may be substituted for a tedious argument, harmony may be said to hold the same relation to melody* as harmony of colour does to outlined form in a painting. True it is that both outline and melody are occasionally found in the early work of uncivilized nations respectively, without colour-harmony or sound-harmony, but this is the result in no respect of any deficiency of perception of such harmony—not that the human mind, even in its rudest state, requires any great education of its perceptive faculties—but simply because of the actual want of materials to colour with, and of suitable instruments wherewith to produce concords. These wants, however, soon yield to the innate necessity of mankind for colour and sound harmonies, and savages in very primitive conditions learn in a very short time to fill in their outlined figures with true though simple harmonies of green, red and blue earths, and to accompany their melodies with true harmonic concords. Instances of both these circumstances are both too numerous and too obvious to be specified.

Harmony is founded upon laws universally applicable, and, moreover, it affords men pleasure proportionate to the keenness of their senses. That keenness may, it is true, be almost indefinitely educated, and it may perhaps be that, starting from the same point of departure, two nations may follow up the cultivation of music, and in doing so may diverge completely one from the other, and while the culture of both may be equal, the music of one of these nations may come to be regarded by the other as altogether wrong and mistaken.

The deductions, then, in regard to Assyrian music are shortly these. It was essentially soft and plaintive in its

* The rhythmical succession of single musical notes.

character; it had arrived at a high degree of cultivation, and that cultivation had certainly advanced very far in the region of harmony as well as that of melody and rhythm.

It is not possible, in the scope of this paper, to follow the lines along which the musical art has travelled from the Asian centres in which, with our present information, we must believe the art, as it has been developed among European nations, took its rise. These lines have at times run parallel, and at others have diverged, in accordance with the general culture of the nation. Music is, as I have shown, in some simple form almost contemporary, like the pictorial art, with the birth of nations, but, like it, it never far outstrips the general cultivation of a people; and when it has become matured by culture it has been apt to be transferred, with little change, from nation to nation,—just as Italian music was diffused among the nations of Europe, and as the music of Germany has come to ourselves almost within living memory; in this power of migration also resembling the sister art of painting.

The immense interval which separates modern music from that of the ancient nations of Asia Minor and of Egypt, among all of whom identical musical ideas were to a great extent common, is, to some degree, abridged by the undoubted fact that the Egypto-Assyrian music and instruments found their way, more or less modified, to Europe through Greece.*

With the decadence of civilization, the fall of empires, and of the ancient order of society, fell also the art of music. How far some remnants of the old musical culture may have been preserved in the chants of the Catholic Church or in the rude songs of peasants, is a question too large for present discussion. It is safer for the inquirer to consider that the art had a new birth, a complete renaissance, nearly a thousand years before the so-called renaissance of the imitative arts and of literature. In the fourth century the choral music of the Christian Church of the East was introduced to Rome by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan. This music is founded on certain of the ancient Greek modes of music. The Ambrosian chant, whose base is the Greek tetrachord, has subsisted unchanged through all the great reforms and innovations in the art of

* In all probability, by means of the Phœnicians; a supposition supported on good classical grounds, and adopted by Mr. Gladstone. (*Juventus Mundi, passim.*)

music until the present. The solemn chant of St. Ambrose has been sung in the Cathedral of Milan almost to the present day; and those who have heard the grand Ambrosian chorale, "Herr Gott, dich loben wir," still retained in the Lutheran Church, have heard music composed not later than fourteen hundred years ago, and which is probably akin to the hymns chanted in the temples of ancient Greece.

Two centuries after the time of Ambrose, Pope Gregory made the first great reform of sacred music. For the Greek scale he substituted that of the octave. A great deal of controversial writing exists as to the exact nature of the Gregorian choral melodies, and the number of the so-called Gregorian chants or tones, which must be understood as being formulas of melody. Of these tones there are no less than fourteen, founded upon the seven notes of the octave, but this number was restricted by certain exigences of Church song, for reasons very obvious to those who have studied the science of music, and not very explicable to those who have not, and their number, as they have reached us, is but eight. And this number was summarily settled, after apparently some difference of opinion, by a mandate of Charlemagne, "*Octo toni sufficere videntur*"—It appears to suffice that there should be eight chants.

The term *cantus planus* or *firmus*, given to the Gregorian chant, is clearly derived from the fact of its being sung in notes of equal length.

From the Gregorian period almost until the fifteenth century the history of music is enveloped in obscurity, which the efforts of its historians have done little to clear away. A musical Gibbon is indeed wanted to bridge over the chasm between the music of the early Christians and the music of the Renaissance. In so much perplexity is music during this whole period enveloped, that certain writers almost seem to think themselves at liberty to form theories to suit their own conceptions. It is, at any rate, certain that secular musical art reacted upon the music of the Church, and more or less modified it, and it is conjectured by some, although by no means established, that the musical art of the troubadours, which would naturally have been the highest development of mediæval secular music, received its first and chief impulse from the Saracens of Spain and Italy.

What is noteworthy during the long period from Pope

Gregory to the Renaissance is that attempts were from time to time made to reconcile musical art with musical science.

The application of harmony to Church music is commonly connected with the invention of the organ ; but this applies only to the more perfected organ of a comparatively late period. The invention of the organ in the third century by St. Cecilia is almost certainly a myth. Pope Vitalian, in 666, is said to have first employed the organ in Church music. But organs were not common till some time after the death of Charlemagne, and we have an account of organ-building by a monk, written two hundred years after this period, by which we can clearly perceive how imperfect an instrument passed under that name even in the eleventh century. When the chorale, or primitive psalm tune, was sung to the organ, it is certain that harmonic combinations would have been introduced, even if they had not, as is more likely, originated very long before.

The Benedictine monk, Guido d'Arezzo, in the eleventh century, happened to notice, in singing the Hymn to St. John,

<i>Ut queant laxis,</i>	<i>Resonare fibris,</i>
<i>Mira gestorum,</i>	<i>Famuli tuorum,</i>
<i>Solve polluti,</i>	<i>Labii reatum,</i>
<i>Sancte Joannes,"</i>	

that the first syllables of each verse were sung in a regularly ascending scale, and he employed these to form what may be called an oral form of notation. The syllable *do* was arbitrarily substituted in the case of some nations for *ut*, by a subsequent reformer, and *si* was also afterwards added, to complete the notes of the octave. The *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si* are still employed, and form what is known as the Solfeggio, or system of solmization indispensable in the teaching of vocal music, and the tradition that the Solfeggio is due, in the shape we have it, to Guido, is probably true, but some kind of nomenclature of the musical notes was too obvious and indispensable not to have been thought of till the eleventh century ; it was, in truth, in use by the Greeks before the Christian era.

In the thirteenth century a monk of Cologne is believed to have indicated for the first time the degree of duration of notes by variety in their written form, so slowly did musical science progress.

The enormous advance of formal development which our art owes to the Belgian school of music during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is well known to the student of musical history. Josquin Deprès (born before 1460) is the most celebrated master of the Belgian school proper. But it may also count amongst its members one of the greatest masters of all times, Goudimel's pupil, the divine Palestrina (born 1524), who, although Italian by birth, artistically belongs to the school of the Netherlands.

Shortly before the time of this great composer and reformer of the musical art, we have it on excellent authority * that music ran a very great risk of being altogether suppressed as an accessory to Divine worship. The Council of Trent seriously debated whether the music of the Church of the period, depraved as it was in style and taste, was not a scandal to religion. San Carlo Borromeo was appointed, with other ecclesiastics, to advise upon the subject. "The Church demanded that the words chanted should be distinctly articulated, and that the musical accompaniment should be strictly subordinated to their sense. The musicians affirmed that the rules of the art made this impracticable." The verdict of the great Benedictine reformer, whose aim in life was the restoration of ecclesiastical discipline and the simplicity of purer times, seemed about to be given against the association of music, in its then degraded state, with the service of religion, when, fortunately for music, Palestrina was appealed to. His great Mass, now known as the "Mass of Pope Marcellus," was performed before the Pope and Saint Charles, and the audience, as they listened to the solemn strains of this noble composition, perceived how important an accessory of the worship of God might still be found in music.

I find in this event the most important epoch in the later history of Music—the turning point after which the streams of secular and sacred music begin to flow with a fuller and stronger current, and in two quite separate channels.

* Ranke, "Die Röm. Päpste," vol. i., *passim*.

Artemus Ward and the Humourists of America.

BY MATTHEW FREEKE TURNER.

THERE are, as is well known, individuals of the human race so luckless as to have been born without any perception of certain mental sensations which constitute very important sources of pleasurable emotion to their fellow-men. The curious phenomena of colour blindness have only recently been established, and the fact incontestably proved that there are unfortunate persons to whom the blue sea, the green trees, and the tints of the sky at sunrise and sunset, show uniformly grey and sombre, to whom a photograph seems a perfect representation of the most gorgeous landscape, and an engraving in black and white no better and no worse a thing than the finest picture by Titian or Giorgione. A commoner incapacity is music deafness, where the actual hearing is acute enough, but the sensibility to musical notes is wanting. A man so *non-possessed* shall hear with equal satisfaction the strains of the finest organ and the shooting of stones from a cart, and think a strathspey on a Scotch bagpipe as enjoyable as a well-rendered symphony of Beethoven.

Pitiable as such cases are, it may be doubted whether the patients are in so deplorable a case as those unhappy men who are born destitute of any sense of humour, and who live long lives and go to melancholy graves without having once laughed at a joke, or enjoyed the keener delight of a witticism. To be indifferent to the harmonies of sweet sounds or fine colour is but to have one avenue to the senses closed; but to be insensible to wit, and unassailable by humour, is surely a more grievous misfortune. It is to have "wisdom at one entrance quite shut out;" for, as philosophers tell us, these things are but *modes of wisdom*. Such persons are condemned, not only to melancholy, but to stupidity.

Let those who feel themselves to belong to the unhappy category I have described read no further, lest they conceive I depart from the dignity of literature when I mention, and dwell on admiringly, and largely quote from, a humourist who will assuredly hold a place with posterity in the famous line which begins with Rabelais and ends with Charles Dickens.

Among the developments of modern literature, few are more curious than the sudden and unexpected rise, on the other side of the Atlantic, of a school of writers of a quite peculiar kind. There have already appeared, in the somewhat scanty field of American literature, authors who deserve to be classed as humourists in the sense in which Thackeray used the word; but not one of these writers can be allowed a high place in the world of letters, either on account of originality or eminence. Among them, Washington Irving has the highest place, but he has little claim to be considered an original writer. Addison and Steele were conspicuously the models of this charming writer, in humour and in manner, and he has not disdained to borrow literary graces from Goldsmith and from Lamb. Lowell, the author of the "Biglow Papers," and Wendell Holmes, both excellent writers, are hardly acknowledged as humourists in Europe; and the reputation of Hawthorne, deservedly high as it stands, owes hardly any of its eminence to his fame as a humourist.

It was at so recent a period as the commencement of the American Civil War that a school of writers sprang up, whose works, redolent of American soil and racy of American manner, began to make themselves welcome, not to American readers only, but to speakers of the English tongue all the world over. So sudden and widespread a popularity as was attained by works of so seemingly local and ephemeral a character was, no doubt, due to the great interest awakened in things American by the great Civil War; but something—even a good deal—was owing to the excellence, and the vigour, and the originality of the works themselves.

Hardly less singular than the writings of these men was the mode in which they reached the reading public.

The cupidity of New York and Boston publishers, the desire of one part of the American reading public to buy the brain-coins of Transatlantic authors under cost price, and the somewhat strangely unpatriotic neglect, by the people of the United States, of the just claims of native American literature

—all these various causes have joined to make it almost impossible for an American author to appear in the native book market against competitors whose productions can so easily undersell him. Thus it came to be that an American author was hopelessly overweighted in the great literary handicap, and American literature suffered, and, indeed—the cause continuing—does still suffer.

It was in consequence of these depressing influences that Mr. Charles Brown—the head, the founder, and still incomparably the foremost of the new school of writers—never wrote a book at all till his literary reputation was attained and was well established, and when he could appeal to a widening circle of readers outside his own country. Even then his name was hardly known beyond the circle of his private friends.

It was not long before the breaking out of the war, that short paragraphs began to go the round of the American papers, under the signature of *Artemus Ward*; and in a very short time the utterances of this personage were more familiar to the great reading public of the United States than those of any writer who had ever addressed them on any subject not distinctly connected with either religion or politics. Mr. Brown had given this name to a pure creation of his own, an old Yankee showman—a shrewd, vulgar, unprincipled, ignorant vagabond—and from the point of view of the said *Artemus Ward*, without for a moment speaking out of character, he addressed the American public upon the topics of the day. One of the characteristics of the showman's communications is his brevity. Mr. Brown would fill one side of a piece of his note paper, sign it *Artemus Ward*, send it to the "Cleveland Plain Dealer," or the "New York Vanity Fair," and in a week his paper would be repeated by every journal from Boston to San Francisco, and a circulation obtained such as no author could look for by any ordinary mode of publication.

It is to be presumed that literary labours, of whose results it was open to all the world to avail itself, could not have been profitable in a pecuniary sense, and this it obviously was which induced Mr. Brown to turn lecturer. I am not particularly concerned with his proceedings as a lecturer, except incidentally, and so far as they affect his character as an author. When so well-known a writer announced his intention to appear before an audience, his success was certain beforehand, and crowds flocked to the lecture-room prepared to find them-

selves addressed by the personification of the character of the old rowdy showman with whom they were so familiar. Their disappointment is described as almost ludicrous when they saw before them a quiet, decorous, somewhat delicate-looking young man of less than twenty-five, with a good deal of the dress, the manners, and the enunciation of a gentleman.

Mr. Charles Farrer Brown, whose brief literary career lasted but five or six years, and ended, with his life, in 1866, at the early age of thirty, was of a respectable family in New England. He had got an education a little better than usually falls to the lot of a boy of the middle classes in America—that is, a very much higher one than would fall to the lot of a lad of similar position in this country—but his relations were poor, and he began his struggle with existence some way down in the social scale. Like his countryman, Franklin, he was apprenticed to a printer, and learned to be skilful with the composing-stick before he had taught himself to make any profitable use of the pen. As a youth, he wandered from city to city of New England, finally settling in Boston, where it was, I believe, that he first began to contribute short tales and essays to the newspapers. It was in the columns of “Vanity Fair”—a sort of New York “Punch”—that he first wrote the famous *Artemus Ward* papers.

There was this in Mr. Brown, which distinguishes him from most other humourists—that he was a dramatic artist of decidedly great power. His conception and delineation of the character of the Showman, quite apart from the jests which he makes him utter, come very near to true genius. Setting aside the conceptions of Dickens—the Gamps, the Wellers, and the Pecksniffs—we greatly doubt if this century has produced any character of greater comic power, any that will float longer down the stream of time, than the Artemus Ward of Mr. Charles Brown.

He never speaks but in character, and the reader gets almost, at last, to believe in his “three moral bares,” his “kangaroo,” his “snaix,” “wax figgers of G. Washington, and General Tayler, &c., besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts and murderers,” and so forth. The characteristic spelling of the illiterate old vagabond has been criticized as but a mechanical mode of getting a laugh; but it is surely legitimate enough, seeing that a writer has no other means of rendering characteristics of manner, while

the actor has the resource of voice and manner. In Mr. Brown's case, indeed, mis-spelling is almost abused; but the abuse itself is a source of fun, so bold, and so utterly unlooked for are some of his phonetic renderings.

The Showman has a keen eye to his own interests, a shameless disregard of all sort of honesty and truth in the pursuit of those interests, and a strong conviction that most orders of men are neither better nor worse than himself. Herein lies the humourist's mode of attack. He abandons his creation from the first, shows him up unreservedly, that he may bring him in as king's evidence against his accomplices.

Here is a letter to a country editor, headed, *One of Mr. Ward's Business Letters* :—

"I shall hav my handbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my handbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a tremenjus excitemunt in yr paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelina. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temprance community, tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born; but on the contery ef your peple take their tods, say Mr. Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conviviality, & the life an Sole of the Soshul Bored. If you say anythin abowt my show, say my snaiks is as harmliiss as the new born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfeck subjecshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxysus to skewer your infloouunce. I repeet in regard to them handbills that I shall git 'em struck orf up to your printin offiss. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know they do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

"Respectively yures,

"A. WARD."

The Artemus Ward literature—it is still scattered, and the task of collecting it in a single volume from the columns of contemporary newspapers, and arranging it intelligently and according to date, is still to be performed—consists of letters to the editors of various newspapers on the political and social topics of the day, and to his strong-minded, middle-aged wife. As the fictitious showman grows into fame, he thinks it due to the public to give "sum leadin incidents" of his life.

"I hav no doubt," he writes to a newspaper editor, "that a article onto my life, grammattycally jerked and properly punk-toated, would be a addition to the chois literatoor of the day.

"To the yooth of Ameriky it would be vallyble as showin how high a pinnykle of fame a man can reach who commenst his career with a small canvas tent and a pea-green ox, which he rubbed it off while scratchin hisself agin the center pole, causin' in Rahway, N. J., a discriminatin' mob to say humbugs would not go down in their village. The ox resoomed agricultooral pursoots shortly afterwards.

"I next tried my hand at givin Blind-man concerts, appearin as the poor blind-man myself. But the infamus cuss who I hired to lead me round towns in the daytime to excite simpaty drank freely of spiritoous licker unbeknowns to me one day, and while under their infloocance he led me into the canal. I had either to tear the green bandige from my eyes or be drowned. I tho't I'd restore my eyesight.

"In writin about these things, Mr. Editor, kinder smooth 'em over. Speak of 'em as eccentricities of gen'us. . . .

"If you see fit to criticise my Show, speak your mind freely. I do not object to kriticism. Tell the public, in a candid and graceful article, that my show abounds in moral and startlin cooriosities, any one of whom is wuth dubble the price of admission.

"I hav thus far spoke of myself excloosivly as a exhibiter.

"I was borne in the State of Maine of parents. As a infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The nabers would stand over my cradle for hours and say, 'How bright that little face looks! How much it nose!' . . .

"I have allers sustained a good moral character. I was never a Railroad director in my life.

"I am a early riser. . . . I may add that I am also bald-headed. I keep two cows.

"I am 56 (56) years of age. Time, with its relentless scythe, is ever busy. The Old Sexton gathers them in, he gathers them in! I keep a pig this year.

"Trooly yours,

"ARTEMUS WARD."

The showman has an overweening and ludicrous sense of his own importance, and of the value of his smallest utterance on "affairs and things."

"The stoodent and connyseer," he writes, "must have noticed and admired, in varis parts of the United States of America, large yellor handbills, which not only air gems of art in theirselves, but they troothfully sit forth the attractions of my show—a show, let me here obsarve, that contains many livin' wild animals, every one of which has got a Beautiful Moral.

"Them handbills is sculpt in New York, & I annoolly repair here to git some more on 'em.

"& bein here I tho't I'd issoc a Address to the public on matters and things.

"Since last I meyandered these streets, I have bin all over the Pacific Slopes and Utah. I cum back now with my virtue unimpaired, but I've got to git some new clothes.

"Many changes has taken place, even durin' my short absence, & sum on 'em is sollum to contemplate. The house in Warwick Street, where I used to Board, is bein torn down. That house, which was rendered memoriable by my livin' into it, is 'parsin' away! parsin' away!' But some of the timbers will be made into canes, which will be sold to my admirers at the low price of one dollar each. Thus is changes goin' on continerly. In the New World it is war—in the Old World Empires is totterin' and Dysenteries is crumblin'. These canes is cheap at a dollar."

As his wandering avocations lead him into various parts of the country, his letters are filled with his impressions of what he sees :—

"DEAR BETSY—I write you this from Boston, 'the modern Atkins,' as it is denomyunated, altho' I skurcelly know what those air. I'll giv you a kursoory view of this city. I'll klassify the paragraphs under seprit headins, arter the stile of those Emblems of Trooth and Poority, the Washington correspondents."

Spread-eagleism, bunkum, and all the varieties of sham and vulgar patriotism are abominations to Mr. Brown, and he never loses a chance of ridiculing them.

"I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My Boosum hove with sollum emotions. ' & this,' I said to a man who was drivin' a yoke of oxen, 'this is where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground!'

"'Wall,' the man said, 'it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin' wheat, 't'ain't worth a dam!'"

At the close of the American war, a great deal of nonsense was being talked of Union sentiment in the beaten South, and of the lofty consciousness of their new-got freedom entertained by the emancipated negroes. He writes from Richmond :—

"The old man finds hisself once more in a Sunny climb. I am here a few days after the city catterpillertulated.

"My naburs seemed surprised & astonisht at this darin' bravery onto the part of a man at my time of life, but our family was never know'd to quale in danger's stormy hour. My father was a sutler in the Revolootion War. . . .

"My brother," he says to the negro hotel waiter, "'air you aware that you've bin 'mancipated? Do you realise how glorns it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dream, or do you realise the great fact in all its livin' and holy magnitood?"

"He sed he would take some gin."

He exposes the true causes of the professed loyalty to the Union in the South:—

"There is raly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on ev'ry hand. I met a man to-day—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is a old and infloocentooial citizen of Richmond—and sez he, 'Why! we've bin fightin' agin the Old Flag! Lor' bless me, how sing'lar!' He then borrer'd five dollars of me, and bust into a flood of tears.

"Sed another (a man of standin', and formerly a bitter rebuel), 'Let us at once stop this effooshun of Blud! The Old Flag is good enuff for me. Sir,' he added, 'you air from the North! Have you a doughnut or a piece of custard pie about you?'"

Our extracts have been chosen rather to give some general idea of Mr. Brown's great personification than to produce any evidence of his powers as a humourist. The delineation of the showman's character, his shrewdness and his ignorance, his weaknesses, his vanity, his combination of selfishness and geniality, his own exaggeration of every prevailing national absurdity—all this is brought out by innumerable little touches of quite inimitable art. The humour is broad—too broad, perhaps, for some refined readers. There is absolutely no "culture" at all, or pretence to it, about Artemus Ward's "perlite literatoor." I have made my extracts with all due deference to the purists, and have chosen with a view not to shock them, but even as it is, I fear many persons of elevated literary tastes will have read my quotations with feelings of sickly disgust. It is perhaps because Mr. Brown somewhat disregarded the voices of such people that his reputation is not so high with ordinary readers as with those whose critical judgment has ceased to be on trial, and need not fear to pass a bold opinion. It takes more than a commonplace critic to see genius in a literary work where every ordinary rule of grammar

and orthography and style is disregarded. The mass of common-place readers laugh at Mr. Brown's jests, but fail to see the art that underlies them.

In this country it was, among the higher classes of literary men, that the young American was first recognized as a true genius. His reception by such men in London was remarkable. It was due, in the first place, entirely to his intrinsic merits, and only afterwards was it enhanced and extended by the man's own genial nature and charm of manner. Even our philosophers delighted in his freshness and originality, and Mr. Carlyle himself has been heard to speak of him emphatically as the "divine Artemus."

This high opinion of Mr. Brown does not extend to his own country. He has no great honour among the more cultivated classes of his countrymen. I have heard him spoken of by Americans as quite a low writer, dealing in gross, vulgar jests and feeble puns. The truth is that there is a cause for this, over and above any literary shortcomings on the author's part. In politics he was on the losing side. He was unable to rise to the level of that earnest spirit of antagonism to Southern pretensions and Southern ideas which has made the Civil War of America, in the eyes of many politicians on both sides of the Atlantic, one of the grandest spectacles of this century. He was blind to the great principle which underlay the struggle, though he could see with unequalled clearness all those petty meannesses which come to the surface in the course of such great national movements. He was keenly sensible of the baseness of much pretended patriotic valour and devotion, the corruption of the great army contractors, the various shifts and hypocrisies of indolence and cowardice, and he made exquisite fun of all this.

It was not for us—a foreign nation, with our then very imperfect knowledge of American affairs—to arrive all at once at a right judgment. We took something of Mr. Brown's view of the matter: we could see, as he saw, the straws and the dust caught and twisted in the side eddies, but we many of us neither knew the direction nor guessed the strength of the great main current of wind. Much that the humourist laughed at richly deserved derision, but when he involved in his ridicule principles that were and are sacred in the breasts of most Americans, he jarred against the feelings of his countrymen. So it is, as I believe, that a people gifted with a very strong

sense of humour, and possessing a very true literary judgment, have failed to appreciate a writer who in breadth, in insight, in perception and in expression is pre-eminent, and who is a true master of all that goes to make a great humourist.

Charles Brown's life was not an important one, as I have shown. It was not an interesting life, nor is it desirable in any way to have a complete record of it. If a biographer of the common type were to take it in hand, he could only arrive at a volume satisfactory in size to his publisher by forging qualities in Mr. Brown which he never possessed, and making him what he never was—a hero. It is to be hoped, therefore, that his life will never get into the hands of any zealous biography-monger.

By all accounts, Charles Brown was an honest, well-mannered young man, easy-going and kindly in disposition. He was delicate in health, and possessed the keener perceptions and sensibility which almost invariably accompany such a departure from quite robust health. His temperament was essentially a nervous one, and was marked by the craving for sympathy common in such temperaments. Such a craving is usually mistaken for vanity, but is, in truth, very far indeed removed from it. It is a much more complex sentiment. It springs from a man's laudable wish to place himself in sympathy with his fellow-beings, to please them, to reach their feelings, and to win their liking. It is partly a development of the gregarious instinct that makes us hate solitude and desire to surround ourselves with our friends. With Mr. Brown, too, it came perhaps from the common longing of men of uncommon parts to make an appeal from the judgments of those about them, which they think a low one because it is prejudiced, to the less biassed verdict of a wider circle. In Mr. Brown's case this probably held good, for, as commonly happens, those among whom he lived never suspected the value of the one quality which was pre-eminent in him.

Charles Brown, achieving literary eminence very young, might, perhaps, had he lived on to old age, have led a life important enough to chronicle. Many men, and especially many Americans, have done so. In the United States the aristocracy of letters is the truest aristocracy. No watchful student of American society but knows or has heard of cases in which literary distinction has conferred widespread and

recognized social distinction. The triumph of the politician, it is true, is greater and more quickly attained, but it does not last, and is tarnished often not by time alone. The honours of the literary man, once acquired, increase as years go on. He has made few enemies; envious rivals are not numerous in a country where literary workers are still comparatively rare; and he has made more friends by his writings than he knows of. The influence of such a man in the United States is often great, and always useful. Such a high position and such influence might, perhaps, in time have come to be attained by Charles Farrer Brown, but they were, of course, not attained when he died in 1866, only in his thirtieth year.

Of the American writers who have more or less imitated the manner of Mr. Charles Brown, and attained some sort of place in public estimation, I shall notice but two—two only of them, in my opinion, deserving any kind of public criticism—Bret Harte, and the gentleman known to the reading public as Mark Twain. Among the crowd of self-constituted satirists of the day in the United States, only these two gentlemen have shown any distinctive manner as well as original power in their mode of exposing the follies and absurdities of the public. Of these two living authors I, of course, forbear to give any biographical details, further than to say that both are comparatively young men, and that both have seen much of the new and wilder societies of the so-called Pacific Slope, of California, and the adjacent states and territories. The better known and the most read of the two is probably Mark Twain. His popularity at this moment, both in America and this country, is, I should imagine, greater than was ever Mr. Brown's, at least during his lifetime.

There is no mistake at all about Mark Twain's cleverness, but his fun does not appeal to one as does that of Artemus Ward; it is drier, harder, less to the point, and not nearly so fresh and racy. It is a great deal more diffuse; Mark Twain will take a page to bring his jest home—Artemus Ward will do it in a line, in a phrase, in the misspelling of a single word. There is, perhaps, a little too much of the professional jester about Mark Twain. He takes his pen in hand to write a funny paper: his jokes are often forced and far-fetched. Artemus Ward never seems to seek for a jest; his jokes come spontaneously, as if by accident. He does not seem to be aware of them till

the reader laughs; then he stops and laughs too, or else he stops gravely to point out a peculiarly recondite joke, and, as it were, to label it. Mark Twain's humour is drier; he follows the old rule that Charles Lamb disapproves—he never laughs at his own jokes.

A common form that his humour takes is to treat a subject from an entirely extravagant point of view, and yet to write with most perfect moderation and propriety of language; and, be it observed, Mark Twain's English, when he does not purposely introduce colloquial Yankeeisms, is excellent. Of this kind of humour is his "Cannibalism in the Cars." Perhaps no happier combination of the ghastly and the humorous has been made since Swift's famous proposition about cooking babies. The paper is too long, and the humour a trifle, perhaps, too grim for quotation.

There is one sort of fun much employed by Mark Twain; against which I strongly protest. It is where he turns solemn or sacred subjects into ridicule. It may be a tempting resource to a professional jester, in search of a subject, to exercise his wits upon topics which only require to be treated with levity to make some light-brained people laugh; but it is quite unworthy of such a writer as Mark Twain. The excuse is sometimes made that Americans have not our insular regard for the proprieties, and that it is one phase of the Puritan spirit of our New England cousins to speak very plainly of sacred subjects. If plain speaking means profanity of the kind which Mark Twain indulges in, I beg to disabuse those who believe in such an excuse. I should very strongly advise a traveller to America to refrain from any levity of speech on such topics, in any respectable drawing-room of Boston or New York. There are as many well-dressed rowdies in London, Manchester and Liverpool, as in the cities of New England, and I apprehend that these are the readers with whom Mark Twain's sins against decency find favour. At any rate, I counsel Mark Twain, if he is anxious for the suffrages of decent readers, in his own and this country, to leave profanity alone.

Of the same low type of humour is the account of "The Killing of Julius Cæsar," in the style of a Western newspaper describing the result of a "difficulty in a bar-room:"—

"As the result of that affray, it is our painful duty, as public journalists, to record the death of one of our most esteemed citizens

—a man whose name is known wherever this paper circulates, and whose fame it has been our pleasure and our privilege to extend, and also to protect from the tongue of slander and falsehood, to the best of our poor ability. We refer to Mr. J. Cæsar.”

This is surely very poor indeed. The idea is no better a one than would occur to a used-up Western Editor, and the execution is as low and vulgar as well can be. Still worse, and almost entirely destitute of fun, is the Biblical story of Joseph, told as the frequenter of a bar-room might tell it to his pot companions, over his Bourbon whisky or Lager beer.

Not a bit better are the parodies. When will jesters understand that parodies and travesties of works of true merit are the very poorest forms that wit or humour can take? The best of such parodies ever written are not superlatively good, and the second-rate ones are absolutely insupportable; to say nothing of the impertinence of a man's attempting to make better work than his own ridiculous, and to bring it down to his own level. To burlesque what is in itself contemptible, and yet popular, is, of course, another matter.

A good and well deserved jest underlies the mock *Advice to Little Girls*, written after the fashion of certain “goody” guides of youth:—

“Good little girls ought not to make mouths at their teachers for every trifling offence. This kind of retaliation should only be resorted to under peculiarly aggravating circumstances.

“If you have nothing but a rag doll, stuffed with sawdust, while one of your more fortunate little playmates has a costly china one, you should treat her with a show of kindness nevertheless. And you ought not to attempt to make a forcible swap with her unless your conscience would justify you in it, and you know you are able to do it.

“You ought never to take your little brother's ‘chewing-gum’ away from him by main force: it is better to rope him in with the promise of the first two dollars and a half you find floating down the river on a grindstone. In the artless simplicity natural to his time of life, he will regard it as a perfectly fair transaction. In all ages of the world, this eminently plausible fiction has lured the obtuse infant to financial ruin and disaster.”

Mark Twain might write the famous line of Mademoiselle Thérèse's song on his title page,—

“*Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur.*”

He is a veritable literary "sapper," and does not hold at all with the Sunday-school books, which tell us how the good little boy got his reward, and the wicked little boy came to a bad end. This is his story of the bad little boy who didn't come to grief:—

"Once there was a bad little boy, whose name was Jim—though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday-school books. It was very strange, but still it was true, that this one was called Jim.

"Once he climbed up into Farmer Acorn's apple-tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh! no; he stole as many apples as he wanted; and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange—nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats, and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

"But the strangest thing that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look, and look, and look through the Sunday-school books from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh! no; you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms, when they are fishing on Sunday, infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

"This Jim bore a charmed life—that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink *aquafortis*. He stole his father's gun, and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry, and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness on her lips, that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No; she got over it."

And the sequel of it all was that Jim is now "the wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the Legislature."

It will be seen that Mark Twain is, by no means, a genial, kindly humourist, like his predecessor, Artemus Ward; that, though he hits the same blots, his mode of attack is altogether different.

Mark Twain is a jester, and very little more. When he is not on the trail of some joke, he is apt to be insufferably tedious. Herein, I apprehend, lies the difference between a breaker of jests and a true humourist; between our Dickenses and Thackerays, our Sternes and Goldsmiths, and such men as Hook and the younger Coleman.

Bret Harte is, again, entirely distinct from both Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. He is something more than a jester. He is an original tale writer, and a versifier, who, at times, displays signal mastery, and who, once or twice, reaches to real poetic power.

Bret Harte, like Mark Twain, has written parodies, which, if anything, are worse than those of his brother humourist. So far, indeed, is he from having any appreciation of the poets whom he presumes to travesty, that a poor attempt to imitate Shenstone is christened "after Herrick!" An original song, entitled, *To a Sea-bird*—I say original because I never saw the poetry poor enough to have served for a model—is of that character that the author should be solemnly warned never again to attempt a flight of undiluted sentiment. These are the worst things that Bret Harte has yet done; but he is guilty of some work, both in verse and prose, of very moderate quality indeed. On the whole, I know no writer of his powers who has done so much to exasperate his critics, who so often fails to be funny when he tries, who so often succeeds in being ridiculous when he would be pathetic, and who is so often nothing at all but unmitigatedly vulgar in idea and in expression. With all this, I do not hesitate to class Bret Harte with the very few men of real comic genius whom this generation has produced.

Bret Harte has the merit of having laid bare the inner and better life among a class of men whom all previous observers had described as entirely lost to every sense of honour and every touch of feeling—the lawless mining populations of California and Colorado. Of course, no such people as they

were imagined to be ever did exist in this world, but it was for Bret Harte to possess the sufficient insight to discover this fact, and the sufficient artistic power to let the world know it.

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT is the tale of a party of "roughs," male and female, too outrageously depraved even for the easy morality of the miners of Poker Flat. By a kind of wild Lynch-law they are turned out into the wilderness. Here they meet with two innocent travellers, a young couple on their way to be married, unsuspectingly simple, and quite ignorant of the outcasts' character. The whole party is caught together in a terrible snowstorm, and suffer death. The contrast of these ruffianly, crafty, hardened scoundrels with the simple, trustful boy and girl with whom they are brought into involuntary contact, the awakening of their long latent better instincts, and their fear of showing themselves to their innocent companions in their true colours, are described with a manly reserve of expression, a force and reality of true feeling, which has not one touch of mock pathetic about it. It is the work of a master's hand.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP is a tale relating to the same wild class of men, and is sounded in the same key. The wickedness of Roaring Camp is described as excessive, even in the West; gambling, drinking, fighting, debauchery of all kinds went on night and day. In this pandemonium a child is born—the child of the only woman in the camp—and the wretched, abandoned mother dies at its birth. The advent of this helpless innocent among them, the break in their rough mode of life, and the shock to their rude ideas, the way in which the child's helplessness appeals to them, and how they are yet thoroughly ashamed to exhibit the smallest approach to sensibility, how, nevertheless, these rough natures soften and change under the new influence—all this forms the subject of the story. Finally, it is determined to make some attempt to rear the child.

"'You go in there, Stumpy,' said a prominent citizen, known as 'Kentuck,' addressing one of the loungers. 'Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things.'"

Stumpy had been a married man in a former sphere of existence.

"The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. . . ."

"In the midst of an excited discussion, an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp, querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if nature had stopped to listen too.

"The camp rose to its feet as one man. . . . 'Can he live now?' was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

"When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd of men, who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined beneath the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. 'Gentlemen,' said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex officio* complacency,—'Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy.' The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, unconsciously, set an example to the rest. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible—criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman—'Is that him?' 'mighty small specimen;' 'hasn't mor'n got the colour;' 'ain't bigger nor a derringer.' The contributions were as characteristic: a silver tobacco-box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst, the gambler); a diamond breast-pin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he 'saw that pin, and went two diamonds better'); a slung shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about 200 dollars in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings, Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left, a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly-born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of

the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box, half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. 'The d—d little cuss!' he said, as he extricated his finger, with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. 'He rastled with my finger,' he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, 'the d—d little cuss!'

"It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new-comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust imputation of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weakness of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river, and whistled reflectively. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large red-wood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half-way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. 'How goes it?' said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy towards the candle-box. 'All serene,' replied Stumpy. 'Anything up?' 'Nothing.' There was a pause—an embarrassing one, Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. 'Rastled with it—the d—d little cuss,' he said, and retired."

The child throve, and the superstitious miners declared that the baby had brought the Luck to Roaring Camp. Certain it was that of late they had been successful, so he was to be christened the "Luck":—

"A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one 'Boston,' a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the Church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar,

Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. 'It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys,' said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him, 'but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me.' A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humourists, be it said, that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus stopped of his fun. 'But,' said Stumpy, quickly following up his advantage, 'we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God.' It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered otherwise than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but, strangely enough, nobody saw it, and nobody laughed. 'Tommy' was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in an orthodox fashion.

"And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to 'Tommy Luck'—or 'The Luck,' as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed, and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, 'sorter killed the rest of the furniture.' So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's, to see 'how the Luck got on,' seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self-defence, the rival establishment of 'Tuttle's grocery,' bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again, Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honour and privilege of holding 'The Luck.' It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. 'Tommy,' who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not

permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as 'D—n the luck!' and 'Curse the luck!' was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing."

The story ends tragically, as might be supposed, and "The Luck" dies.

So much for these stories, which make an important epoch in the history of American literature. Nothing so fresh, so true, and so good of their kind had till then appeared. They have found many imitators—of little merit, for the most part, indeed—and the author himself has failed to come anywhere near to the "Luck of Roaring Camp" and the "Outcasts of Poker Flat."

In quite another line, however, he has attained very signal success. Often as he fails as a verse writer, he occasionally achieves a masterpiece. Of these successes only do I speak when I deliberately say that in the power of telling a story in rhyme, of versifying the forcible colloquial talk of rough, coarse, uneducated men, there is no poet of the day who can approach him. His power of compression, his intensity of underlying meaning, his rapidity of action and surprising force of expression, would fill a classical critic with enthusiasm, if only they could be called by some fine Greek name, and had been found in a play of Aeschylus or Euripides. Take the following:—

"JIM.

"Say there! P'raps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild?
Well—no offence:
Thar ain't no sense
In gettin' riled!

"Money?—Not much:
That ain't my kind:
I ain't no such.
Rum?—I don't mind,
Seein' it's you.

"Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar,
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir! *You*
Ain't of that crew,
Blest if you are!

"Well, this yer Jim,
Did you know him?—
Jess 'bout your size;
Same kind of eyes?—
Well, that is strange:
Why, it's two year
Since he came here—
Sick, for a change.

"Well, here's to us.

Eh?

The h— you say!

Dead!

That little cuss?

—Why, thar was me,

Jones and Bob Lee,

Harry and Ben,—

No-account men:

Then to take *him*!

"What makes you stare,

You over thar?

Can't a man drop

's glass in your shop

But you must rar'?

It wouldn't take

D— much to break

You and your bar.

"Well, thar—good-bye—

No more, sir—I—

Eh?

What's that you say?—

Why, dern it!—sho!

No? Yes! By Jo!

Sold!

Sold! Why, you limb,

You ornery,

Derned old

Long-legged Jim!"

"Dead!

Poor—little—Jim!

Perhaps this is rather strong food, but if the reader finds it too much so, I am sorry for him.

The same rare qualities, and some higher ones, are combined in a short poem called "Cicely." In my humble opinion, no better piece of lyrical poetry of its type has come to us across the Atlantic.

"CICELY.

ALKALI STATION.

"Cicely says you're a poet; maybe; I ain't much on rhyme;
I reckon you'd give me a hundred, and beat me every time.
Poetry!—that's the way some chaps puts up an idee,
But I takes mine 'straight without sugar,' and that's what's the
matter with me.

"Poetry!—just look around you—alkali, rock, and sage!
Sage-brush, rock, and alkali; ain't it a pretty page!
Sun in the east at mornin', sun in the west at night,
And the shadow of this yer station the on'y thing moves in
sight.

"Poetry!—Well now—Polly! Polly, run to your mam;
Run right away, my pooty! By by! Ain't she a lamb?
Poetry!—that reminds me of suthin' right in that suit:
Jest shet that door thar, will yer? for Cicely's ears is cute.

"Ye noticed Polly,—the baby? A month afore she was born,
Cicely—my old woman—was moody-like and forlorn;
Out of her head and crazy, and talked of flowers and trees;
Family man yourself, sir? Well, you know what a woman be's.

“Narvous she was, and restless,—said that she ‘couldn’t stay;’
 Stay—and the nearest woman seventeen miles away.
 But I fixed it up with the doctor, and he said he would be on
 hand,
 And I kinder stuck by the shanty, and fenced in that bit o’
 land.

“One night—the tenth of October—I woke with a chill and
 fright,
 For the door it was standing open, and Cicely warn’t in sight,
 But a note was pinned to the blanket, which it said that she
 ‘couldn’t stay,’
 But had gone to visit her neighbour—seventeen miles away!

“When and how she stampeded, I didn’t wait for to see,
 For out in the road, next minnit, I started as wild as she;
 Running first this way and that way, like a hound that is off the
 scent,
 For there warn’t no track in the darkness to tell me the way she
 went.

“I’ve had some mighty mean moments afore I kem to this spot,—
 Lost on the Plains in ’50, drowned almost, and shot;
 But out on this alkali desert, a hunting a crazy wife,
 Was ra’ly as on-satis-factory as anything in my life.

“‘Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!’ I called, and I held my breath,
 And ‘Cicely’ came from the canyon,—and all was as still as
 death,
 And ‘Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!’ came from the rocks below,
 And jest but a whisper of ‘Cicely!’ down from them peaks of
 snow.

“I ain’t what you call religious—but I jest looked up to the
 sky,
 And—this yer’s to what I’m coming, and maybe ye think I
 lie:
 But up away to the east’ard, yaller and big and far,
 I saw of a suddent rising the singlerist kind of star.

“Big and yaller and dancing, it seemed to beckon to me,
 Yaller and big and dancing, such as you never see;
 Big and yaller and dancing, I never saw such a star,
 And I thought of them sharps in the Bible, and I went for it then
 and thar.

“Over the brush and boulders I stumbled and pushed ahead :
 Keeping the star afore me, I went wharever it led.
 It might hev been for an hour, when suddent and peart and
 nigh,
 Out of the yearth afore me there riz up a baby’s cry.

“Listen ! thar’s the same music ; but her lungs they are stronger
 now
 Than the day I packed her and her mother—I’m derved if I jest
 know how.
 But the doctor kem the next minnit, and ‘the joke o’ the whole
 thing is
 That Cis never knew what happened from that very night to
 this !

“But Cicely says you’re a poet, and maybe you might, some day,
 Jest sling her a rhyme ’bout a baby that was born in a curious
 way.
 And see what she says ; and, old fellow, when you speak of the
 star, don’t tell
 As how ’twas the doctor’s lantern—for maybe ’twon’t sound so
 well.”

The reader who fails to see in this a masterly ease, a rare
 reticence and reserve of strength, a fine vein of humour, and
 a true manly pathos, is certainly very hard to please.

His Word of Honour.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

THE "Green Dragon" at Orpington assuming to be an inn, is in reality little more than a way-side public-house. Mr. Hunter, landlord and proprietor, was therefore not a little surprised and flurried when, upon a raw October afternoon, a young man having a great-coat over his arm, a light bag in one hand, and a stick in the other, presented himself at the bar of the "Green Dragon," and asked languidly if he could be accommodated with a bed and sitting-room.

"A bed, sir?" replied Mr. Hunter, a big man, with red face and grey hair, "yes, I think we can manage to give you a bed."

"And a sitting-room?" continued the stranger.

"A sitting-room," echoed the landlord, in the tone of one who is considering some great undertaking; "one minute, if you please, sir," and Mr. Hunter disappeared into a little room immediately adjoining the bar, there to hold counsel with some second person, the upshot being that, in a few minutes, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Hunter, and a few Hunters just out of the crawling state, issued forth, bearing respectively working materials, socks in process of being mended, tin whistles, and decapitated dolls.

"You can have this room all to yourself, sir," said Mr. Hunter, triumphantly.

"You really must not let me disturb you," rejoined the traveller.

"Don't you mention it," replied the landlord, in a tone which was at once genial and confidential. "We would not turn a customer away from our doors. You see, we do not have much parlour company."

"And this is the only room you have disengaged?"

"Well, yes, sir; this is the only room at present—Susan! coals for the gentleman's fire."

The traveller having as he thought shown a due amount of consideration for the comfort of Mrs. Hunter and the young Hunters, was glad enough to enter the apartment before alluded to, and to draw close to the fire the one dilapidated arm-chair.

Arthur Seton, barrister by profession, and literary by choice, was not really more than thirty, though he looked considerably older; for the dark hair and beard were streaked with grey, and the face, with its regular, handsome features, wore habitually a look of such intense mental weariness as would have saddened the most hopeful man had he looked on it for long.

For some time he leant indolently back, his hands clasped behind his head; at length he rose and took from his bag a locked-up diary, which he opened, and availing himself of pens and ink which stood upon the table, made the following entry:

"*October 17th, 1874.*—Got up late. Called on the Brianstones; George was out. Had a pleasant chat with Annie; went, like a fool, to Richmond—and, like a fool, haunted the Well House. It looked just the same as in the old, dear days, but I heard children playing in the garden. The house is let, I believe, to City people. Came back to London; dined at the Pall Mall; went to the club. Got back to chambers late. Wrote a column '——— Review.' A weary, weary day. Shall I never know a moment's forgetfulness?"

He drew then from the leaves of the diary a letter written in a delicate, feminine hand, and addressed, "Arthur Seton, Esq., 12, Gray's Inn." This letter he regarded with a long, sad, loving look; then, resting his head on his hand, he read it through very slowly. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR ARTHUR,

"If you will be so suspicious, so jealous, and exacting, I cannot see how we are ever to be happy. Faith without works is dead, and love without faith is no blessing, but a weary burden. I am tired of cross words and dark looks. Some women, I believe, like the feverish excitement of quarrels, but I only wish for peace. This miserable, petty jealousy is

quite unworthy of you. Do try and put it from you; and remember that love, once wounded, is sometimes hurt past hope of recovery. I received your article quite safely, but I cannot speak about it now. You have made me too sad, too weary, and even a little indignant. Yours affectionately,

“ALICE CLAREFIELD.

“WELL HOUSE, RICHMOND, *October, 1871.*”

He replaced the letter, closed the diary, took up his pipe, and began smoking. The early part of this day had been fine and mild; but towards the afternoon the sky grew all at once leaden, and the wind shifted to the north-east. Now the wind was rising and the rain was falling—a cold, penetrating, impetuous, determined rain. The country, which but a brief while since had looked so fair in a bland, October sunlight, now seemed a thing to shudder at. The dun-coloured woods, wet and forlorn, seemed to have no hope of any returning summer, and to know the utter desolation of the end. It was impossible indeed to imagine that in the green, soaking fields, where now a few cows were huddling together, and lowing disconsolately, glad children could ever have tossed each other in the warm, sweet-smelling hay; the rain drove drearily against the window, and the wind shrieked round the house, and occasionally thundered in the chimney, and, at the bar, where, in spite of the wet weather, Mr. Hunter seemed to be doing a brisk business, for ale-corks popped continuously, and pewters clanked audibly as the men set them down on the slab; and the great waggons lumbered by, or drew up ponderously in front of the door; and while the drivers availed themselves of the “Green Dragon’s” hospitality, the large, broad-backed horses beat the miry roads with heavy hoofs. There was not much to occupy a man’s thoughts in the dreary little bar-parlour. A great variety of whips hung against the wall, and over the mantelpiece was a photograph of a fine chestnut mare. Under it was written: “Being Mr. Hunter’s favourite mare, who died in her fourteenth year.” A short way on was a photograph of Mrs. Hunter, in full holiday costume. A large Bible and photographic album lay upon the table.

Seton mechanically opened the album. Here was a tinted photograph of a young girl with profuse gold ringlets, a large, round face, and meaningless blue eyes. Under it was written :

“Presented to Miss Hunter by her affectionate friend, Isabella Grant.” Poor Isabella ! how many honest, country hearts, I wonder, had she caused to ache while the hair was gold, and the buxom figure still shapely ?

For want of something better to do, Seton began to write a letter ; but he made slow way with it. For minutes together he sat holding the pen listlessly in his hand, leaning his arm wearily upon the table, listening, as we all listen when alone, to what sounds may be going on near us, from a feeling which is not curiosity, but more overpowering.

Suddenly, what must have been a very light vehicle, dashed swiftly down the road, and drew up with great precision at the door of the “Green Dragon,” while the voice of a new-comer became audible. Seton, however, could only catch a few disconnected words, such as “Caught in the rain—delicate—shelter—Chiselhurst—a closed carriage.”

Then the door opened, the landlord presented himself upon the threshold, and said, in a very pointed manner, “If you please, sir, a young lady, driving over to Sevenoaks in a light, open trap, has been caught in the rain, and her servant wants to know if I can give her a sitting-room while he drives back to Chiselhurst for a closed carriage.”

“And this is the only one you have ?” rejoined Seton. “Oh ! ask her in by all means. However, I am sorry the room smells so of smoke,” he added, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

“Don’t you mention it, sir, and thank you very much,” replied the landlord, retiring.

In another moment the door opened again, and the unexpected intruder entered—a lady, tall and very graceful, having a pale Madonna-like face, and gold hair shining like an aureole round a small classical head.

Seton’s face had grown white to the lips, and his voice quivered perceptibly, as, extending his hand, he said—

“This is a very unexpected meeting.”

“Very unexpected,” echoed the lady, removing her wet mantle, and sitting down on the worn leather sofa. The recognition had been mutual, but women, as a rule, are more self-composed than men.

“Let me recommend this chair,” said Seton, laying his hand upon the one from which he had just risen.

“No, thank you, I prefer sitting away from the fire.”

"I am sorry the room should smell so of tobacco," observed Seton after a pause, "but you see I did not expect the pleasure of a visitor."

She smiled a rather forced smile by way of answer, and Seton folded elaborately and put into an envelope a sheet of blank paper.

"The country is very beautiful around here," he observed, writing his own name, with great care, upon the envelope.

"We have only been back from the Continent about six weeks," she observed, after a pause. "Mamma has taken a house near Chiselhurst. I was driving over to Sevenoaks this morning, and I was caught in the rain, and induced to ask for shelter here."

"And how is Mrs. Clarefield?"

"Mamma is quite well, thank you." Then, after a pause, in a full, sweet, low contralto voice, which had a ring of infinite pathos, "Are you stopping here?"

"Hardly," said Seton, with an assumption of gaiety in his tone; "but I'll tell you all about it. My friends kindly took it into their heads that I was sticking too closely to work—that I wanted fresh air and exercise—so they bound me over, on my word of honour, to walk from London to Hastings in a week. I acquiesce in everything now, so, of course, I acquiesced in this, and this is my first day of hard labour and imprisonment."

"But you used——" began the lady, then she coloured a little, and seemed unwilling to finish her sentence; "you used to be so fond of walking."

"But a man changes a good deal in three years," he replied wearily.

Then came a long silence, broke at last by the pop of an ale cork, at which they started as if an explosion had taken place.

"Oh! you grow used to it in time," observed Seton.

It seemed impossible to imagine these two persons, more formal to each other in manner than the most distant acquaintances, could ever have been passionate and devoted lovers. What thoughts had they, I wonder, as they sat together, and yet so far apart, of the old days wherein love led them, and all was well? It would weary you, dear reader, and to no purpose, were I to set down here the dreary common-places with which these two tried to beguile the time for over an hour.

At length, worn out by the arduous effort of trying to entertain each other while their thoughts were so far away, they took refuge in silence, and the wind roared, and the rain lashed the window, and the dusk came on prematurely, and Seton, looking out on the cheerless prospect, shivered as with the cold. Then that other person in the room rose very quietly and stirred the fire into a blaze, and resumed her seat on the sofa.

"No, you shouldn't, really," said Seton, not turning round, however, though with a look of great pain upon his face. It is wonderful what suffering some small commonplace word or action may cause us. What vistas of impossible joys, again, may they not open up to us!

"I suppose the carriage will soon be back," said Alice presently, and speaking with effort, "and our new coachman drives so fast, too."

"Yes, and your term of imprisonment will soon be up," rejoined Seton, resting his arms upon the mantelpiece, and examining with critical interest the photograph of Mr. Hunter's defunct mare.

"How the time passes," said Alice, in a low voice, as if speaking to herself. Then, with sudden energy, "I cannot tell when we shall meet again. Before we part, answer me one question. You are looking worn and weary—are you happy?"

Now he stood before her, and through the dusk and the firelight his eyes flashed on her, as he said, in a low, harsh voice—"From your lips this question is an insult."

"Of which you need not fear the repetition," she rejoined promptly, with cutting formality.

"No, it can't end like this," he went on. "Do you know, ever since you have been here, I have bitten my lips through and through to keep them from speaking of the past. This meeting was not of your seeking, and it seems to me unmanly and dastardly to take advantage of this opportunity."

"We are sometimes so mistaken," she said hurriedly, but her words were hardly audible, and he continued—

"Alice! you have treated me very ill. On that day, now three years ago, when I gave you my love, and believed in yours, I was frank with you. I told you how wild and irregular my life had been, and how full of faults I was. You reclaimed me—you transformed my days—you made my life,

all at once, pure and fair ; and then, because some thorn in my love hurt you, you threw it all away, and left me to perish miserably." She would have interrupted him, but he silenced her by a gesture and went on ; " and now when we meet, after three years, you ask me if I am happy ? If I loved you once, I shall love you for ever. Do I look happy ? "

" I think there were faults on both sides," she said quietly.

" Yes, perhaps there were," he replied ; " but I was reading your last letter over only to-day. Oh ! how terribly bitter it was ! "

" And have you forgotten your answer to that letter ? " she said, almost passionately, her voice quivering, and her breast heaving.

" I don't remember it word for word," he returned quickly ; " I know it was written on the impulse of the moment."

" But I have it by heart ;" then, very slowly, " you said, If your love, in its heat and strength was a little exacting, mine was cold and tideless ; in fact, no love, only a slow, sluggish affection. You almost thought I was right, and that we could not be happy. I am naturally proud," she went on ; " but a woman with less pride than I have could not have acted differently. Only one course was left me—to be silent."

" Well, it is all over now," he rejoined ; " we shall never, never meet again."

" You won't take my friendship, then ? "

" No, thank you ; you are very generous, but I do not want this gift."

He threw himself wearily into a chair, and some time there was a complete silence. Hope is so subtle, so intangible, that we are often only aware of its existence when it has ceased to be. Arthur Seton looked upon himself as a man quite without hope. It seemed to him that his life could hardly be more grey and desolate than it was, yet who shall say what feeling, of which he was not directly conscious, may have sustained him through the last three years. Now everything seemed gone—there was nothing but death left.

Presently carriage-wheels came down the road ; carriage-lamps flashed through the dusk, and grew stationary opposite the window. Mr. Hunter bustled in, and announced, in a tone of triumph, that the carriage had come for the young lady,

and done the distance wonderfully quick. Then the door shut, and they were alone together again.

Very softly and distinctly Seton heard her say his name, "Arthur!" but he did not move. It seemed to him that he would keep back all his love, clench fast his heart till she were gone, and then die swiftly of the pain.

"Arthur, I am waiting, dear. Won't you come? Are not you going to forgive me?"

Now he rose and groped his way towards her like a blind man. She stretched out her hands and drew him to her. Then he bent down. She raised her face, and the hearts and the lips, so long disunited, came together in a prolonged passionate kiss. He knelt down by her, folded his arms round her, her head sank upon his shoulder, and for several minutes they remained thus, lost in love's profound peace and mystery. And the ale-corks continued to pop, and waggoners on their way to London tramped in and out of the bar, and warm good-nights were exchanged between customer and landlord, and as Arthur folded Alice's mantle round her, she said, half shyly, "You are coming back with me to see mamma, are you not?"

"May I?" he answered, great joy evident in face and voice.

So the bed-room which Mrs. Hunter had been preparing all the afternoon, and of which she was not a little proud, remained unoccupied; but the payment was lavish, and the day's labour was not regretted.

Oh! that never-to-be-forgotten drive to Chiselhurst through the wild, windy evening! Between it and the last three years lay all the pains of hell. And the rain ceased, and strange voices were abroad in the wind, singing jubilantly over love re-risen and redeeming! And the clouds drifted away, and the pure sweet, windy moonlight quivered over wet fields and trees, and seemed love's benediction.

I leave you to imagine the arrival home. Arthur had always been a favourite with Mrs. Clarefield, and in the old days of quarrels she used always to take his part. When dinner had at last been disposed of, Mrs. Clarefield pleaded household duties, and went to her bed-room. There she sat down before the bright fire and wept profusely, dear soul, over the happiness of her children. And downstairs these two were very quiet. To them love was a solemn thing, and they were

solemn lovers. And the wonderful, priceless moments went silently and swiftly by.

Presently, however, Alice said, looking up in Arthur's face, and pressing his hand very tightly, "You won't continue your walk to Hastings this week?"

And he answered, with a bright smile, "But I have pledged my word of honour to do so."

"And I command you to break it!"

Yes, and he did break it; but none of his friends brought it as an accusation against him that for once in his life he had broken his Word of Honour!

Current Literature and Current Criticism.

THIS review, which appeared for the first time in our last Number, is so much of an innovation upon established literary custom, that it is not unnatural that a certain degree of misconception should have prevailed among some of the periodical critics as to its scope and its purpose. A little plain-speaking will remove the sources of this misconception, and set clearly before the reading public the objects with which we began and mean to continue, from quarter to quarter, our review of books and of critics.

Modern criticism has greatly changed in character within the last fifteen or twenty years. The number of critical journals of weight and authority has been more than trebled during this period. Well within the memory of the present writer it was held that if an author had suffered an adverse judgment by one particular journal, then and still in very high estimation, he might consider himself thenceforth an outcast from the republic of letters. This is no longer the case; no judgment is wholly final, no sentence without appeal. Almost every phase of opinion in religion, politics, or philosophy, every grade even of society, has its own literary organ in these days. A writer may now be held up to scorn by one paper, and his feelings soothed by marked approval in half a dozen others.

It is clear enough that so long as criticism is any way short of infallible, this revolution in critical journalism is good both for the public and for authors. That the augmentation of the army of critics has brought about a reform in their manner, is too obvious to be insisted upon. Much of the old critical acrimony is gone, and, if there is still occasional injustice, it is, at least, not without appeal. There is a growing reticence, too, among critics, for no writer can wisely be oracular or overbearingly dictatorial when he is liable to find himself

among his contemporaries in a minority of one. The true function of criticism is more and more felt to reside neither in dictation nor in oracular utterance, but in the counselling of the public, which has not time to select for itself among the crowd of publications, as to what to read and what to leave unread. In the multitude of counsellors there is, doubtless, wisdom, but, in the same multitude also there is cause for distraction, and few ordinary readers can be aware how many and how conflicting are the judgments passed upon almost every new book. Authors know, often to their cost, the many-sidedness of modern criticism, and it is familiar enough to those whose business is general literature, but the great mass of the reading public can have few opportunities of learning how much a hasty and narrow literary judgment may be prevented by a comparison of the many intelligent and honest opinions continually being formed from various and independent standpoints.

It is in view of this multiplicity of modern criticism that we have thought it expedient to produce in each number of this Magazine the article which we head, "Current Literature and Current Criticism."

Its purpose is, in the first place, to be, as its title indicates, a review of current literature; and a review coming when the reading public and the public Press have to a certain extent pronounced their opinions may, it is believed, have about it certain qualities of carefulness and maturity, and therefore, perhaps, of weight. Whether our review is distinguished by any particular breadth and acumen, it is not for us to say, but it has been and will always be free from conscious prejudice and from unfair influences. For so much we answer.

It is distinctly not in our idea, as it has been hastily implied that it was, to set the various divergences of current critical judgment in curious and impertinent apposition, but while we take careful note of these occasional divergences, we shall always endeavour to arrive at sound and safe conclusions of our own. Where there is any conflict of opinions we shall quote these opinions, and give the reader the opportunity of assisting his own judgment by their help.

In order that we may perform the duty we have set ourselves with the fullest impartiality to all the parties most immediately concerned, we have thought it well to exclude from

the pages of THE NEW QUARTERLY the advertisements of publishing firms.*

So much we have been compelled to say in defence of the plan of this review. We have spoken quite plainly, and any future misconception on the subject will not be chargeable to us. For the hearty and all but unanimous approval by the public Press of the manner in which our intentions have hitherto been carried out, we beg to express our best thanks.

A couple of years ago there appeared a small volume, ill arranged, and unattractive to look upon, which, under the title of "The Yellowstone Region," set forth the results of a scientific exploration by certain persons, employed by the Government of the United States of America, of a portion of their immense territory, hitherto unknown to European travellers or readers. The shabby little book, which hardly ranked above a prospectus, and chiefly dwelt upon the potential delights of a National Park, on a scale so vast that the people who are to profit by it may be supposed to do their promenading in seven-league boots, was little read, except by reviewers, but by them much written about. Its clumsily arranged details fired some imaginations, and the geyser, the cañons, the vast seething plains, and, lastly, the great solemn blue lake, "the crown of the Continent," which lies in its mountain setting, at what Mickey Free would call the "tip-top of the world," became familiar objects to the fancy of the public.

The Earl of Dunraven has visited the American "Wonderland," and his account of his travels, if it removes the impression of difficulty, and decreases that of danger, if it somewhat dwarfs the proportions of the Yellowstone Region, as we in our capacity of stay-at-home travellers fondly imagine these things, is one of the cheeriest, most unaffected, and variously interesting books of travel which we have read for a long time. "The Great Divide" has met with a kindly reception by the press, on all sides, and though the *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks the book is too bulky, considering the character of the expedition and the time expended on it, the reviewer acknowledges that even its second-hand digressions are enjoyable, and its scientific bits about volcanic phenomena are instructive. The

* At no great sacrifice, it must be admitted, seeing that such advertisements are, as a rule, inserted on the principle of "exchanges."

general reader will gratefully acknowledge the due subordination to general interest in which Lord Dunraven has held the sporting details; while his brother sportsmen have no reason to complain of him. He supplies them with clear and ample information respecting the sporting resources of North America, "which cannot for a moment compare with India or Africa, as a hunting country," he has something to say about the killing of wapiti, of moose, of buffalo of the mountain, and buffalo of the plain, of antelope and bighorn, of wild goat and even of "grizzly;" but there is no resemblance between his book and certain records of travel which might be journals kept by butchers' journeymen. Nowhere, it seems, except perhaps in Southern California, will the sportsman be more likely to encounter the "grizzly" than in the Yellowstone Region. "If he has ever pursued or been pursued by that unpleasant beast," says Lord Dunraven, "he will be gratified to hear that, as a rule, pine-trees are numerous, and not difficult to climb." Lord Dunraven did not travel only to shoot, though he liked shooting when his party got the chance, and would have been glad if that had been oftener, for there was a notable deficiency of fresh meat among them on more than one occasion. We do not know a stronger literary contrast, nor a better example of the difference between the sincere and the tricky in descriptive writing, than his chapters on the Indian tribes in "The Great Divide," and Mr. Hepworth Dixon's revolting rhapsodies on similar subjects. Since the demolition of the Fennimore Cooper legends and the substitution of caricature and abusive loathing for the ideal admiration of beings of whom Chingachgook and Uncas were the prototypes, there has been nothing so interesting, so fair, and so humane, without being in the least open to the Philistine charge of sentimentality, as Lord Dunraven's sketch of the condition, the character, and the claims of the red men. This portion of his work has met with less attention than it deserves from the press in general. The *Pall Mall Gazette* puts its points pithily as follows:—

"Lord Dunraven makes some sensible remarks on the Indian question and the Indian character, in reference to what may await our own North American Confederation when it comes to 'settle up' the fertile belt of the Saskatchewan. In the United States the red men have been forced into contact with civilization in the course of its irresistible progress across the continent from the crowded East to the Californian seaboard. In the British dominions as yet they have been scarcely

disturbed; and, although some tribes have suffered from the enterprise of unscrupulous white traders, the great fur companies have been glad to take advantage of their services. On his visit to the Yellowstone Region, Lord Dunraven fortunately saw little or nothing of them. From these central territories they have been for the most part relegated to 'reservations;' and when they break bounds they are comparatively on their good behaviour, although they would steal their brother's horses if they had an opportunity, and might find scalps an irresistible temptation if they saw their way to taking them easily. But he paid a friendly visit to one of the Sioux villages, and was formally presented by the agent. An interchange of compliments and presents placed him on the most cordial footing with his hosts, and it was very reluctantly that he declined their invitation to join them in a prolonged hunting party. On the whole, his intercourse with the Indians left a pleasant impression, although he saw enough to be sure that they are extremely difficult to deal with. It must be remembered that they are but children, though very intelligent children, and quick to remark and resent injustice. The rules he suggests as an alternative to extermination are—to forbid the whisky traffic under the heaviest penalties: to treat them with consideration; to listen to them patiently and show readiness to redress their real grievances; to give them plenty of presents of the kind they like best; and to execute rigid and even-handed justice between white man and red men. And all that might be easy were the arm of the law strong enough and long enough to reach into those remote regions where the whites encroach on the Indian hunting grounds. Unhappily irremediable mischief is often done before authority comes up to assert itself; and as yet experience has by no means demonstrated the invariable practicability of turning races of roving hunters into plodding tillers of the soil."

If the legitimate purpose of a review be to supersede the book of which it treats, and not, as we hold, to stimulate the reader to a perusal by indicating the nature and degree of instruction and gratification to be derived from it, the *Saturday Review* must be accorded the palm of success in the case of "The Great Divide." It devotes to Lord Dunraven an article which is simply monumental; it buries him in heavy masonry of literary bricks and mortar, and locks him up behind a sheet-iron door. This is complimentary, no doubt, but it is hardly judicious kindness. A singularly light-handed and vivid writer, with a natural ambition to be read, is likely to regard his "analysis" with as little complacency as Paul Dombey did. Only such readers as nothing can daunt when travel-lore is in question, would be sent to the book by the review in the *Saturday*. Lord Dunraven describes a canoe voyage and rapid-shooting as briskly and exultingly as Count Goblet d'Alviella, and his chapter on the Geysers, or "Hot Springs,

on Gardiner's River," reminds us of Mr. Domett's New Zealand poem, *Ranulf and Amohia*. There is nothing strained in the book, nor the least touch of affectation; not even in that favourite form of it, the assumption of coldness and composure in the presence of objects which ought to dispel both; but when the traveller is roused to enthusiasm, he frankly gives vent to it. In a fine description of the "magical mental effects" which the study of the stupendous cañon and the amazing waterfalls of "Wonderland" produced upon him, we trace a harmony with the memorable passage in Mr. Andrew Wilson's "Abode of Snow," which tells of his meditations under the infinitely multitudinous stars, when he found himself traversing in solitude the awful mountain passes which form the backbone of the Eastern world. Interesting and engrossing as are Lord Dunraven's descriptions of the places which he visited, we think his sketch of the region which he saw only in his mind's eye, is the real gem of the book. Ever since Mr. Bell recorded the wonderful story of the passage of the Great Cañon of the Colorado, with its revelations and explanations of some of the previously closely-kept secrets of nature, those dark hidden waters enclosed in their prison of rugged rock walls, have had a fascination for us, and it seems that Lord Dunraven has felt it too. The voyage on the Green River and the Colorado, to Arizona and the Mexican border, is an entirely delightful expedition, though it is made thus:—

"I sat upon the rocky summit of Mount Washburne, and without moving, surveyed with my outward eyes the springs of these great rivers, and with my inward vision followed them in their long journeyings from their sources to the sea. It is pleasant thus to gaze out upon the world from some lofty 'standpoint;' to hold, as it were, in the hollow of one's hand, the lives and destinies of great rivers; to stretch out and to grasp threads which, unwinding their interminable length, lead one through so many countries, and peoples, and climates. It seems to expand the mind; it conducts one by easy pathways down long lanes of thought, penetrating far into the future of nations, and opens out broad vistas of contemplation, through which glimpses of what may be, are dimly discussed. The outlook from such a commanding point elevates the mind, and the soul is elated by the immensity of Nature. An impression of man's superiority over all other works of the Creator asserts itself, and the world seems to lie subject at one's feet."

Some years ago, Professor James Orton of Poughkeepsie,

in his "Andes, and Valley of the Amazons," described the hovering of the great Peruvian condor, with extended swaying wings, over the summit of Chimborazo, with an outlook of ten thousand miles of marvel for his piercing eyes. A somewhat similar vision is conjured up by Lord Dunraven. "The Great Divide" is full of fun as well as of feeling and information. The writer hits off character-sketches very neatly. We are surprised at his surprise at the effect of steady hard-swearing on the horses of "Wonderland;" for it is difficult to believe that he can be unacquainted with Mr. Clarence King's gravely humorous treatise on the subject in his "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada;" and his story of the one particular form of adjuration which invariably provoked the mules to frantic exertions.

The *Times* makes bold to conjecture that the knowledge of Caucasia and of its inhabitants of which the general reading public could boast, was not extensive, "until Mr. Grove enlightened them, after an exceedingly pleasant fashion, in his "Frosty Caucasus." The leading journal might have put its suggestion a good deal more strongly without hurting the feelings of the public, to whom, we should say, Caucasia is an incomprehensible place, where the names are harder than anywhere else in the world, except in those regions which nobody but Mr. Palgrave and Arminius Vambéry know anything about. It is all very well for the *Times* to "owe Horace a grudge for teaching us to associate the idea of inhospitality with the entire chain," and to feel aggrieved with its "friend Herodotus," because he "dismisses the men of Caucasia as a motley aggregate of savage tribes, living on wild fruits, tattooing their persons, and free from every trace of false modesty," but the public are not on such intimate terms with Horace and Herodotus. For the latter, indeed, there is something to be said, for even Caucasia may have progressed since his time; and we have heard, nearer home, of noble savages who ran wild in wood, and likewise woad. We incline to believe that the general reader will thankfully regard Mr. Grove as the inventor, or discoverer (to him) of the Caucasus, in the sense of a comprehensible and interesting subject. The unanimity of the critics respecting the merits of the book is remarkable, indeed almost tame, though the *Saturday Review* cannot lend its sanction to Mr. Grove's translation of "Elbruz" into "Snow Mountain," or find

space to discuss the boundary between Europe and Asia, to which question Mr. Grove contributes some pertinent remarks. It quotes four lines from Hesiod, but lets off Herodotus, and favours Mr. Grove generally with its *imprimatur* with, perhaps, less than its accustomed air of knowing much more about the matter of the book than the man who has studied it on the spot. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, not having Caucasia off by heart, is more genial and grateful, though evidently unprepared for a well-written book by a climber. Shall we admit that we experienced a similar sentiment, and that Alpine literature strikes us generally as dull? "Doubtless," says the *Pall Mall*, when assuring people who do not want to ascend mountains, that they will find this book pleasant to read, "the elect will find in its descriptions of pass, and peak, and glacier, or in its detailed comparison between the scenery of the Alps and of the Caucasus, many things that appeal more specifically to their larger knowledge, but the book has nothing esoteric about it." It is, in fact, an exceedingly amusing narrative, and full of character, though it is to a certain extent revolutionary. It exalts Minghi Tau (Elbruz) over Mont Blanc in all the more delightful qualities of a mountain, and the author succeeds in conveying a grand sense of its beauty and sublimity by a wise distrust of word-painting, and the adoption of a severe simplicity of style. The book affords double pleasure, by the facts which it tells, and the way in which they are told. It inspires us with profound respect for the Caucasian mountains, and a certain liking for the Caucasian tribes—where they are Mahometans—the Mingrelian and Suenetian "Christians" seem to demand extirpation, in the interests of humanity, though we should except from that righteous doom the Mingrelian prince, "singularly handsome, standing some six feet three, a very splendid looking creature in the beautiful Caucasian dress," who solemnly executed a dignified dance on the deck of a steamer at Kertch, to the music of Georgian pipes, before the eyes of a Russian beauty, the disdainful object of his affections. Mr. Grove has a singular faculty for making his readers feel acquainted with the people whom he introduces, and an almost Biblical felicity in comparisons and definitions. He grieves us, however, by his wholesale condemnation of the Caucasian dogs. Not a good word has he to throw to one of them; indeed, there seems to have existed between him and

them an irreconcilable enmity. The book is handled with gravely critical judgment by the *Academy* whose review is the best, in the sense of defining the addition which Mr. Grove's work makes to the previous knowledge of the Caucasus of those persons who are fortunate enough to possess any. Up to 1868, the *Academy* tells us, English ideas of the Caucasian chain had been somewhat hazy, and "even in respectable dictionaries of geography the existence of glaciers upon it was gravely questioned, and Kotchau Tau and Dych Tau were, beyond Germany, unknown mountains. The examination, made in 1868, of the great central group ruled over by these noble summits, had been but partial. Its eastern and southern flanks had been sketched from the Stuleveesk Pass and Svanetia, but of the western side of the triangle little was known." From this melancholy state of things we have been rescued by the exertions of the English party of 1874, which are acknowledged with the slightly pompous gravity characteristic of the *Academy*, which, "though glad generally to follow Mr. Grove," regrets to be unable to do so in one particular, in which the *Times* did not catch him tripping, nor did the *Saturday Review* which is, perhaps, more remarkable. "'Suenetia,'" says the *Academy*, "is surely wrong. 'Svania' would be the most correct English equivalent for the native name, but, obeying Russian precedent, 'Svanetia' is perhaps the best form to adopt." The *Academy* declines to pronounce on the meaning of "Elbruz," but, like the *Saturday* sanctions Mr. Grove's opinion that the word has been derived from Persian sources by the Russians. Says the reviewer:

"Two portions of the chain were known as Elbruz to the Persians. a group in Daghestan and the mountains east of Georgia. The 'Chat Elbruz' (Schebulos?) of Daghestan is introduced in a poem of Lermontof as reproaching Kasbek with having bowed to the Russian yoke. According to the veracious Alexandre Dumas it is the last retreat, not only of the discomfited mountaineer, but also of the roc of the *Arabian Nights*. Possibly the Valley of Diamonds was only a poetical name for one of its sparkling ice-fields."

The latter is a pretty conceit, and a probable one, and we know that the Caucasian eagle is a mighty creature, from whom the poet may have evolved the winged liberator of Sinbad from his gem-strewn prison. The "*Academy*" should, however, never joke; to do it justice it rarely errs in

that direction, but keeps to its rôle of severely useful information with steadiness equal to that with which the Misses Pecksniff displayed their respective characteristics. We think of Charity misfitted with the "playfulness and kittenish buoyancy" of Mercy when we find the *Academy* dealing in the following sentences :—

"In some things Mr. Grove has not done his duty, and I fear he will suffer for it. In the first place he supplies no preface for idle critics to paraphrase. Then he has not weighted his book with valuable reflections on the political future and commercial development of the country, such as modern travellers, after a six weeks' tour, usually find themselves able to offer with confidence. As a rule, he has avoided generalizations, and restricted himself to the facts and incidents of his own travels."

Such forced humorousness needs labelling, after the fashion of Artemus Ward, "This is sarkasum." Here is an extract from the book, which epitomizes the writer's feelings when his object was obtained, and is an excellent example of the literary style of "The Frosty Caucasus" :—

"The day was perfectly clear. There was no cloud in the sky, nor any haze on the horizon; and I think man could hardly desire or hope for a more glorious sight than that which we gazed on from the crest of the great mountain. The view was even grander and more beautiful than I had expected, and greatly surpassed anything I had ever looked on in the course of many years' wandering in the high Alps. But it was not merely the variety and beauty of the glorious spectacle which were impressive. Standing there close to the boundary between Asia and Europe, came the thought of the ancient but fast declining races on the one hand, and, on the other, of that mighty country as yet in its youth, whose huge future power for good or evil is now but beginning to be recognized by men. Then, as if in mockery of the vanity of all things human, there were the ashes of the dead volcano strewn around, to tell of vast cycles of time compared with which even those great periods which mark the rise and fall of empires are but as the running of the sands in an hour-glass,"

By a transition as abrupt and striking as that in William Howitt's poem, "Northern and Southern Seas," we pass, in Mr. Boddam Whetham's company, to the Pacific Islands, our point of departure being San Francisco; which we are grateful to the author for leaving undescribed. A couple of years' conspiracy of silence among travellers about the Golden Gate, the Sacramento Valley, Los Angeles, the lions, and the big trees, would be very acceptable. Mr. Whetham pops us

promptly down at Honolulu, introduces us briefly to the beautiful scene and the delicious climate, and then carries us off to the funeral of King Lunalilo and the election of his successor. On the latter occasion, Queen Emma, who visited England some years ago, and was lionized in the sort of society which Thackeray described under the similitude of the Countess of Southdown and her set—was a defeated candidate. The funeral was a riotous performance:—on such occasions the Hawaiians are apt to lapse into savagery;—and the election was very like Eatanswill. American writers have almost exhausted the Pacific Islands as topics for travel books; and Mr. Whetham's "Pearls of the Pacific" does not contain anything which we have not learned from them, and from the "Earl of Pembroke"; but it is so pleasantly written that we read it with pleasure, despite its want of novelty. The author gives an interesting account of the leper island of Molokai, and states that when at Fiji, he was shown an extract from some book, which contained a prescription for the cure of leprosy, of which the Inspector of Lepers at Honolulu had never heard. The following is the remedy:—

"The *sinu gagas*, or poison *sinu*, is found in mangrove swamps, or on high ground just above high-water mark, sixty feet high, a glossy foliage, oblong leaves, and small green flowers, in catkins. When the tree is wounded, a lot of white, milky juice flows out, which burns the skin. It is analogous to the Manchineel-tree (*Mansanillo*) of South America. It is an almost certain cure for leprosy. The leper is rubbed with green leaves, and buried in them. A small fire is then kindled, and a few pieces of the wood laid on. As soon as a thick black smoke arises, the leper is bound hand and foot, a rope is fastened to his heels, by means of which he is drawn up over the fire, so that his head is about fifteen inches from the ground, in the midst of the poisonous smoke. The door of the house is then closed, and the sufferer allowed to remain alone for hours. When he is sufficiently smoked, the fire is removed, the slime scraped from his body, and deep gashes cut in the skin, until blood flows freely. The leper is then taken down and laid in mats to recover or die. The agony is dreadful; but the cure is generally complete."

If such a process were prescribed for any other conceivable disease, it would probably be a case of "preferring the gout"; but this will, no doubt, be thankfully adopted in the beautiful islands, where physical life reaches the utmost perfection of ease and enjoyment, and sounds the lowest depths of pain and degradation. The author is closely observant of birds and

beasts, and has much to tell us of the former. The fine *didunculus* (its native name is "manu mea") now at the Zoological Gardens, is his gift to that institution. It is a small bird, but nearly approximates in all its characteristics to the extinct dodo. The natives say that this bird, which used to feed on the ground, now prefers the tops of the highest trees, and roosts and builds higher than of yore. The book is full of pretty pictures, but they are all of native life. The white man in the Southern seas is a failure, and the native regards him with scorn. Here is a characteristic passage :—

"To the brown barbarian, a monotonous existence is bliss, and he passes his days lolling about under the orange and banana-trees, and among cocoa-nut groves, which reach along the sea-shore as far as the eye can wander. Life to him is a feast, and as he possesses a stomach that can digest anything, from a shark to a wild hog, he naturally is never troubled with the question of getting something good to eat, which is a point of much importance to a European in the Southern Seas, in spite of the bounties with which Nature has loaded so many of the islands. A nice, fresh-baked bread-fruit, with a slice or two of raw fish, and orange-sauce, forms a simple native dish, and can always be obtained ; but a white man tires of such delicacies, and requires something more substantial."

Samoa is the fairest of the " Pearls of the Pacific," but they are all beautiful ; and Mr. Whetham has strung them together tastefully, if slightly. This is the most amusing personal anecdote in the book. It befel at Honolulu :—

"We had ridden out of town some distance, and we came to a lagoon, in which we espied two turtles, a large and a small one. Such a prize was not to be overlooked, so we dismounted, tied our horses up, and waded into the water, which was only about three feet deep, but very muddy. We had to make a long circuit, so as to prevent the creatures from escaping in the high reeds on the far side ; but we eventually brought them to shore, driving them, like pigs, in front of us. A native undertook to carry them in his cart to the hotel, and for some days after we lived on turtle. Shortly afterwards we heard that two pet turtles belonging to the King, which had been put to fatten for the royal table in a lagoon outside the town, had been missed. We caught no more turtles at Honolulu."

Only moderate notice has been taken of " Pearls of the Pacific" by the press. Faint praise and numerous extracts form the general features of the reviews, and naturally, for we have been a good deal overdone with Pacific travel of late, and

Fiji, whither Mr. Whetham finally takes us, prior to the annexation, has become tiresome.

"Considering," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "that the Empire of Morocco possesses a certain civilization, and lies within five days' steam of England, we know wonderfully little about it." This is not so surprising, however, when we sum up the evidence which travellers in that empire give us concerning it, for it all tends to establish its inaccessibility, and the uncertainty of its civilization when appealed to by foreign Christians. Miss Perrier's flippant and unpleasant book made us acquainted with Tangiers, and certain phases of life among the governing individuals of the country, which were more instructive than edifying; but it had as much relation to the real internal condition of the country as the French tourists' books about Algiers have to the real Arab territory and economy. Dr. Rohlf's valuable work was so ill translated as to be deterrent to all but very determined readers, who found themselves rewarded for their patience, by a great deal of authentic and curious information, which the German traveller obtained by adopting the Mohammedan religion, and condescending to the practice of a good deal of "hokey-pokey" in the medical line. Nor is his narrative free from an agreeable flavour of danger, in spite of his concessions to Moorish prejudices. Dr. Leared, whose "*Morocco and the Moors*" is the latest contribution to literature on those subjects, did not renounce Christianity, though he and his companion, a merchant resident at Mogador, wore native attire; and if he tells us little about the physical aspect of the country, he seems to have fairly investigated its commercial and social condition. It must be almost provoking to an author to be so admirably reviewed as Dr. Leared has been by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Every point on which his book is in advance of previous knowledge of its subject is so neatly put that a reader of the review will hardly be tempted to go to the book, unless he has an ardent taste for personal adventure and for anecdote. Dr. Leared's narrative has a fair seasoning of both, though his escapes are not so hair's breadth as Rohlf's, and there is nothing so funny among his stories as the Mussulman's rebuke to the German convert, when he walked up and down instead of sitting with his legs crossed, and his friend said to him, gravely, "Why do you go about like a wild beast? It is not good manners." Rohlf assumed the correct attitude imme-

diately, but in an access of mistaken zeal, crossed his hands as well as his feet. "Look at him," said the mentor, who did not believe in converts, "he is actually saying his accursed prayers!" Dr. Leared extracted a great deal of information from naturalized Jews, and most of it is calculated to make us regard Morocco as a country to be lived out of, by all but consumptive Europeans, with constancy and thankfulness. He has not been so appreciatively reviewed by any of the journals as by the *Pall Mall*, which puts the question of what the English "call" to Morocco is, and sketches the chance of the foreigners in the following passage—one of the neatest specimens of condensation which we have seen:—

"Were Morocco better governed it might be a wealthy country, although unfavourably situated for commerce. It is true it has a great extent of coast-line, but its harbours on the Atlantic are unsheltered roadsteads made inaccessible by the surf in stormy weather. There is tolerable anchorage at Tangiers as it is, and there would be no difficulty in restoring the harbour works constructed and subsequently destroyed by the English when they abandoned the place towards the end of the seventeenth century. But at Casa Blanca, Azamoor, and Saffi, the steamer is often unable to touch, and has to carry on the cargo consigned to these places on the chance of being able to deliver it on the return voyage. Sailing vessels loading or discharging are helpless if surprised by storms from the westward; nor is the present amount of trade sufficient to repay the expenditure necessary to turn roadsteads into harbours. The articles in which the greatest business is done are maize, oil, hides, fruits, &c. The Government has prohibited the export of the staple cereals—wheat and barley—since the priests chose to attribute famines to supplying the means of existence to infidels. At present there seems to be no opening for English capital in Morocco, unless for those who trade in the ports under the wing of the Consulates. Scientific farming would, of course, yield enormous returns on fertile plains admirably adapted for the steam plough. The peasants grow magnificent crops by merely scratching the ground with a pointed log, and harrowing with a bush weighted with stones. But any foreigner would infallibly fall a victim to the success of his enterprises, for, although the Moors are generally lazy enough, they have all the dislike of savages for machinery. The day appears to be remote when they shall voluntarily welcome strangers to Morocco; and, what with its harbourless coasts, its mountain ranges, and its warlike races, and in the absence of anything behind it in the way of tempting territory, it is unlikely that any country will undertake such a military mission as France very prudently withdrew from."

Dr. Leared's work, like every other book that we have read of which Morocco is the subject, is lacking in picturesqueness. Does the poetic and mysterious charm of the East

include only Egypt, of all the African continent, in its fascination? The *Athenæum* complains, with justice, that "the country is dismissed," by Dr. Leared, "in a couple of pages," but we have gathered from other sources a notion of its monotony which leads us to believe that the author found nothing more to say of it. If the *Athenæum* be right in deprecating the accuracy of Dr. Leared's hard and fast distinction between the Moors and the Arabs—the first being defined as "essentially townsmen," and the latter as "agriculturists"—then most of the French writers on the contiguous countries, Algeria and Morocco, are also wrong in their classification. "The northern Berbers," says the *Athenæum*, "excel as cattle-breeders, and not as husbandmen." We think this is hypercritical. Surely, many writers would include cattle-breeding among agricultural pursuits, without a notion of inaccuracy. Dr. Leared's book has the indirect effect of increasing our appreciation of Rohlf's courage and success, for though the author only saw the coast-towns, and passed one week in the capital, he was exposed to insult and danger, and had ample experience of the fierce fanaticism of the Moors.

We are amply supplied with books of travel in the real East, and some of them are well worth reading. May we venture to observe that the learned critics of literature of this kind do their very best to distress and distract the general reader—who would, no doubt, be learned, too, if he could, but in the meantime would like to enjoy his book—by their incessant carping and fault-finding about the spelling of oriental names by travellers. Does it matter so very much, after all? Scholars are not harmed by the travellers' mistakes—have they not indeed the gently-stimulating satisfaction of finding them out?—and to the multitude of readers, one way of spelling the names of places which they have to trace upon maps, and picture with the mind's eye, is just the same as another. The reviewers have been scolding everybody all round so heartily on this point of late, and especially when the theme has been India, that it is quite a relief to find the "Lady Pioneer," who crossed the Indian Alps, and wrote and illustrated a narrative of the exploit, reviewed without any reflections on her orthography. Dr. Bellew is hard hit on the point, and we certainly have seen many of the hard words in his "Kashmir and Kashgar" spelt otherwise than as he spells them. However, as he is the author of a grammar and a dictionary of at least one Indian

language, Dr. Bellew is probably right. The "Lady Pioneer" is an entertaining writer. She has accomplished a feat of travel which no lady had previously attempted, and, as the *Academy* reminds us, few men since Dr. Hooker have achieved; but she is less occupied with the exploit than with its results. She regards the journey rather in the spirit of an artist than in that of a mountaineer; and she possesses a sense of humour which enlivens her narrative, and must have helped, as much as her courage, to lighten the responsibility of the two gentlemen who were her fellow-travellers. The *Athenæum* calls the book "gossipy," but only after it has been led into such unusual commendation that something of a corrective kind is required. Why the reviewer should describe the narrative as "an artless, though spirited, account of mountain travels," we do not understand, for we fail to perceive the antithesis between artlessness and spirit; and if he means by artlessness the absence of literary skill, we beg to dissent from his judgment. The book is so well written that though the impression given is that it is the author's first, we hesitate to accept that impression, taught by our long experience how very rarely any one whose destiny it is to write at all, waits until he or she can do it skilfully. The way in which the author manages her anecdotes is suggestive of anything but a 'prentice hand. They come in just where they are fitting and effective; they are placed as dexterously as the touches in the charming drawings with which her book is illustrated; they lighten the narrative, and are admirably told. We all know the tasteless and unskilful style of anecdote-telling, in which the contents of a note-book are tumbled into the text anyhow, and the effect reminds us of the one-sided lump of half cooked currants in the recesses of an ill-made rice-pudding. The "Lady Pioneer" started from Darjeeling on her mountaineering expedition, but she tells us a great deal about Indian travel before she reaches the health-giving hill-station, which is one of the least-described parts of British India. We have had an opportunity of comparing the writer's description with certain unpublished letters written by an English officer from the sanatorium some years ago, when it was even more difficult of access than it is now, and before the railway, which will soon bring Darjeeling under the ordinary conditions of civilized travelling, was thought of; and the enthusiasm for the view of the snowy range, and the grand heights

above the station, is equal in both. Simla is not to be compared with Darjeeling ; only it is easier to get at, though farther from Calcutta, and the rainy season is shorter. A most enviable expedition was this one to the regions of perpetual snow, to the Kinchinjunga group—the highest mountains in the world and “much more imposing and picturesque than even the Western Himalayas.” The strangeness of it, the interest, the growing wonder and solemnity, come out under the author’s pen, and in her admirable drawings, of which ten are large coloured illustrations, and the remainder a number of vignettes. To look at them is to get a notion of what Ruskin means when he writes about mountains. The author says in her Preface : “In asking an indulgent judgment of the drawings from which the chromo-lithographs and woodcuts have been executed, I may mention that they were painted in almost every instance with frozen fingers, the smaller sketches being often scratched hastily on letter-paper, as I sat sometimes on a port-manteau, and sometimes on a tent-peg.” The *Athenæum* says : “And not only to travel, but to paint in the snow, with numbed fingers, at an altitude about the top of Mont Blanc, with wild snowstorms booming up the gorges, and still more terrible avalanches hanging overhead, was indeed a task to undertake ! Art, pursued with such bravery, merits no scorn.” We should think not ; nay, even, that it merits mention in a style less distinguished by “a nice derangement of epitaphs” than that of the sentence just quoted. The *Saturday Review* is cumbrous in its comments upon “The Indian Alps,” and more awake to the necessity for instructing its readers in the history of Darjeeling, which “is only briefly referred to in this work,” than to the picturesque and gracefully-told story ; but the review gives an excellent summary of the material portion of the expedition, and praises the good sense which led to its ultimate aim being abandoned, under the following circumstances :

“We make out from the map that, after a short excursion into Bhootan, the author and her companions retraced their steps, and followed the Singaleela range of hills, attaining sometimes to an altitude of more than twelve thousand feet. From this they had intended to cross to a place called Yangpoong, which lay to the right of their course. ! But, owing either to the jealousy of the native chief or to the incompetency and faithlessness of the guide, or to all three united, they failed in this object altogether. Instead of finding themselves in a nice oasis of green pastures, they went on falling into ice-holes

chilled with the mist, and exhausted by the rarefaction of the air, until, with sinking hearts and diminished supplies, they found themselves miles away from their point, ascending a field of perpetual snow, at an elevation of seventeen thousand feet, just under a huge and forbidding giant known as Junnoo. It was very soon evident that to toil on with Asiatics, the best of whom, at a pinch, was below the standard of pluck displayed by the youngest inmate of the "Goliath," a bewildered guide, and an empty larder, was a hopeless task, and one which might have resulted in a terrible calamity. And we give the writer all the credit for jumping with womanly quickness, at the conclusion that the only thing to be done was to 'return at once.' And so they did. Their hardships in the retreat, the cold and wretchedness, the sinking from delayed hopes down to the depth of despair, the shifts to which they were driven, the doles of rum and brandy and dry biscuits served out to the fainting Coolies who lay down by the side of the path, and the quiet determination of the three white faces, are all effectively told."

No doubt this remarkable book will meet with hearty recognition from the press generally, but too late for record of its judgment here, except in the above instances.

We are already indebted to Dr. Bellew for a good deal of information about Affghanistan; and his "Kashmir and Kashgar," though undeniably dry reading, is reassuring to persons who are susceptible of being scared by the invasion-spectre threat to our Indian empire. A more tranquillizing picture than he draws of the dangers and difficulties of the Pass of Sanju, the last of those crossed before descending into the plains of Eastern Turkestan, cannot be imagined, and it derives additional force from the detestability of the climate. Dr. Bellew's book has no grace of style to recommend it; but it is a valuable *résumé* of facts, and contains a good deal that is interesting to the lovers of natural history. The Atalik Ghazi was for a while almost as romantic a person to the fancy of English people as King Theodore, while that potentate retained his name and his place, and Abyssinia was not yet the lair of a dead lion; but mystery and romance linger no longer even among the Lamas of Tibet, and Dr. Bellew takes a very ordinary, not to say degrading view of the Atalik Ghazi, or, as he is now styled, Amir Yakub Khan, of Kashgar, who was once an officer in the service of the Khan of Khokand (Dr. Bellew spells it with a c), and who carved out a kingdom for himself on the ruins of a former Chinese dependency. To this potentate went, in 1873, the mission under Mr. Forsyth from the Indian Government, of whose proceedings Dr. Bellew's book is "a plain account." The author is not much impressed

by the genius or other qualities of the Amir, who was for a while admired and talked about in England, very much as the Mikado was admired and talked about in France, when Japan laid a hold upon the imagination of the "great nation," such as no foreign country could previously boast of obtaining. Dr. Bellew gives a lengthy and minute description of the Amir's personal appearance, but concludes by declaring his belief that "the set of the features is the result of studied gravity and reserve," and, indeed, conveys throughout the notion that the Amir is an actor and humbug, no more estimable than any ordinary Asiatic despot.

"The studied simplicity and grave solemnity, coupled with the awful silence pervading the precincts of the court, stamp the character of the strict discipline maintained. There is no sign of confidence or affection anywhere. The expression of fear and self-interest is everywhere. There is no recognized system of rule. The despot's will is the law. His own people, as well as his subjects, think, and speak, and act, with an ever-present conviction that any moment may plunge them into calamity; and they live a life of resignation and servility. . . . The loyalty which the Amir extorts is that of fear, not of good-will, and its homage is exacted with a jealousy apparent in the most trivial matters, as we observed in many instances that came to our notice during our stay in the country. He trusts nobody, and is in return trusted by nobody. Profound secrecy, an imperious will, the caprice of which no man can foretell, are the principles of his rule, and whatever may be their merit, they are not without their burden, of which mistrust of his own exactness is not the least onerous." (The author's style leaves much to be desired.) "How far these conditions may be the growth of the peculiar circumstances of his position, it is not easy to determine, but of their existence there is not a doubt, and of their novelty in the government of the country there is no lack of evidence amongst the conquered people. The government is said to be formed on the model of that of Khocand, and the court titles and dignities are all adopted from that principality, where, some half century ago, Mohammed Ali Khan revived the system of the Mughal Emperor in the court he there established."

This dispersion of English notions about the Amir is hailed with enthusiasm by the *Examiner*, but the *Academy* does not think that the balance of evidence bears out Dr. Bellew's view of the common-place despotism of the Amir, and the author admits that under Yakub's rule violent crime has been almost banished from the country. The reviewer in the *Academy* says—

"The Amir has within ten years not only welded into a single state the various scattered dependencies where all was anarchy and confusion after the revolt from China, but has also reduced to obedience the

surrounding tribes of nomads, whom the Chinese, as Captain Trotter points out, were content to hold in check by a system of frontier forts. According to this officer the inhabitants of the border districts, if not the peasantry generally, distinctly prefer the new rule. No doubt it has been established with an iron hand—*on ne fait pas une omelette sans casser des œufs*—and time also is needed to develop its advantages. At first there must be many aggrieved and discontented. The Mohammedan yoke, too, is probably galling to those accustomed to a laxer system. Dr. Bellew, perhaps, even underrates this source of offence, for we doubt whether Islam was ever as deeply rooted among the people as he supposes. It is true it was imposed on them in the eleventh century, but even in Bokhara it had not taken complete hold in the rural districts for a century later than this, nor was it firmly rooted in Eastern Turkestan before the fifteenth century. When, therefore, we remember the long continuance of the more liberal system of Chengiz, and the Dzungar and Chinese supremacy of the last two centuries, the period of strictly Mohammedan rule is comparatively short."

Even when its result is disappointing, there is always something interesting in a glimpse of the remote and mysterious lives of the rulers and the people of the far East. Since Mr. Andrew Wilson, in his "Abode of Snow," specially introduced the Yak to public notice, that strange animal, as indispensable to Thibet as the alpaca and the guanaco to Lima and Peru, has become interesting. Dr. Bellew tells us a good deal about him, in his capacity as a pioneer over the snow-covered glaciers. He also makes frequent mention of the wild horses which abound in the vast plains. He gives a remarkable account of the suffering caused by the great elevation of several passes, and its alleviation by the use of chlorate of potash. He says of the Caracorom Pass:—

"The elevation is 18,300 feet, and affected our men and cattle severely. Several of the former tumbled off their ponies from the giddiness produced, and some fainted. Two of our baggage ponies died on the pass, and two others soon after reaching camp. Previous to leaving Leh all the loads had been weighed and reduced to an uniform scale of 160 pounds for each animal; this had been wisely fixed as the limit of their burthen, and the drivers were mounted on other cattle. Even with these light loads our hired cattle laboured greatly and moved slowly, and the mules of our fixed establishment, though led over unladen, suffered from the cold and elevation. My own horse, a strong Kabul galloway, though choosing his own pace, showed signs of great distress. His whole body shook under me from the violent action of his heart, and he swayed so unsteadily from side to side that I dismounted through fear that he would roll down the hill with me."

Nobody but Mr. George Augustus Sala, who did it recently in one of his paragraphs in the "Illustrated London News," would venture to quote the venerable fable of the galley slave and Guicciardini, but one must be reminded of it when one opens the first of the two big volumes which "An Officer, late of the Ceylon Rifles," has put forth under the oppressive title, "Ceylon, a General Description of the Island, Historical, Physical, Statistical, containing the most recent Information." The book is a nightmare in print. How any man can have put together such a mass of unreadable matter is a subject of wonder. The ponderousness of it is only equalled by the muddle of it, and it is equally pretentious and ungrammatical. In the latter respect it offends so often and so gravely that one is disposed to blame the "reader" who did not suggest alterations by queries on the margin of such a sentence as the following :—

"The aborigines of Borneo still possess a love for human heads, which are dried and hung up in rows before their houses. They believe in a future state; the owner of a head will have the former possessor of it as a slave, and consequently never loses an opportunity of securing them, making war against other tribes for this purpose. Among them, also, a man cannot marry until he has become proprietor of some person's head."

The Officer, late of the Ceylon Rifles, has odd notions of the art of punctuation. He scatters semi-colons, in particular, over his pages as Dick Swiveller scattered repentant tears out of the pepper-castor over his letters to his aunt Rebecca, and employs those useful signs, the dash and the parenthesis, after a fashion so original, that we are led to conclude he joined the Ceylon Rifles at a period anterior to competitive examinations. Everything in the book which is ever so slightly interesting or instructive, is paraphrased from Sir Emerson Tennent's famous works on Ceylon, and, in the hands of this clumsy artificer, a paraphrase is like Mr. Pecksniff's adaptation of Martin Chuzzlewit's design for the Grammar School. "He has put in two windows, the villain, and spoiled it!" exclaimed Martin, when he beheld the work of the "distinguished architect." That is precisely what the author of this preposterous book has done. Everything he has added to Tennent is an impertinence; and his book is a bore of the first magnitude.

The *Athenæum* is reluctant to condemn a work which

has cost its author so much time and trouble, but it is only fair to that discerning journal to admit that it tramples on its own feelings and those of the writer with unfaltering courage, in a review which is not more severe than is deserved by a book of which the reviewer justly remarks, "it is difficult to understand how it ever came to be written."

"The author's own reason, as stated in his preface," says the "Athenæum," "is that the theory of Ceylon and Sumatra having once been united is discussed by Tennent, not in his 'Ceylon,' but in another work; but in his 'recent speculations' on the former existence of a south-eastern continent, of which Ceylon was a part, 'necessitates . . . a new work on the island.' When, however, we find that these speculations are dismissed in one very short chapter out of fifty-four, the motive appears extraordinarily inadequate. It is true that 'other reasons' are hinted at, but they are not specified, and we have failed to discover them. Our author has made use of a good many recent articles on Ceylon in scientific journals, but on a great many subjects it is surprising how little information is given which is not to be found in Tennent. The only subjects which appear to be treated with anything like freedom are the botany and natural history of the island, but whether this is due to original and independent research on the author's part or not we do not venture to say, lest some depths of compilation yet unfathomed should reveal themselves. As the title-page speaks of 'the most recent information,' we naturally expected to find a full account of the many important government measures which have been carried out since Tennent's book was published. We have been disappointed. Thirteen lines are devoted to military establishments, and *seventeen* to education; while the important question of the revenue and the mode of raising it is actually disposed of in less than two pages (i. pp. 366—368). Our author tells us how the natives wash their hair, and brings both Herodotus and Albirûni to bear on the thrilling question of the height of the combs worn by the Sinhalese; but such trifles as the tenure of land, Sir W. Gregory's legislation against the increase of the liquor traffic, the Temple-Lands Commission, the registration of titles, and the great Census of 1871, he apparently does not think worthy of notice. The railway from Colombo to Kandy, probably the most prosperous railway in the world, and the best legacy of Sir C. MacCarthy's rule, only receives a passing allusion.

The science displayed in this remarkable book is on a par with its literary beauties. "It is thought," says the author, "that the great Southern Archipelago, supposed to have existed, was occupied by a black race, comprising many tribes—probably prehistoric man. As the ocean encroached on the lower lands and submerged them, there would have been a deluge, probably that of Noah, only a few escaping in

the hill districts, the progenitors of the present tribes, thus isolated from their brethren of Australia and Africa." This is the summary of the "recent speculations" above referred to. What odd people the recent speculators must be.

It rarely happens that we differ very widely from the more serious literary judgments of the "Spectator;" but we are obliged to do so with respect to Miss Gordon Cumming's cumbrous book, cumbrously entitled "From the Hebrides to the Himalayas."

It is not only that Miss Gordon Cumming is unendurably prosy, and that her prejudices are so powerful and pervading, that she is precisely one of those travellers who had better confine their impressions to their own friends or the family circle; but that she does not discriminate between that which she has read and that which she has seen, and seems to think that to serve up a big dish of *réchauffé* travel and other literature, is legitimate and praiseworthy. The result of this odd notion is an extraordinary jumble, as heterogeneous as the contents of that old-fashioned domestic repository, a rag-bag, and little more valuable. The book is a thing of shreds and patches: here a scrap of history; there a snip of archæology; now a thin frayed morsel of worn-out moralising; then a bit of flimsy piety; anon a tatter of anecdote; by and by a little wisp of learning, until one grows weary of the medley, and makes up one's mind that it is not "worth while going through so much to learn so little," as Miss Gordon Cumming, apart from what other travellers and writers, from whom she borrows without acknowledgment, has told us of the Hebrides or the Himalayas. "The World" credits this voluble lady with "a sincere desire to impart instruction," in its very clever but too indulgent appreciation of the big and drowsy book, "The World" remarks:—

"The authoress tells us she did not go to St. Kilda, and then proceeds to describe it; she tells us she did not visit the Celtic remains at Cathruish in Lewis, and then proceeds to describe them. She tells us she did not go as far as Stornoway, and then proceeds to describe that picturesque, spacious, and, according to Highland notions, cleanly town, as if it were a dirty little fishing village" (What would Mr. Black say to such poetical license?); "so that when she suddenly whips us off to Carnac, in Brittany, and speaks of the 'huge monoliths' there, one suspects that Miss Cumming never did happen to look abroad on that black plain, the stones of which, numerous as they are, but averaging three feet in height, too frequently produce a feeling of

profound disappointment in the mind of the traveller who has seen the 'huge monoliths' of other districts in Brittany."

These and many other instances of what we regard, not only as bad "form," but as bad faith, in the European portion of the contents of Miss Cumming's patchwork production, inspire us with some suspicion of the Indian portion. But we quite believe that she really did see the Taj-Mahal, for she writes of it sensibly, and without her usual thin and cautious pedantry. Some of the drawings which illustrate the book are tolerable; those in which she meddles with matters nautical are intolerable.

Whether some people travel to see, or to kill; or other people read books of travel which are concerned with seeing; or books of travel which are concerned with killing, are points of influence in respect to the general estimation of Mr. Grohman's "Tyrol and the Tyrolese: the People and the Land, in their Social, Sporting, and Mountaineering Aspects." Mr. Grohman, like his predecessor, Mr. Boner, in his "Chamois Hunting," travels rather too much to kill for our taste. The *Academy* praises him because "he does not overload his pages with the glory and beauty of the mountains," and he certainly deserves that testimony. The *Athenæum* praises him because he writes of "Tyrol," and not "The Tyrol"—a bit of purism which reminds us of Captain Burton's *per contra* indignation with the ignorant persons who talk of "Brazil" instead of "The Brazil," and of somebody who wrote several pages of denunciation of the perversity which persists in speaking of "The Mauritius." Mr. Grohman deals almost exclusively with the mountains and valleys to the east of Innsbrück, the country which lies between the Inn and the Bavarian frontier, and writes like one who knows, not with the flimsy flippancy and off-handed judgment of the ordinary tourist. He tells a story well, and does not modify the details, to say the least of it. Any reader who finds Mr. Grohman's stories of the glorious excitement and peril of chamois-hunting too tame for his taste, cannot fail to acknowledge that since Sindbad soared up from the Valley of Diamonds tied with his handy turban to a roc's leg, no more exciting "situation" than the following has been related to a more or less believing generation of readers. "An eagle's nest had been 'spotted' in a cliff 800 feet high, far away in the mountains, and Mr. Grohman determined to capture the eaglet. Seated on a stick tied to the rope, he was

lowered from a projecting ledge by a party of woodcutters, and to his surprise and pleasure found two young eagles, who were by no means pleased to see him." Then followed what the *Athenæum* justly calls an "astounding incident, which may possibly try the faith of the reader, and lead him to doubt whether Mr. Grohman is not poking fun at him."

"Detaching the stout canvas bag with which I had provided myself from my seat, I proceeded to bag one of my young prisoners. While he was yet struggling in the ample folds of the bag, which I had thrown over his head, I pinioned his formidable talons, and then unbagging him I proceeded to secure his wings and beak by means of a piece of cord. I then deposited him in the bag, which, although a good-sized one, he entirely filled out, thus excluding the idea of putting the other bird into the same receptacle. As it is a rare occurrence that two young eagles are found in one eyrie, I was unprovided with a second bag, and consequently was placed in a fix regarding the means of securing my second prisoner. After a good many ineffectual trials, I at last managed to secure him by flinging my coat over him, and then slipping a running noose over his feet, after which it was easy enough to bind and prevent him from doing any mischief. The bag containing the first bird I tied to the signal cord hanging by my side; the other I resolved to carry up in my hand, there being little danger of his hurting me, if the cords of his shackles held out against his vigorous efforts to get free.

"The first hard pull of the men at the rope nearly 200 feet over my head, which, contrary to my instructions, was made too vigorous, wrenched the pole out of my grasp, sending the latter to the bottom of the precipice, and me at a fearful pace outwards. My position was, as anybody can imagine, most dangerous. The velocity of the retrograde movement would dash me with terrible force against the solid wall of the rock. There was only one way, and that a very dubious one, of saving myself. Fortunately my presence of mind did not forsake me in this critical moment, and I grasped at this only chance of preserving my life and limbs. Tilting the upper part of my body backward and my legs forward, I awaited the dreaded shock, taking, of course, the chance of my striking the rock feet foremost as the only way of saving myself. The retrograde movement of the pendulum, to which my weight supplied the velocity, set in, and a second afterwards I was saved, having struck the rock with my feet, which, well protected as they were by my immensely heavy iron-shod shoes, were the only part of my body which could have effectually resisted the shock. The only bad result of the contact with the rock was a paralyzed feeling in my legs, and a prickling sensation in my back and loins."

But the block which kept the rope from the sharp edge of the rock had fallen, and two or three hours elapsed before another could be chopped from a distant tree. All this time

Mr. Grohman sat dangling over the tremendous precipice. A thunderstorm came on, and drenched him to the skin, and he was in the constant dread of the return of the parent eagles. At length, just before nightfall, he was hauled up with his capture, to the ledge of safety.

No distrustful doubt crosses the trusting mind or disturbs the guileless simplicity of the *Saturday* reviewer. He accepts Mr. Grohman, precipices, chamois, eaglets, and all, even the stalwart maidens who swing up their partners in the dance by the arms, and hold them "suspended in the air, while their feet beat time on the ceiling"—surely, one of the oddest gymnastic performances on record—and the easily-appeased son of Tyrol who, in Mr. Grohman's presence, thrust back into its socket the eyeball which his opponent had just gouged out, and re-seated himself at table with the operator. The author is a great admirer of the Tyrolese, but he does not inspire us with sentiments of regard or admiration for them. We gather from his readable book that the dwellers in the romantic and beautiful country which they so little deserve, are truculent, bloodthirsty, and brutal in no ordinary degree. It must be said for him that he tells climbing stories well, and that he conveys an impression of being a thoroughly good-natured, cheerful, and accommodating traveller, unprejudiced and impartial. He tells terrible tales of smuggling and poaching frays, but he is as friendly to the Bavarian keepers as to the Tyrolese poachers, and evokes our sympathies for both.

Among recently-published books of some mark, Mr. Lamont's "Yachting in the Arctic Seas" takes a good place. It is not so interesting as his "Season with the Sea Horses," but it is pleasant reading, and in its very dogmatism and disputatiousness the individuality of the writer comes out agreeably. The reviewers have given his book a warm welcome, but they have taken very little notice of what, we suspect, he regards as one of its most important features, *i.e.*, his protest against Government expeditions. He says :

"I cannot admit the accuracy of an assertion often made, that no expedition can be conducted successfully to the Arctic regions save under naval discipline and control; for it happens to be a fact that the highest point north reached by any *ship* was that of the insignificant 'Polaris,' with a crew of thirty-two persons, belonging to six nationalities, and commanded by a civilian. Dissension among the crew was not the bar to further progress north of the explorers of Smith Sound,

of Scoresby in 1806, of the Swedish Expedition of 1872, or of Leigh Smith in 1873. In every case it was dense polar ice, or other physical conditions; whereas, on the other hand, naval discipline failed to enable the Rosses, Parrys, M'Clures, Franklins, and all the other able and energetic naval explorers in command of the numerous and well-formed Government expeditions from 1818 to 1860, to penetrate further."

The *Athenæum* disposes of this argument in a well-reasoned passage, which must, we should think, be convincing to Mr. Lamont, unless, as the writer suggests, he is prepared to assert that no such physical obstacles as stopped the civilian expeditions were encountered by the naval ones. 'The *Athenæum* turns the experience of the *Polaris*, and indeed Mr. Lamont's own, against his theory, dexterously, if not quite kindly, asking him

"Whether a Government expedition, commanded by a Ross, a Parry, a M'Clure, or a Franklin, would not have reached much farther north than the '*Polaris*' reached, and whether the requirements of naval discipline would not have prevented what occurred to Mr. Lamont himself—the shipment of the six Tronsönians, whom he declares to have been '*the hardest bargains I was ever shipmate with, and I verily believe that six lazier, dirtier, sulkier, more mutinous, and cowardly rascals never broke a biscuit.*'"

The *Saturday Review* considers Mr. Lamont's book interesting, though it is in some sense a record of failures. He intended to have forced his way northward and eastward towards Gilles Land, Franz Joseph Land, and the seas to the east of Novaya Zembla. He did not succeed, though his was not a Government expedition, and the discovery portion of his narrative amounts to little or nothing. There is too much killing in the book; but the accounts of the habits of the seal, the walrus, and the reindeer—the latter grand creatures were very ruthlessly slaughtered, in numbers out of all proportion to the wants of the crew of the *Diana*—are interesting, and we agree with the *Saturday* that Mr. Lamont "has turned the achievements of predecessors and contemporaries to good literary purpose, and that his book is interspersed with much useful geographical information."

We find a good deal of information about reindeer conveyed in a pleasanter way—with not so many bullets wrapped up in it—in a volume called "A Summer in Norway," written by John Dean Eaton, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, U.S.A. This is a pleasant book, though hardly at all novel to

English readers, to whom the fjelds and the fjords of Norway are much more familiar than the broads of Norfolk. Who has forgotten the first reading of Miss Martineau's "Feats on the Fjords"? It lingers in one's memory like "Robinson Crusoe," or Peter Parley's "Tales of the Sea."

The quarter has been fertile in biographies, and the most widely read of the number is that of the late Dr. Norman MacLeod. It is written by his brother, the Rev. Donald MacLeod, who has fulfilled a difficult task exceptionally well. A comparison between Mr. Donald MacLeod's work, and Mr. F. W. Haydon's memoir of the unfortunate artist his father, though it would be unfair in other points of view, is allowable in the literary, and is much to the advantage of the former. We hold the suppression of temper on the part of a biographer to be a literary as well as a moral duty, and it is perfectly fulfilled by Mr. MacLeod; while Mr. Haydon offends against it so grievously that one feels sorry the attempted rehabilitation of a memory which the public would like to regard with clemency towards the man, and admiration for the artist, should have been undertaken by a writer so undisciplined and so unreasonable. Mr. MacLeod has had to work upon far different materials, but he must have had his temptations, too, and has conquered them. The reception of the "Memoir of Dr. Norman MacLeod" by the press has been almost as cordial as its welcome by the public, but the reviewers have, for the most part, dealt in generalities, with the exception of the *Spectator* in which we find an article devoted less to the book than to the man, whose large-mindedness, geniality, insight, and mingled sadness of thought and high spirits, appeal to the reviewer's sympathies, eliciting a generous and appreciative response. The "Memoir" is very amusing, but it must be said that Dr. MacLeod's humour, though rich and ready, occasionally lacks refinement, and frequently discretion. The proximity of the smile to the tear is a not unattractive feature of the Celtic temperament; the mingling of jest and text, of quaint conceit and solemn self-communing, is a personal characteristic which does not affect us pleasantly; and we have no intention of pleading guilty to a lack of the sense of humour because we do not like that characteristic.

The two volumes by which the Hon. Evelyn Ashley supplements the work left unfinished by Lord Dalling, under the

title, "Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, from 1846 to 1865, with Selections from his Speeches and Correspondence," has received a general tribute of approbation from the critics, who have rather analysed it than reviewed it. The *Examiner* is more apologetic for Mr. Ashley than the other journals think it necessary to be. It feels certain that every one will readily forgive the absence of brilliant writing of a gentleman who makes no pretension to the literary merits of Lord Dalling, in consideration of the good taste and intelligence with which he has discharged his task, and the frank use he has made of Lord Palmerston's correspondence. The reviewer points out with some sly humour that the book appears just as some of Lord Palmerston's chief objects as a politician have been frustrated; when the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, "which he laboured so hard to maintain, has become a mark for the finger of scorn, and the Suez Canal, which he did his utmost to keep in the brain of M. de Lesseps, has established itself as one of the most precious possessions of the human race, and the keystone of the British Empire." The *Examiner's* sober judgment of the book is as follows:

"The publication will do Lord Palmerston's memory no harm; on the contrary, it will serve as a most opportune vindication, for it is impossible to read these volumes without feeling the charm of his many brilliant qualities, and forming a higher opinion of his political sagacity and the depth and breadth of his sympathies. His over-confidence and his unreasonable pugnacity in defence of his prejudices led to consequences not always to be admired, and often to be deplored; but the fair way of looking at his disagreeable characteristics is to regard them as the excess of good qualities of energy and decision, which were often worthily exercised for the good of the country."

The *Spectator* as we expected, devotes much of its criticism to the policy of Lord Palmerston towards Louis Napoleon, and the period of the *coup d'état*. French politics always furnish the *Spectator* which is not invariably so soundly-informed as it is earnest and dauntless, with a *cheval de bataille*, and in this instance, it mounts with hot haste for the retrospective combat. How very wrong Lord Palmerston was to abet the arresting of Republican modes of government, and how very glad the reviewer is to think that he was influenced by his dislike of the Orleanists; and how probable he takes it to be that if Lord Palmerston "could have lived to our day, and been still the vivid-minded Foreign Minister he was, he would have corrected his mistake, and done all in his power to

strengthen the hands of the French Republicans against the hands of the French Imperialists." This soothing conviction—for the *Spectator* admires the "jaunty Premier"—we do not share. We admire him too, and his letters have afforded us a lively delight, by their humour and good humour, their fine unscrupulousness, their breadth of view, their thorough appreciation of character, and the droll notion they convey that to the acute statesman who did not believe in original sin no sample of the imported article, especially in the wholesale political shape, was ever surprising; but we cannot conceive how the *Spectator* can quote such a letter as that which Lord Palmerston wrote to Lord Normanby on the 3rd of December, 1857; freely expressing his "contempt for the only self-governing element in the institutions of France," and afterwards indulge in a vision of the writer, in his right mind, sitting at the feet of the "Young Dictator" as it dearly loves, with a lurking and self-betraying unconstitutionalism, to remind itself that M. Gambetta was once called. When the red flag does not flutter before its dazzled eyes and obscure their vision, the *Spectator* comments with much acuteness upon Lord Palmerston's career, as, for instance, when it points out that "his foreign policy, as distinguished from his personal mode of urging it, was much less bold and audacious than has sometimes been supposed." The writer proves this position ably; and then proceeds to make good use of Lord Palmerston's very plain-spoken despatches relative to the protection of the Hungarian refugees of 1849, from the demands of Russia and Austria. These are among the most interesting documents in the collection (his letters about Irish matters and men are the most amusing), and the *Spectator* concludes from them, "that Lord Palmerston would not easily have been persuaded by the Indian Government, or any other Government, to refuse our British officers a full discretion as to protecting escaped slaves against surrender, whenever it seemed to them that British humanity or honour required that such protection should be given." The review in the *Athenæum* is of especial interest and value, as it supplies what must be admitted to be an omission on Mr. Ashley's part: an account of the facts connected with Lord Palmerston's diplomatic action in Sicilian affairs after the revolt in 1848; and also a clever summary of the situation in France at the same period. The *Athenæum's* brief but brilliant summary of the Aberdeen Cabinet episode,

and Lord Palmerston's Home Secretaryship in 1853-4, Lord Russell's resignation, and Lord Palmerston's return to the power he so dearly loved, is a remarkable bit of journalistic literature. Indeed, a great deal of collateral interest attaches to this "Life of Lord Palmerston," in consequence of the number and worth of the reviews which it has received, and the many-sided lights which have been thrown upon the history of our own time. Of course the reserves in such a case must be very numerous; several years must elapse before the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, can be told about any man who has played a prominent part in public affairs. It is ours to be thankful for such instalments of it as are put in our way.

The second volume of the "Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards first Marquis of Shelburne, with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence," by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, is a dull book; and we feel doubly grateful to the anything but indolent reviewers who have taken patient pains to extract all the kernels from the teeth-breaking shells for us. Says the *Saturday Review*, with a mild sadness which becomes it very well, at the conclusion of a praiseworthy review, in which no point of interest is missed—"Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's second volume, which concludes with a collection of various memoranda of Lord Shelburne's on 'Men and Things,' is perhaps less interesting than his first; but it often happens that the middle of a journey is not so pleasant as either the beginning or the end." This section is dreary indeed. We have a good story of Oliver Goldsmith, however, and that is a diamond in the desert. In 1767, Lord Shelburne had been called "Malagrida," in a squib in the *Public Advertiser*, and the nickname stuck to him. Some time afterwards, Goldsmith sitting next to Lord Shelburne, said to him with characteristic blundering of expression: "Do you know that I never could conceive why they call you Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good sort of man." The *Athenæum* directs attention to the characters of Lord Shelburne, drawn by Walpole and Jeremy Bentham respectively; they are as follows:—

Walpole said of him:—

"He was so well known that he could only deceive by speaking the truth. His plausibility was less an artifice than a habit. . . . With an unbounded ambition of governing mankind, he had never studied them. . . . Thus a Catiline or a Borgia were his models in an age when half their wickedness would have suited him better—for when refine-

ment have taken the place of horrid crimes, and the manners of men are rather corrupt than flagitious, excess of profligacy is more destructive to ambition than serviceable."

Bentham wrote of him that he was

"One of the pleasantest men to live with that ever God put breath into; his whole study seems to be to make everybody about him happy. . . . There was a prodigious deal of ambiguity in the general tenor of his language on party subjects, whether genuine or affected I cannot be certain. . . . His mind seemed always in a state of agitation with the passion of ambition and the desire of splendour. His head was not clear. . . . There was artifice in him, but also genuine good feeling."

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice is of opinion that his reputation for duplicity was the result of "an overstrained affectation of extreme courtesy, and a habit of using unnecessary compliments in conversation."

"William Godwin: his Friends and Contemporaries," is one of the most noticeable books of the day; and its writer, Mr. C. Kegan Paul, takes a place among the few competent biographers of whom the present time can boast. His work is unequal, and it suffers to some extent by his resolution to exclude details which are already known, in the pardonable pride of his access to a great deal of new and unpublished matter; but the merits of the book are great, and its faults are few. For the writer's own sake, we regret to find him sympathetic with his subject; in the interests of that subject, his sympathy is valuable. The book is a strange one; we cannot but read every page of it with interest; and yet there are not many that we do read without something like impatience with the revival of these detestable memories of godless lives, with the dangerous attraction of talent, and the lamentable charm of notoriety thrown over them. The story of William Godwin's life when contemplated without any paltering with the common rules of right and wrong, and without regard to the fact that he was a clever man, who turned his talents to some good purposes indeed, but to others which were bad and dangerous, is a painful one. His works may be looked at separately; his radical treatises, and his well-known and little-known novels. We do not believe that any of the "rising" readers read "Caleb Williams," but that does not matter; we are content that it should continue to enjoy its reputation as a standard novel. It is the author's life that is painful to contemplate; and relieved only indirectly and passingly

by his associates. One figure stands out from the picture pure and true, and worthy in its homeliness, the figure of William Godwin's mother, a pious, God-fearing woman, who steadily persisted throughout her long and deeply-afflicted life, in her faith and in her duty, and opposed to the deep-dyed immorality of too many other persons in the book, wisdom and well-doing, which go some way towards purifying it. The reviewers are not quite at their ease in handling this subject. The dangerous cant which proclaims the exemption of "genius" from the obligations of the moral law,—as if genius did not, in a higher sense than nobility "oblige;"—the cant which persuades Mr. Haydon that society persecuted his father because it did not excuse him on the plea of artistic genius, from the observance of its rules with respect to the relative proportions between income and expenditure;—the cant which pervades the history of Mr. Charles Dickens' breaches of contract with his publishers—the cant, in short, which holds a man who writes books absolved from any moral obligation binding on his fellow-citizens who don't—this hateful perversion influences the reviewers, perhaps unconsciously. They do not like to face the truth, which is simply that William Godwin, who had been a Sandemanian minister, who afterwards became a Socinian, and subsequently renounced every kind of religious belief, married Mary Wollstonecraft who brought to the queer, separate household—for the husband and wife prized their respective independence too much to live under the same roof—an illegitimate daughter; that he spoke without hesitation of her illicit union with Imlay, this child's father; that a few months after the death of his wife, whose literary labours were chiefly directed to the unsexing of woman-kind and the degradation of marriage, he was making love to Miss Lee (one of the authors of the "Canterbury Tales") who would not have him, and to Mrs. Inchbald, who was similarly minded. Poor Mary Wollstonecraft left a daughter, and of her bringing up under the auspices of her father, and the narrow-minded, selfish silly woman who married him, we may readily judge by the shocking fact that she selected the grave of her mother as the scene of her troth plight with Shelley, a married man, with whom she subsequently eloped. Her father was easily reconciled to the arrangement by which his daughter remained with Shelley, until his wife was so accommodating as to drown herself, when Shelley married Mary Godwin. Her half

sister's history was less shameful, but more sad ; she sank into a state of melancholy, escaped from home, and drowned herself, and the incident was hardly noticed by Godwin, or any of the family. The story, which winds up with pecuniary difficulties, caused by his own folly, and accompanied by a good deal of meanness and unscrupulousness on Godwin's part, offers as complete and cynical a satire upon the principles he professed and inculcated, as could be desired in the old fashioned interests of religion and morality. Mr. Paul's admirable style, and the many flattering tributes he has collected, do not avail to make us regard Godwin otherwise than as a morbidly vain, quarrelsome creature, whose frigid philosophy was simple indifference to all except the frequent hurts to his self-love which he put himself in the way of receiving. It is pretty plain that he was henpecked by the silly and exacting widow whom he married, and we are glad of it. The correspondence in the second volume is very interesting, especially the letters from Coleridge, who had a marked and beneficial effect on Godwin. The *Athenæum* says of Godwin :—

“His was pre-eminently an intellectual life, and that he will be judged most fairly, as well as most favourably, the more he is regarded in connection with the ideas to which he disinterestedly devoted his life, and the less he is regarded in connection with the frequently mean and painful accidents of his worldly circumstances. He was by no means deficient in introspection and self-knowledge. A remarkable fragment of self-analysis reveals his character in many lights which have heretofore escaped his critics. Of one intellectual defect, which in him almost amounted to a moral one, he was unconscious,—he was utterly destitute of humour.”

We cannot subscribe to this strange dictum, which implies the paradox that the less you know of a man's life, the better you can judge of his character ; and is the converse of “By their deeds ye shall know them.” Of Godwin's biographer, the *Athenæum* says : “Mr. Paul has accomplished a great task with exemplary thoroughness ;” and of Godwin's surroundings in his youth it gives in a few words a particularly happy sketch. “He was born at Wisbeach, March 1786, into one of those honest and respectable, but prosaic homely, and painfully limited circles which it is George Eliot's mission to depict, and Mr. Arnold's to abolish.” The *Academy*, in an abnormally dull review of this work, makes one of the oddest observations within our knowledge, when it imputes God-

win's incessant wrangling with his friends (nothing more contemptible and puerile than some of these squabbles can be conceived) to his affectionate nature, and gravely argues that "the vanity or self-esteem which is laid to his charge, may really have owed the crudity of its manifestations, as he hints, to a latent self-distrust which made him eager for applause from without, and ever ready to take the applause at its fullest literal weight." With the book fresh in our mind, the "crudity of the manifestations" of Godwin's vanity strikes us as a fine, even a charming phrase! The review in the *Examiner* is a remarkable production. It enters very fully into the history of Mary Wollstonecraft, and with great sympathy and admiration for her, her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," and her generally emancipated notions. It draws a parallel between the wives of Godwin and John Stuart Mill, and speaks of the "illustrious pairs." It declares Mary Wollstonecraft to have been "a woman of entirely blameless life," and alludes to Mr. Imlay as "her first husband." Mr. Kegan Paul distinctly asserts that she never was married to Imlay, that "she counted herself as his wife," but submitted to his leaving her, and accepted a bond for the payment of a sum for the support of their child. The money was never paid, and the poor woman attempted to drown herself. Nothing can be clearer or more conclusive than Mr. Kegan Paul's statement, or more earnest than his effort to excuse her. But he can only say, "Long after this period" (when she was living under the protection of Imlay) "he declared her to be his wife in a document which in some cases would be considered as constituting a marriage." The italics are ours, and we would ask, in what cases? Certainly in none which could arise in France, where the pair were living, or in England, whither they afterwards came. There is another proof, altogether conclusive. Mary Wollstonecraft married Godwin under her own name, and we do not find anywhere an intimation that Imlay was dead at the time of the marriage. In other respects the review in the *Examiner* is a very interesting one, and we are grateful to the writer for pointing out the excellence of Charles Lamb's conduct to Godwin; who ought, however, to have been ashamed to take fifty pounds from Elia.

An excellent article on William Godwin, his times, his style, and the change in the aspect of politics and their literature since he wrote his "Political Justice," is among

the principal features of the "Temple Bar" Magazine for March.

The Princess Felix Salm-Salm, in "Ten Years of my Life," tells an interesting story. She might have told it in more refined language, and in better taste; but it is readable, and there is undeniable piquancy in its unreserve. The book has been well received—on the whole, kindly—though the *World* objects to the Princess' interjectional regrets for the Prince, who was killed in France, uttered thus:—"There is ever before my mental eye the gory body of a dear, kind husband;" and the *Saturday Review* points out that she tells all about the failings of this "dear, kind husband," without the least hesitation. The most interesting portion of the narrative—more interesting, because less familiar than the Princess' details of the Franco-German War—relates to the surrender and death of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. But Prince Salm-Salm, who was a devoted adherent of Maximilian, had done plenty of fighting, in the American Civil War, before he volunteered for that forlorn hope; and the Princess tells us a great deal about the men and the events of the terrible struggle. Her own character comes out strongly in her story, and especially in her description of the desperate efforts she made to save Maximilian's life, by bribery, by conspiracy, by entreaty. Here is a little bit of more recent history, condensed from the book by the *Saturday Review* :—

"On their return to Europe, the Prince was somewhat disappointed by his reception at the Austrian Court. The truth was, that the Emperor had been persecuted by people who had urged their claims upon him on the strength of services rendered to his brother; and, besides, he may well have shrunk from anything that recalled the humiliating tragedy of Mexico. Subsequently, however, he generously granted the Princess an annuity of 1200 'dollars'—florins, we presume. But the Austrian dominions were made somewhat hot for Prince Felix by his old creditors, and it was after his release from arrest in Vienna that he withdrew to Prussia, to receive a commission by the special favour of his Majesty. His regiment being quartered at Coblenz, the Salm-Salms chanced to witness the eventful interview with Benedetti in the gardens at Ems, in the summer of 1870. On the evening of July 8, the Princess was seated at a table next the King, when he expressed his anxieties to her about Prince Hohenzollern's acceptance of the Spanish Crown. Next day they dined with the Queen in Coblenz, and after dinner they left for Ems, in the middle of a garden party given to the Coblenz people. They were caught in a heavy shower on their way from the Ems station to the Promenade at the Kursaal, when

the King good-naturedly condoled with them on the damage their gay plumage had sustained :—

“ ‘Just when the King left us and went away with Count Lehndorff, the French Minister, Count Benedetti, stopped his Majesty, and said something to him, on which our noble sovereign became two inches taller, and his kind face acquired an expression which I had never before seen on it. Making an impatient motion with his hand towards Count Lehndorff, he went away alone, leaving the oily Frenchman quite petrified.’ ”

Dr. Doran is a skilful compiler, and a most attractive writer. The *Spectator* remarks, *apropos* of his “Mann, and Manners at the Court of Florence, 1740–1786,” that he has a remarkable faculty for inspiring one with contempt for the people he writes about, and protests against the punning title which the *Saturday Review* assuming its grand style, calls “a justifiable piece of levity.” The *Saturday* considers that Dr. Doran’s volumes are “not calculated to add anything of importance to serious history, nor are they put forward with any such pretension,” but grants that “they contain a good many curious and odd things, and will no doubt be found amusing by those who have leisure to trifle with them in spare moments.” We think much more of the book than the writer of this faintly contemptuous sentence does, and agree with the *Spectator* that “Dr. Doran has done his work very well ; he has selected judiciously among a great mass of material, and made a sort of panoramic view of court life and society in the upper classes at Florence during Sir Horace Mann’s long residence there.” The labour and patience expended upon the enormous mass of documents—Mann’s innumerable letters to Walpole, written during forty years, and all returned to the writer by arrangement—the discrimination and discretion with which the selection has been made are surprising. We doubt whether any of his previous works can have cost Dr. Doran so much pains as this one, and appreciate the very feeling way in which the *World* expresses its sense of what he must have gone through in “reducing the bulky correspondence to something like manageable shape, pruning off as much verbiage as possible, and leaving in all that is choice in the way of anecdote, or valuable in the way of information.”

To the combined departments of biography and fiction belong “The Dwale Bluth, Hedditch’s Legacy, and other Literary Remains of Oliver Madox Brown,” author of “Gabriel Denver ;” but as the memoir which they include has attracted a good deal of

attention, we prefer to number the book among the former. It seems harsh to say that we regret the publication of this memoir, but we believe the time will come when those who wrote it, and the nearer relatives of the very clever youth whose brief life it records in a style of exaggerated, almost frantic, praise, will regret it also; when they will see that the ascription of an impossible combination of gifts to the object of their sorrowing affection, the claiming of unqualified astonishment for productions which are remarkable, but not stupendous, admirable, but by no means free from very grave faults—the taint of the easy morality of “the fleshly school” is upon them—was not the best way to keep his memory green. As a matter of fact, the “genius”—if we must use the only word which will be accepted by the school to which Mr. Madox Brown belonged—displayed in these stories and verses, is of a fitful and unequal kind;—not to be compared, for instance, with the genius of the boy who wrote “Vivian Grey,”—and one painful, but irresistible result of raptures like those of the co-editors, Mr. William Rossetti and Mr. Hueffer, is to remind us of Dr. Johnson’s often-quoted saying about the dancing-dogs. The stories are certainly remarkable to have been written by a youth under twenty, but when we are told by the editors that “The Black Swan” is “possibly, when viewed in all its relations, the most remarkable prose story ever penned by a youth not older than from sixteen to seventeen,” and that Victor Hugo’s “Bug Jargal” must be pronounced inferior to it, as a sustained invention or piece of art;—why, then, we remember the dancing-dogs! “The Black Swan” is simply the first version of the one volume story, destitute of dialogue, which was published some time ago under the title of “Gabriel Denver,” having been considerably modified by the publisher’s advice, the expediency of which we have now an opportunity of appreciating. We entirely agree with the *Saturday Review* that the editors have done wrong in giving the first version to the world. It is crude, coarse, and depicts a character so brutal and recklessly unprincipled that we cannot read it with pleasure, though we think, with the *Saturday*, “that it contains various passages, especially of description, which lead one to think its author had the capacity for good work in him.” This is the opinion of Mr. Justin MacCarthy, whose paper in the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” on Oliver Madox Brown, is all a friendly memoir ought to be, and a hundredfold more calcu-

lated to convince the world that a star has been quenched whose shining might have been very bright and beautiful, than the inflated and affected laudation by the co-editors of these "Remains." We also protest, with the *Saturday* against the description, "as elaborate as it is affected," of the various phases of delirium through which the poor youth passed on his death-bed; the exceeding bad taste of such a parade to the public impresses itself upon us to the point of indignation. The *Examiner* is not of our way of thinking, but discourses, after a fashion, which we regard with amazement, upon the floating poison particle, which was impartially wafted into the system of the youthful artist—for Mr. Madox Brown painted good pictures and wrote good verses—rather than into that of an old apple-woman at the street corner. If these be the "humours" of the "advanced" school of the æsthetic order of criticism and of mutual admiration, may we continue to plod a long way down the slopes of such a Parnassus. The *Examiner* tells us that "The Black Swan" is "an organic whole," that it is in a certain great and high sense, a far truer representation than many of what are called the realistic novels of man's actual condition here, enmeshed, fly-like, in a web of circumstance which has been a weaving for him ever since the beginning of the world and before. It teaches an ethical lesson too, and a true one—the lesson that as Festus says, "The heart is its own fate." This is something very fine, no doubt, but we have not the remotest notion of what it means. We turn to the *Academy* for relief and instruction, hoping that it will not demand our unqualified admiration for ladies who wish to strangle other people, and do strangle themselves by twisting their hair about their throats with their "gracile hands;" and wondering whether that propensity has anything to do with the *Examiner's* mystical "enmeshed, fly-like, in a web of circumstance." But the *Academy* if less majestic and mysterious, is quite as gushing.

The *Athenæum* sees nothing to blame in the almost revolting story of "The Black Swan"—even preferring the original version to the more decent one which was published—and is so occupied with the "rare merits" of "The Dwale Bluth," as to overlook a very obvious blunder of its author's, and to fall, on its own part, into a very curious misconception. The following passage is held up for praise:—

"Of a sudden she started, and leant over the broken bars. *There* was what she had been looking after, for her downcast eyes fell with an instantaneous revival of interest on the tendrils of the deadly nightshade, loaded with poison-flowers and berries, crawling stealthily round the inside of the frame, or crouching ignominiously along the damp ground. The traces of snail-tracks went all over the bricks and mould, and the leaves were bitten here and there; but it was singular to note what a number of empty snail-shells were lying among its foliage. In spite of this, it had grown into a goodly plant. The Dwale Bluth is a cowardly creeper, and knows no means of rising above the earth it springs from, unless by insinuating itself among the leaves of some bolder parasite. There it now lay beneath her gaze, even throwing a grim and sinister reflection on to her dark-complexioned face and her eyes, prone and helpless, as though it were entreating her into to lift it."

In a purely fanciful work like "The Dwale Bluth," it is, perhaps, no great matter that all this is botanically quite incorrect. The dwale, or deadly nightshade, is *not* a creeper; it has *no* tendrils; it does *not* lie "prone and helpless," but grows in the form of an erect bush, from two to six feet in height. However the novelist may be justified in a perversion of the acts of nature, it is clearly the duty of the critic not to pick out for approval a passage containing such a tissue of mistakes. What is, however, altogether extraordinary is, that the critic should wholly misconstrue the meaning of the writer. "How strangely artistic," says the *Athenæum*, "is the touch which marvels at the empty snail-shells, *though* the plant was vigorous." Where does the writer say anything so mildly silly? What he does say and mean is, that the snails were poisoned by eating the leaves of the dwale (as a fact, snails will not touch the leaves of this plant), and that the plant was vigorous, *though* it was rather snail-eaten.

The out-and-out admirers of George Eliot seem to regard the periodical appearance of her novels as a pious Brahmin regards the successive *avatars* of Vishnu, with an enthusiasm of perfectly uncritical reverence. A devout but intelligent Hindu of this type expresses himself on "Daniel Deronda" in the columns of the *Spectator* on the other hand, an utterly unimpressed and irreverent critic speaks in the columns of the *Athenæum*. We shall presently have occasion to contrast these opinions more particularly; in the meantime we admit a mild curiosity as to which of the two utterances is most displeasing to the great novelist herself.

We have already, in noticing Mr. Trollope's "Prime

Minister" expressed our opinion as to the system of bringing out a novel in eight parts. In the case of a great writer like George Eliot, this mode of publication is ludicrously tantalizing. The humour of it would be more apparent if the work were a picture, and exhibited in detail; what should we say, for instance, if Millais or Leighton showed us their works by the square foot at a time, and made the contemplation of a picture require three quarters of a year? Yet the principle involved is surely the same with a written as with a painted work.

The critics, and we among them, are not a little at fault in dealing with a novel which appears in instalments, and such a novel that the public insists upon some sort of critical notice of it. We can only deal in generalities if we try to guess at the development of the characters, but our profession forces us to make the attempt;—we are likely to find our predictions signally falsified, and yet of no author may predictions be more safely made than with George Eliot. Unless she depart altogether from her professions, or abandon the philosophy she has hitherto held to, we may anticipate something of the fate of what seems at present her chief character. In "Daniel Deronda" we have had, unless we have wholly misconceived writer's scheme of philosophy, the first and second acts of a great tragedy. On the lines upon which the work has commenced, the novel can have no consistent ending but a tragic one.

Attentive students of George Eliot's works know well how strong is the impress upon them of the teaching of the German Feuerbach, whose great work the author translated more than twenty years ago. With Feuerbach,—the perverter of the nobler and higher philosophy of Hegel,—the absolute has no existence but in the consciousness of man; all moral law, therefore, all obligation and all authority proceeds from man himself, and all his religion must consist in endeavours towards the attainment of that higher ideal good which he creates for himself, and in the observance of that moral law which he lays down. George Eliot has vivified the dry bones of this dreary creed by the touch of her genius; she has humanized it, and made it almost endurable by the contact of her profoundly sympathetic nature. The dominant teaching of everything which has come from her pen is that a breach of that moral law which the human mind must accept, must ever be followed by

retribution the most inexorable. Her creed so far is but the fatalism of the ancients, with the personal anthropomorphic element left out, and therefore all the more unrelenting. We are the slaves of the Past as well as of the Present—

“Of the Past that lives
On through the added Present,”

of that Past which we are daily making for ourselves, as well as of that we have had made for us.

It is obvious enough how such a creed, comfortless as it is, is calculated to produce the highest types of literary excellence. The never-ending yet always hopeless struggles of men with their destinies, give a scope for the expression and the delineation of all which most moves the interest and touches the heart of mankind; and the great epic and dramatic poems of the ancient Greeks are not more dominated by the pitiless Erinyes than George Eliot's *dramatis personæ* are swayed and governed by the destinies marked out for them. That contention against the great moral law is hopeless, that departure from the appointed groove in which our lives should run is punished, that aspirations however noble, if they rise beyond the proper level of our desires, are doomed to disappointment; this is the melancholy doctrine of George Eliot. It is clear that such doctrine in noble hands may shape a life to noble ends; but it is equally certain, and the example of the disciples of the German thinker proves it, that the Feuerbachian teaching may, and, logically applied, will, lead to the ignoring of all law but such as man may set up for himself, and that it must degenerate in time into a low and unworthy type of epicureanism. With George Eliot, indeed, there is no such danger. Her teachings are noble; but they are governed by inexpressible dreariness and despair.

Fortunately the human mind is so constituted that even though it may persuade itself of the inexorable logic of the most dismal philosophy that ever “rendered life unsweet,” it will from time to time allow its creed to lie in abeyance. It is related by Boswell that a certain old friend of Samuel Johnson's complained to the Doctor that he “always found cheerfulness breaking in upon him whenever he tried to be a philosopher.” Consistent fatalism should be melancholy at all times, but we know how often even the great tragic poets of antiquity could set the fatal sisters to sleep, and, letting

their own hearts be glad in the pleasant sunshine, would enjoy the smile and the music of the rippling ocean waves, the thousand sweet sounds, scents, and savours of nature. So we will warrant that George Eliot herself relaxes at times the austerity of her creed, and is not so altogether dead as her books would sometimes make us think, to the brighter aspects of the world. Philosophy, with all respect to the philosophers, is greatly an affair of temperament and of surroundings. The child who has found that her doll is stuffed with bran, and to whom for a time life is only a vanity, is quite capable, when she gets a new plaything, of taking a brighter view of existence.

It has hitherto pleased George Eliot chiefly to envisage and to depict the lives and the ways of certain lower middle strata of English society, whose natural gaiety of heart has been suppressed during several generations of Puritanic discipline, as stern in its way as her own law of life. In the bitter fatalism of Calvinism in its later developments, she has found modes of thought and a scheme of life not altogether uncongenial to her own. No wonder that her own uncheerful creed has been aggravated in its uncheerfulness by surroundings and contact of this sort. If anything could justify this creed it is surely the contemplation of that great gulf of Philistinism which is so constantly held before our eyes in her books, with its self-esteem, its intolerance, its hopelessly prosaic and ignoble aims. Victor Hugo is for ever contemplating the great elementary *Abîme*—the Gulf—puzzled by its chaotic confusion, oppressed and overpowered by its vastness, and half fearing, as he looks despairingly into it, the final mastery of matter over mind; George Eliot's *Abîme* is the hopeless quagmire of English Philistinism.

For our own part we do not consent to this ungenial philosophy. We believe that most men who have thought at all on such matters may have been captivated for a moment by its doctrines, but we believe that few sound thinkers have stuck fast in the narrow Feuerbachian strait. Feuerbach was logical himself only up to a certain point, and his most complete refuters are those of his disciples who have followed his conclusions to their legitimate consequences. Men of the broadest and strongest mental grip have ever held that philosophy to be the soundest which was the most consonant with the requirements of humanity, and therefore the most cheer-

ful; and even a Feuerbachian might argue that it is the plain duty of every humane person to do nothing to aggravate the solemn dullness of an already far too melancholy world.

We do not say that George Eliot does not comprehend this duty. She is too consummate an artist not to break away from the narrow bounds of her faith, not to be at times a humourist as well as a philosopher—even a great humourist, as no reader of her works need be reminded. Her public may be congratulated that the great novelist does not subscribe to the astounding doctrine of a contemporary critic, who holds humour to be a “mere morbid secretion” of the mind, and a thing wholly unphilosophic and reprehensible! In “Daniel Deronda” George Eliot’s humour is more abundant than in her recent works, its sources are wider, its manifestations more charitable and human, and it does not so often merge into mere hardness, cynicism, and discontent.

George Eliot is a great thinker as well as a great artist in fiction, and is entitled to something more serious than a mere review of her merits as a novelist. Of such a review—a review of the writer’s work, and her life as marked by its literary vicissitudes—an excellent example, the only one we have seen, was lately given in the columns of the *World*.

It is because George Eliot is a great thinker that she has at times subordinated her story to her views so completely, as to fail to satisfy ordinary novel-readers. It was a common complaint that this was so with “Middlemarch.” It is not, we think, likely to be the case with “Daniel Deronda”;—the greater picturesqueness of the characters, their removal from the oppressive atmosphere of ultra-sectarian narrowness, above all, the interest already excited in the destinies of the principal *dramatis personæ*, are evidence enough that we have in “Daniel Deronda” a story which, as a work of art, and purely from a novelist’s point of view, promises to equal or surpass any of her previous works.

As no man’s life can be pronounced happy till he be dead, so no author’s novel can fairly be called artistic or interesting till it be ended. We cannot, therefore, join in the praises of the *Spectator* of the development of the characters or the conduct of the story, seeing that but two parts of it are before

us. We cannot even, till the plot be told, honestly say, with this critic, that we are interested in the character of Gwendolen Harleth. It may be part of the author's plan that we should not like her, and, if so, she has succeeded. It has even been rumoured, on something that looks like authority, that Gwendolen is not to take the leading female part in George Eliot's drama; but as her thoughts and actions have chiefly occupied one quarter of the whole novel, this looks an unlikely liberty for a great artist to take with her readers. We persist, then, for the present, in considering Gwendolen Harleth a very important personage, and in sympathy with the author's own apparent contempt for her creation, we are fully and painfully alive to her shortcomings. We see that she is heartless, feather-headed, overbearing, vain, conceited, and priggish, and—what possibly was not intended—singularly underbred; we shall, therefore, be prepared, unless she speedily amend her ways, to find poetical justice overtake her in a summary manner.

The hero, Daniel, is a quite new creation in fiction, and the novelty of the conception makes amends for the absence of some of the sterling qualities of the old-established type of novel hero. A hero who, with a *physique* partaking of the Apollo and the Hercules, has no moral backbone, is a refreshing innovation upon precedent. A hero who won't be a soldier, though having military aspirations, from pure tender-heartedness, who is affectionate and amiable, and will—if we do not misread him—bear being "put upon" to any extent, is a being to be welcomed into the realms of fiction. The question, however, is not what we stern male critics will say of him, but in what light lady readers will regard Daniel Deronda. The young man is of the type that fond mothers doat upon, which sisters adore, but which other women, as a rule, are apt to be contemptuous about.

While George Eliot's readers are to be congratulated upon the fact of her having placed her characters in a class of life where there are more marked varieties of type than in those more restricted spheres which she has sometimes chosen, it must not be overlooked that the writer has, for some reason not apparent to the present critic, refrained, as a rule, from placing in the mouths of her characters the language which is habitually used by persons in their class. We will not say that this is a fault, but it is noticeable as a peculiarity.

The modes of speech evolved by George Eliot, and fitted to the parts of sundry Baronets, country gentlemen, young ladies, and young gentlemen, are in themselves excellent and worthy modes of speech, but they are not habitual ones. For instance, an ordinary young lady at a ball would not say—"Indeed, I perceive that I am doomed for every quadrille; I have not one to dispose of." It may seem a small matter to notice that it is certain that every girl would say "see" for "perceive," and "give you" for "dispose of," and would not say "doomed" at all. So again, no country Baronet would talk so finely as Sir Hugh Mallinger, no young man so priggishly as Mr. Grandcourt. Nearly the whole of the dialogue is in this slightly false key. This peculiarity is of infinitesimal importance; it hardly affects the feeling of the reality of the characters produced in us by the writer's genius, and we soon begin to disregard it altogether, as our interest is aroused.

We, of course, reserve anything like a detailed critique of "Daniel Deronda," and anything like a full contrast of critical opinion on the novel, until its appearance as a finished whole; but it may not be amiss to notice one point on which the writer has laid herself open to attack. The *Athenæum* finds fault with what it terms the pedantry of certain scientific terms, and it has been more seriously objected that certain pretentiously obscure or obscurely pretentious passages occur throughout "Daniel Deronda," as they occur in others of the author's works. We are not willing to defend either pedantry or obscurity, still less pretentiousness, if they exist; but assuming that they do, a little charity, a little tolerance, and a little consideration, may both explain their existence and excuse them. George Eliot, be it remembered, is above all an artist. Her first duty as an artist is to be widely popular. To be influential she must appeal, not alone to persons of strong thought and fine taste, but to those also who are little endowed with thinking power and not at all with taste; she has to find her readers not among original thinkers only, but among those who think conventionally—not among the minority, in short, but among the majority. It is not to please herself, be sure, or to please sound critics, that she is sometimes pedantic and often obscure, but to satisfy those to whom pedantry seems learning, and obscurity depth. George Eliot knows her public, and what captivates it. She must know how num-

rous and influential are the readers who like better to be puzzled than pleased, and whose delight it is to leave off a book with the feeling of Mr. Lewis Carroll's "Alice" after hearing a certain poem—"Somehow, it seems to fill one's head with ideas—only one doesn't exactly know what they are!" It is for the benefit of such readers that she talks, to the ineffable disgust of the *Athenæum*, of "cervical vertebræ" and "dynamic force," and says "epidermis" when she means skin. They are exoteric utterances, and must neither be judged critically, nor assumed to be sincere. When she says—"I like to mark the time, and connect the course of individual lives with the historic stream for all classes of thinkers. This was the period when the broadening of gauge in crinolines seemed to demand an agitation for the general enlargement of churches, ball-rooms, and vehicles"—when she says this, she knows as well as we do that in itself it is poor stuff, not particularly amusing or at all true; she is talking to the groundlings as much as Shakespeare when he makes his wretched puns and verbal quibbles. This is the answer to such criticism as that of the *Athenæum*.

So, again, George Eliot's constant expression of bitterness against "society" can surely be only assumed. No one can better know that human virtue is distributed with fair equality through human nature, and that even those of her fellow-beings whom she scornfully charges with being "on visiting terms with people of rank" are not necessarily, as she feigns to believe, incredibly mercenary and ignoble. These, again, are exoteric utterances addressed to the "profane."

It is said that the London publishers send out in the course of a year some six hundred works of fiction; and the question of who or what is responsible for this fearful mass of printed and, for the greater part, worthless matter, is one that might very properly come before the Copyright Commission now sitting. It is not the supply of a legitimate demand, for it is notorious that about ninety out of every hundred novels are published at a dead loss to the author. It is surely time to ask if there is not something wrong in a system under which a profitless trade in soul-depressing literature continues, year after year. Of this enormous number of novels it would be sanguine to believe that more than thirty in each year are such as ordinarily well-informed, well-bred, and well-behaving young ladies and

gentlemen would knowingly suffer to lie on their tables. Of the remainder, some are coarse, some hopelessly vulgar in every sense of that obnoxious word, while the vast majority sin by an almost incredible exhibition of ignorance of the manners and habits of the people they profess to describe; of grammar, and even of spelling.

It might serve a useful purpose to set up an ideal standard of what a novelist should be, and to invite aspiring writers of fiction to measure themselves by it before committing pen to paper. It is obvious, to begin with, that he who professes to give a picture of human life should at least know many varieties of it by actual experience, that he should be observant to catch the transient characteristics and humours of men and women. A novelist should be, *in posse* if not *in esse*, something of a lawyer, a doctor, a soldier, a politician, a theologian, and even a philosopher. Of course, he should possess fancy and imagination, and the creative and dramatic faculties, that he may make the creatures of his fancy live and act. He should possess the qualities of a mimic, or he will never accomplish a life-like dialogue. He should have wit, or he will be dull; humour, or he will be ungenial; he should have poetry in his composition, or he will be prosaic; and be something of a philosopher, or he will be shallow. Would that the crowd of contemporary novelists would read these words and believe them!

We are not going to bring all the bad fiction of the quarter into court, but we will take a few of the more prominent novels, which for the most part have been reviewed kindly, if not enthusiastically, by the leading critics, and which, therefore, deserve to stand out a little from the level depth of dullness and incompetence.

Novels of society should at least depict fairly the manners of the classes they represent. "Black and Tan" is essentially a novel of society; there is a live Baronet in the story, but he talks and acts so unlike any other live Baronet that when his son tells him, "I will not be a soldier," he says, "You will not be?" and, says the authoress, "he raised his right hand, and struck his son a cruel blow on the face, which felled him to the ground—a short six months after his mother's death."

Lady Wood, also in a novel of society, has produced a hero so refined that when he sees his mother drink a half-glass of thin, home-brewed beer, he first sternly gazes at her, then

remonstrates as follows :—" Mother, I cannot endure to see a lady drink beer."

" The Squire's Legacy " is by the author of one or two not unsuccessful works ; it is tolerably carefully constructed, and is written in fair English. The work is pronounced by the *Saturday Review* to be, though not a good novel, yet, " judged by comparison with much that passes for good," of some importance. Yet in this novel some manifestations of ignorance occur, more extraordinary even than any social misconception. There is precedent in fiction for very abnormal Baronets, Dukes, Earls, and Countesses, but no one, we believe, has previously invented such an abnormal creature as is described as follows :—" Her body hung over the sheer descent to the river, she had grasped the edge of the road, and retained her hold only by her fore-feet." We venture to say that no reader would guess the kind of animal that performed this feat. Was it a cat, a dog, a goat ? No, nor any impossible heraldic animal—but a mare ; and to make the feat less incredible, a young lady was seated all the time on her back !

It cannot, however, be said that English fiction is at a low ebb when in one quarter of the year George Eliot, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mr. Anthony Trollope, and Mr. Black are publishing instalments of novels, and Mr. George Meredith has given to the world his completed " Beauchamp's Career."

When the critics do agree, their unanimity is wonderful ; witness the case of Mr. Green's unfortunate " Short History." There has been a similar and better-founded agreement in regard to " Beauchamp's Career." Among intelligent organs of criticism, the *Spectator* only has failed to perceive the importance of Mr. Meredith's remarkable work. In spite of this unanimity of praise, we much doubt if the public at large have expressed their agreement with it in that tangible manner which is most satisfactory to authors and to publishers. To tell Mr. Meredith a home truth, he does not understand those arts of popularity which are so happily employed by George Eliot. Perhaps it is only that he will not practise them. It is not enough that a man should give the world a story which, by common consent, is a masterpiece of constructive art, that he should invent and delineate a set of original and interesting characters, that every page of his book should contain some new and striking thought, and the whole of it should sparkle with wit and epigram. All this will not suffice. Cerberus

must have his sop; the many-headed must be appeased. A man may be too clever. It is a new and not a pleasant reflection which Mr. Meredith has forced upon us—that wit and humour are obscurity to some readers, and equivalent to prosiness in the esteem of others. The *Spectator* is of the startling opinion that “obscurity is the great fault of this novel. Mr. Meredith’s meaning and purpose can doubtless be arrived at, but it costs more pains than one is commonly willing to bestow.” Utterances of this kind enlarge one’s experience, and after the *Spectator* critique the truism, *Many men, many minds*, seems a safer thing to say than ever.

“I have read many books in my life,” said a serious acquaintance to whom the present writer had lent “*Tristram Shandy*”; “but I think I never read one so absolutely devoid of rational meaning.” This person would probably not have made a more appreciative critic of “*Beauchamp’s Career*” than the reviewer in the *Spectator*.

Among minor novels to read—the list is not a long one—is “*The Curate in Charge*,” by Mrs. Oliphant. This indefatigable writer is seemingly inexhaustible also, and though she sometimes fails to interest, her failures are few compared with her successes. Her latest novel—at least, we think so; there may be one or two more out since last week, when it reached us—is one of her pleasantest, in her old style; the style which dealt with the difficulties and the niceties, the proprieties, the pettinesses, and the teacup storms of clerical life, almost as exhaustively as Mr. Trollope treats the delicate dilemmas of young ladies, young gentlemen, and young couples. “*Halves*,” by Mr. James Payn, is nearly his best novel since “*Lost Sir Massingberd*.” A pleasant, although absurdly over-praised book is “*Miss Molly*.” We learn, in its pages, with no little surprise, that an “officer” is not thought much the worse of, for knocking down a brother officer, so effectually, too, as to kill him! Judicial, but not poetical justice, overtakes the judicial offender; he suffers five years of penal servitude, but the hand of Miss Molly is bestowed upon him, “after long grief and pain.”

“*The Fool of the Family*,” a novel, by Mr. John Dangerfield, being the work of a gentleman permanently engaged upon the staff of THE NEW QUARTERLY, and who contributes a story to

the current number, can receive no critical notice in this place. Mr. Dangerfield's novel has been reviewed at length by the whole of the London critical press.

"The Master of Riverswood," by Mrs. Arthur Lewis, reaches us at the eleventh hour, and when we have barely space to express our admiration of this novel, and our belief that it must achieve something more than passing popularity. The writer touches some of the sorest spots in modern social life with a firm and gentle hand. Her story is clever and interesting, her style is correct and easy, and she is very much in earnest in the picture she draws and the warning she offers. The married life of "The Master" and his worthless, yet not all-faulty wife, and its catastrophe, have the interest of truth; and the author knows how to be pathetic without affectation, serious without dullness, inexorably true to the right and discerning of the wrong without a touch of harshness. The latest novel of the quarter is the best.

The excellent and most readable little work which Miss Cobbe pleasantly entitles "Re-echoes," is a selection from upwards of a thousand articles contributed to the newspaper *Echo* before the recent change in its proprietorship. "Women," says the author of the curious critical essay on Humour, to which we have already referred, "notoriously hate humour." We recommend Miss Cobbe's "Re-echoes" as a cure for this deplorable heresy; the "morbid secretion," as this critic terms humour, is very apparent throughout the book, and if he will but read it, this bold and, we trust, singular critic will find how wit, humour, and thoughtfulness, and a wide and tolerant humanity, may go hand in hand. The over grave and the naturally dull cannot always see that logical truth may sometimes be abridged and lose nothing of its value, and that humour is sometimes nothing else than the shorthand of wisdom itself.

Among new editions in the last quarter we are glad to notice a third edition of Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism"—a book which contains a body of literary criticism unequalled for its value, its importance, and, among the more thoughtful classes, for its influence, by any similar critical utterances during the century, except, perhaps, those of William Hazlitt. For reasons that are obvious enough, Mr.

Arnold never was and never will be popular as a literary essayist, in the sense and to the degree that Macaulay was and still is popular. He would be horrified by the possibility of such a thing, and is accustomed to write of himself, not without some slight feeling of satisfaction, as a most unpopular author; but this unusual, and in his case this not unnatural, vanity, must be given up now that his work is in a third edition. The book contains his admirable papers on the Functions of Criticism, on Academies, on the de Guérins, Heine, and Joubert, and only one article—Spinosa and the Bible—which represents the passage of the author from the realms of literary to religious criticism, a passage which many of his warmest admirers, ourselves among them, have never ceased to lament.

Pausanias the Regent, the successful general, the politician, and the diplomatist, was a character whose suitability for fiction must sooner or later have suggested itself to a romance-writer like the late Lord Lytton, who was also a good classical scholar, and had himself taken no small part in the politics of his native land. We suppose that few students of the life of Pausanias have not found themselves desirous to lean to a belief in the rectitude of the great victor at Plataeae. We confess we had anticipated from Lord Lytton a verdict upon this extraordinary man somewhat more in sympathy with the judgment of the Spartan tribunal which twice acquitted him of treason; but the writer of the fragment, which is all that remains of "Pausanias the Spartan," seems to have followed the general opinion of historians late and early, and to have accepted as proven the fact of his hero's treachery. The weight of authority is, of course, with him, but we do not see how, taking this view, Lord Lytton could have pleaded any extenuation of the guilt of Pausanias sufficient to bring him into the category of romance heroes. Probably, the strange and striking episode of Cleonice had its influence in Lord Lytton's choice, though it is obviously one which no English novelist could employ without considerable modification. The story of the Byzantine maiden beloved by Pausanias, forced from her father's house and slain by her lover's hand in the darkness of night, upon her first entry into his tent, is one of the most terrible in the records of antiquity. The remorse of Pausanias, haunted for life by the spectre of the slaughtered maiden, was probably that which captivated the strong imagi-

nation of Lord Lytton, always pleased to dwell and speculate upon the supernatural.

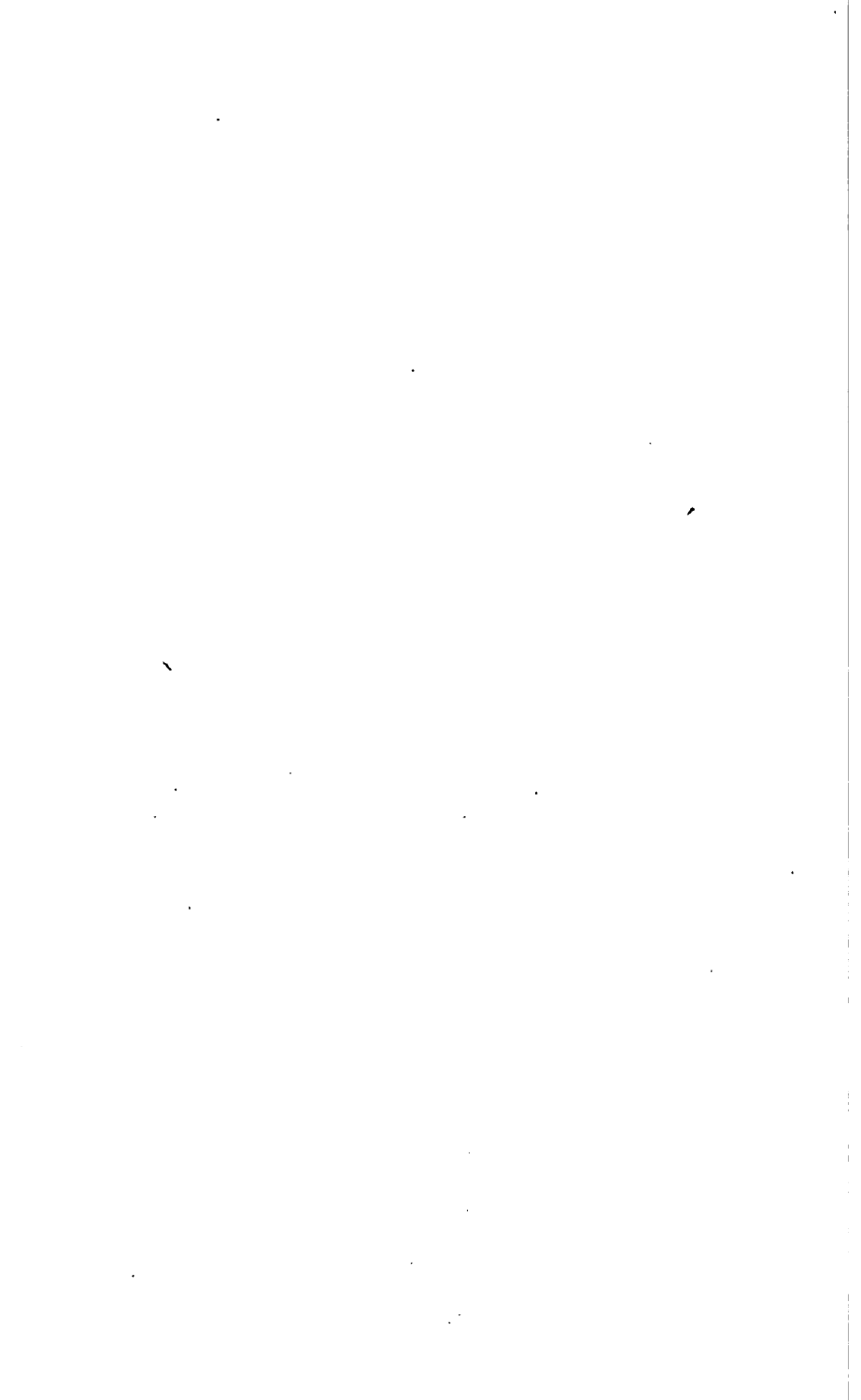
Upon the story, such as we have it, it is difficult to pronounce a critical opinion. The fame of Lord Lytton as a novelist is far too well founded to stand or fall by so mere a fragment. His many admirers will undoubtedly find in "Pausanias the Spartan" another evidence of the versatility of the author's genius, but to them, as to other readers, its special interest will reside in the fact — noted by the present Lord Lytton in his excellent introductory sketch — that his father, who deals in this sketch with complicated questions of national policy, was himself well versed in public affairs, and had long and practical acquaintance with the ways and ambitions of public men. There is plenty of evidence in the fragment before us how such knowledge can be utilised for the purposes of fiction.

So far as the mere literary texture of the work is concerned, the critics have assailed the somewhat stilted style of the dialogue. This opens up the rather serious question of whether the manner of the English historical novel writer is one to be followed or not. There has, at any rate, been no break in the manner employed since the time of Scott, and it is rather hard to fix upon Lord Lytton — himself *facile princeps* among the historical novelists of his generation — the peculiarities of a school. Whether the dialogue of Greeks or Romans, or of persons living in the Middle Ages, should be translated into quite plain English, or into the more formal medium which has been consecrated to this purpose, is an open question for the present, so far as this country is concerned. We are inclined to think that an experiment in the direction of simplicity will prove successful, but it will be so only in the hands of genius. Some solution of the point has been attempted, not in Germany, where it might have been expected, but in France.

From a purely literary point of view, it may be of interest to compare an historical romance by a great English novelist and one by a French writer of a very different school. M. Flaubert, in his "Salammbô," has certainly seemed to solve this problem of language. His dialogue is conducted with a simplicity which never degenerates into familiarity. It is naturally an outcome of this learned writer's theory of realism that he represents in his native French the actual idiomatic purity and simplicity of speech employed by the characters in

his story ; and we think he has succeeded in this without any loss of elevation or dignity. In other respects, we believe most English critics would not hesitate to set Lord Lytton above the French novelist. In elevation of purpose, in dramatic force, and in the development of character and of plot, he will no doubt seem far the superior of M. Flaubert.

Apart from the high literary interest attaching to the last work of a famous novelist, we imagine that the public will find interest of another kind in the perusal of the introduction to "Pausanias the Spartan," from the pen of the brilliant young diplomatist whose talents have just elevated him to the most dignified post under the British Crown. Any indication of mental ability or character in one about to fill the most responsible of all public offices, is looked for by the general public with a most natural curiosity ; and the more so as the new Viceroy emerges from a Service where the fame of good, loyal, and brilliant work can very rarely reach the outer world, seeing that a despatch which may represent weeks or months of anxious thought and successful negotiation will, as a rule, not find half-a-dozen readers. The curiosity in regard to Lord Lytton will probably not be so great among critics, who have long watched his literary career, or among diplomatists, who know his achievements in diplomacy ; to both these classes we imagine the appointment of such a man as Viceroy will seem peculiarly fit and satisfactory in the British India of to-day, which more than ever depends for its well-being and even for its existence on the adoption by its rulers of a wise, far-seeing, and consistently followed diplomatic policy, both towards its own feudatories and the great powers on and near its frontiers.



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The Spirit of Modern Agriculture.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.

A GREAT and radical change in a social or commercial system is naturally accompanied by the introduction of new words and phrases, till, from the continual use of these, the former aspect of the thing understood disappears, and a fresh spirit springs up. The rural revolution of the last quarter of a century has been marked by the gradual disuse of the terms, "farmer," "farming," "farm," which have been supplanted by the more polished expressions, "agriculturist," "agriculture," "tenancy." This attests the growing tendency to approach the subject from a more enlightened—a more *educated* standpoint—and exhibits a desire for a broader treatment. In fact, as well as in phrase, agriculture is rapidly superseding farming; the old narrow and contracted method is giving place to an expanded system of culture. The old spirit of farming was the most contracted that could be imagined, the policy of the farmer was bounded by his double-mounds; while now, as the whole world enters into agricultural competition, so the spirit of agriculture becomes hourly more cosmopolitan. The one idea of the farmer of former times was economy—his true husbandry was nothing else but economy, elaborated to the smallest detail, so that as he sat by his fire of logs and old poles, grown in his own hedges, he would carefully extract the crooked, red-hot nails from the glowing wood, and preserve them with care; nor would he

pass a cast-off horse-shoe in the field without picking it up. His farm was a world in itself, his one object to make that world self-supporting without extraneous aid—above all without expending hard cash. The bread he ate was made from the wheat grown in his own fields, some sacks of the less profitable sort kept back from the market, and despatched to the miller. The hogs in the sty supplied bacon, beef fed on the farm was salted down, the dairy yielded cheese, the orchard cider, beer was brewed upon the premises, and small indeed was the sum annually expended in the shops of tradesmen. Out of doors, beyond the household, the same idea was paramount. The cattle required were bred upon the place, the seed sown preserved from last year's crop, and the whole tenor of leases was to the effect that whatever was taken out of the soil must be put back into it again. Arable farmers were bound down to a specified rotation of crops with this object; pasture farmers were, and often still are, prohibited from selling hay. These restrictions, excellent in their day, though mainly worse than useless now, evidence a spirit opposed to commercial circulation, a desire to make the farm all in all to itself.

The entire drift of modern circumstance, the pressure of events domestic and foreign, has been to sweep away the system, and to substitute for it its very antithesis. Instead of being self-supporting, the farm now is perhaps the business of all others which depends upon outward aid and extraneous demands—the most complicated, and the one that employs the largest variety of tradespeople and manufacturers. Visitors to the Agricultural Hall during the annual cattle show cannot fail to be impressed with the monster collection of machinery then exhibited. Scarcely any single operation of agriculture remains which is not gone through by steel and steam. Steam ploughs the fallows, threshes the corn, and lately traction-engines have drawn heavy loads of wheat or produce along the roads to market or to the railway-station. The seed is sown by the drill, the roots sliced by machinery, the straw or hay is carried up to the top of the rick by the "elevator," grass is mown and the yellow corn reaped by the aid of rattling wheels and cogs. A simple catalogue of the endless implements of husbandry now employed would make a large volume.*

* New developments constantly arise. In the Agricultural Department of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, is shown "the automatic binder, with which the farmer drives around his field, leaving the grain behind him, not only cut, but put up in sheaves, and laid out neatly in rows."

Apart from the great change which this fact alone indicates in the character of farming itself, there must also be considered the very extensive effect produced upon the iron trade, the consumption of coal, and in the multiplication of factories employing thousands of artizans. Irrespective of the great firms, whose names are almost household words, there is hardly a town of moderate size in the rural counties which does not contain a factory of this kind, and the aggregate of the business thus transacted must be something enormous. It has often been alleged that agriculture does less than any other trade for the material prosperity of the kingdom. Men, whose object it has been to elicit the sympathies of the purely mechanic class, accuse agriculture of requiring less labour, of circulating scarcely any coin, and even of partially depopulating those tracts where it is practised. A more fallacious statement could not be made, for the exact converse is the truth. The mere iron used in the construction of machines for tilling the land represents the labour and, consequently, the maintenance of thousands. Iron cannot be produced without coal, coal again employs miners, and the use of steam for ploughing and threshing, chaff-cutting, etc., also causes a direct consumption of coal in agriculture.

The entire tendency of modern agriculture—the practice—is in complete accord with the interests and the views of the manufacturing class. The two have now a mutual interest, for the agriculturist could not flourish without the mechanic. The use of guano necessitates transhipment, and has a direct effect upon commerce. Artificial manures are manufactured upon a truly gigantic scale, and the innumerable factories for its production employ large numbers of men, both in the actual work of the factory and indirectly. The transit of machinery, coal, guano, manures—imports upon the farm—and of corn, stock, and general produce—exports from the farm—represents the expenditure of heavy sums, swelling the incomes of railway companies, and filtering into the pockets of their employes. In this sense modern agriculture comes into the closest contact with commerce and manufacture.

Descending from the more general term manufacturer to the less pretentious, but more important, factor in the social life of the age—the shop and the tradesman—how many trades are supported in great measure by agriculture, which in its turn depends upon them for the distribution of its

produce. The butcher, the baker, the grocer, confectioner, even the chemist (for articles consumed in the nursery) all go to the agriculturist, and indirectly through them the farm gives employment to hundreds upon hundreds. No longer self-supporting, and at the same time, so to say, selfish in its aim, the farm cannot be carried on without the assistance of the manufacturer and the tradesman ; while on the other hand it supplies them with a market for their goods and labour. It is a system of exchange—the true commercial system. The farmer living isolated upon his fields, his horizon bounded by the double-mound hedge, is gone. The modern agriculturist gives and takes with the manufacturer and the trader.

It is difficult to draw a line of distinction between the rising generation of agriculturists and the commercial man. In matters of business their courses almost entirely coincide. The practice of disposing of stock by auction, instead of exposing it for sale in the open market, has done much to familiarize the farmer with the recognized resources of the avowed trader. Sales by auction now take place in almost every market town, once or even twice a week, of cattle, sheep, and horses, and occasionally of implements. These sales have, in many instances, superseded the ancient open market, established by charter, and usually held in the street. Instead of keeping his fat stock in the street waiting all day for a customer, they are driven into the auction-yard, and await their turn under the hammer. Simple as these auctions appear—they are now so universal as to be passed over without a thought—yet in reality the introduction of the system exercised a powerful influence in modifying the habits of the farmer. Credit was made known to him with all its ways and secrets.

The auctioneer often stands much in the position of a banker, and his profits do not so much arise from the percentage upon sales, as the discount for the accommodation he affords. The dealer or the butcher to whose bid the animals are knocked down, pays only partially in cash or cheque, the remainder, and perhaps the heaviest portion, is represented by a bill of exchange, which the auctioneer may back ; and on the other hand, the vendor accepts a bill from the auctioneer. The auctioneer is ready to advance the vendor cash on loan to meet his heavy expenses—"the capital invested in improvements"—upon the security of his stock ; so that when these animals come to the auction yard the farmer cannot insist upon receiving

cash for them. In this way an immense amount of business is transacted at the various county banks. How many farmers of the olden time understood what was meant by a bill of exchange, or guessed at the secrets of discount and accommodation? The modern agriculturist has an extensive acquaintance with paper; and his dealings with it in no way differ from those of the commercial man. Something of the same system extends into the Corn Exchange, where the agriculturist meets the dealer every market day. Transactions in wheat and barley often reach very heavy amounts, and the dealer cannot pay for the goods in coin. He therefore gives a bill payable at a certain date, and the vendor usually discounts it. The dealer may perhaps attend two or even three markets in one day, assisted by the ramifications of the railway, and at each market find a slight difference in the price at which he can purchase, arising from local peculiarities. Upon a dexterous manipulation of these, and upon the rise or fall of the general market, he depends for his profits, and, in order to avail himself of a rise, he must have a certain margin of time, which time is afforded by the bill. The practice of the Stock Exchange is, in fact, closely imitated in the corn market, and really, if not nominally, the dealer frequently buys "for the account."

This reacts upon the agriculturist, who gradually grows sensitively alive to the fluctuations of the market, and becomes himself to some extent a speculator, watching carefully the prices in the journals, eagerly inquiring what was done on the corn exchanges of neighbouring towns, and sometimes perhaps a little anxious about the "paper" he has accepted. His calculations are not even confined to his native country—he reads with intense interest the returns from France, Austria, and America, endeavouring to foresee whether the yield in those distant lands will rise above or fall below the average; for according as the importations increase or decrease, so must he sell or withhold his produce. He scans the money article in the daily papers for the first intimations of tightness in the money market, so as to know when to discount the bills he holds to the best advantage. In what particular do these proceedings differ from those of the commercial man?

To go farther—probably there never was a time when so much borrowed capital was employed in agriculture. It was not unusual in former days for a farmer who was pinched as

rent day drew near, to "take up," as it was called, a hundred or two from a fellow-agriculturist. The county banks, if they chose, could tell an extraordinary story of the amount of money in use on loan by the agriculturists of the period. It could hardly be otherwise. In the first place, money circulates so much more freely than it used to do in rural districts—it is turned over more rapidly—credit is shorter. The outlay upon machinery is large, the price of labour higher, the system of culture more expensive. The old prejudice against borrowed capital has almost wholly disappeared. No man feels himself lowered in self-esteem by the fact that his steam-plough is driven with the aid of a banker's money. The agriculture of the past was economy, the agriculture of to-day is outlay—outlay to produce heavier crops and finer cattle. The ancient farmer looked upon money as something sacred, something to be hoarded in the oaken chest, and hidden in deep pouches, to be handled reverently, parted with grudgingly—as an article utterly distinct from all other commodities. The idea of money, as now understood in the money market—as a species of goods, like wool or iron—never entered his mind. The modern agriculturist rises almost to the money market conception of coin, and unhesitatingly employs it to extend his operations. What is the practical distinction between cash advanced upon the security of stock or produce, and the cash or goods advanced upon a bill of sale to the tradesmen? The commercial spirit permeates modern agriculture in all its branches.

In dealing with produce, agriculture daily approaches more closely to manufacture. To the mind of the farmer of a former time, no greater heresy could have been thought of than sending away the milk yielded by his cows off the farm. The idea would have been opposed to his most cherished convictions. Now hundreds of dairy farmers despatch all the milk from their cattle twice a day to London, there to be re-tailed from street to street. The churn is set on one side, the cheese-tub discarded, the dairymaid dismissed, barely enough milk is kept back for the use of the family. A stranger walking through a rich dairy country may call in vain for a glass of fresh milk at a dozen farm-houses in succession, and would not get butter in many places at any price. This habit again brings agriculture into connection with railways, most of which have their milk trains daily running into the metropolis. The

old farmer, with his breeches and gaiters, his ashen staff and dangling seals, would have turned aghast at the idea of the pure milk from his beloved cows being rattled along at forty miles an hour to be cried in the dirty, smoky streets of "Lun-nun." A disused cheese-tub, a discarded churn, rows of empty vats, would have seemed to him a world turned upside down. All the care taken in building the dairy—cool, half underground, paved with stone flags, and window to the north—wasted and thrown away. The elder bushes planted about to secure an atmosphere clear and pure—to keep dust and smoke from the delicious pats of golden butter—useless, except for firewood. The farm thus approaches to the idea of a manufactory in quick and constant communication with the customers of the town.

Still further, actual factories for the conversion of agricultural produce start up at every turn. Condensed milk factories increase in numbers, and absorb the yield from the neighbouring dairies. Some of them have been very successful, and are paying large dividends to the shareholders—agricultural shareholders! Factories for the manufacture of cheese are rapidly spreading, and here again the joint-stock principle, the true commercial spirit, appears in all its vigour. The cheese-factory is usually situated near a railway, in the midst of a dairy district, and the farmers send their milk to the factory, and receive in return a proportioned share of the profits. It is as if fifty dairies all cast their milk into one common cheese-tub. Now nothing could be more opposed to the feelings of the old farmer than such a course as this. He always had the most perfect confidence, the most implicit belief in the milk, and butter, and cheese made from that milk, of his own dairy. No neighbour could turn out such cheese—let it be ever so good there was always a smack about it, something "hot" or unpleasant. The rivalry to get the longest price at the cheese-market was intense. The fact that several score of farmers can be persuaded to contribute the milk from their dairies to one common cheese-tub, there to be mixed and mingled, is indeed to those who know the class, a sufficiently strong proof of the mighty change that has come over the spirit of agriculture.

Where now are the pig-styes—the hogs and sows, and porkers, grunting as the hour of feeding drew near, hunting for acorns in the ditches as the autumn arrived? The hog

vault was principally supplied from the refuse of the dairy, consequently when the dairy is closed, the pig-styes soon become empty. Few farmers now care to breed pigs, the result is a rise in the price of bacon, till good smoke-dried is actually as dear as beef or mutton. Each farmer formerly killed his own pig, and cured it; now the pigs that are kept, like the milk, go to factories to be converted into food. Vast bacon factories may be found doing an immense trade all the year round, killing thousands upon thousands of pigs, and employing every artificial aid in the curing, from cartloads of sawdust to give the smoky flavour, to ship-loads of Norwegian or American ice to insure the proper cooling of the carcase. One reason why milk is despatched to London, or deposited in factories, is a growing appreciation among the agriculturists of the advantage of smaller profits but quick returns—the true tradesman's view. Cheese made at home gives a large profit, but a slow return—it takes time to mature. The arable agriculturist exhibits the same tendency, forced thereto by the circumstances of the times. Barley is becoming far more important than wheat, especially the finer sorts, and barley goes to the manufacturer of beer.

The agriculturist looks more and more daily in the direction of manufactures. Lately experiments have been made upon a large scale on certain estates as to the practicability of producing sugar and spirits from mangolds. The experiment did not at first succeed, from a lack of technical knowledge only however, and there can be little doubt that the distillery and the refinery will even yet raise their tall chimneys upon the farm. Imagine a factory chimney in the midst of the yellow wheat and scarlet poppies!

With this tendency there has arisen a marked inclination for new forms of investment. The old farmer was conservative in all things, particularly in his business; the modern agriculturist, whatever his political opinions may be, is ready to adopt fresh plans, and invest in anything that promises to be popular. If a new root or a new cereal were to be discovered which held out promise of profit, it would be eagerly accepted. In the past the idea of feeding fat cattle upon anything else but hay would have been looked upon with horror; now cake is universally used. Scarcely any practice and belief of the old race of farmers which has not been reversed. Agriculture gravitates towards specialization like all other

occupations in this age of intense competition. The original farm produced something of everything, and was rarely devoted to any one particular yield. Large numbers of dairy farms, as already pointed out, are now nothing else but manufactories of milk to be sent to London, or to the factory. Twenty years ago, or less, the same farm would have made butter and cheese, fattened pigs, grazed and fattened a few Christmas beasts, and bred up a nag or two from foals. At this day they are really specialized as milk farms, and the leading idea of the occupier is therefore to secure the class of cow which will yield the largest amount of milk. Then there is an increasing number of farms whose speciality is some particular breed of cattle, or sheep, and a few where thorough-breds and hunters are raised. There are two or three instances at least in which agriculturists have specialized their tenancies as wheat farms; they grow nothing else but wheat, year after year in succession, defying the old rules of rotation of crops, by the aid of deep steam cultivation and artificial manure.

All these are efforts to fall into accord with the spirit of the age, which at the same time that it believes in the division of labour, believes also in the division of production. It is very probable that as time goes on this practice will increase, particularly in the neighbourhood of great cities, or where there is good railway accommodation. The influence of such great cities, with their hungry population, and at the same time their wealth and demand for luxuries, has been almost incalculable upon agriculture. They have shut up the dairy, and absorbed the milk; they have consumed such vast quantities of liquor that barley becomes of more importance than wheat. They will and they must have meat; the immediate result is that everything is made subservient to the production of stock, and the indirect result is the establishment of specialized farms where the one object is the evolution of a superior animal. The middle classes of these cities who cannot provide themselves from their own gardens and glasshouses, still insist upon being supplied with the luxury of early vegetables. Naturally therefore, in places where the soil or the climate is specially suitable, as in the Scilly Islands, attention is turned to this branch, for the railway abolishes the restrictions of distance.

So thoroughly is the agricultural mind imbued with the necessity of marching with the age, and obtaining profit by a judicious investment in what is demanded by the cities, that

the one great desideratum in rural districts is now quicker communication. The number of light railways and tramways that have been lately laid down in purely agricultural places is an obvious proof of this disposition. Every year sees an additional number of bills for the incorporation of railway companies to construct short lines, taken to the House. Most of these are really agricultural lines, supported by landowners, and tenant farmers—many have been made, and others are now making, entirely with agricultural money, without any "financing" whatever. They run over rich arable or pasture land, where there are no towns of any size, nothing but farms and villages, and join some great through-route of rail. Even the open and sparsely populated downs are anxious now to connect themselves by light tramways with the cities. These local companies acknowledge openly that they neither desire nor expect large dividends from the line, they are satisfied if it pays its working expenses; the real dividend is obtained in an indirect manner — by the landlords through the increased value of property, the tenants profit by the easier and cheaper access to the markets. These local railways, these village lines, are striking instances of the change which has come over the spirit of agriculture.

The old farmer prided himself above all things on being a practical man, a man of experience, learned only in the knowledge acquired through generations of cultivation. The modern agriculturist is a theorist, a student—book-learned. He is ever ready to make experiments. He sends his son to an agricultural college, he reads and ponders over the discoveries of agricultural professors, he lends plots of ground for the purpose of comparing the advantages of various methods of culture. The meaning of the words geology, botany, even entomology, is well known to him. He analyzes the soil, the water, the crops, and is familiar with the phraseology of the chemical laboratory. Hardly a science but is pressed into the service of agriculture. Geology, botany, entomology, meteorology, chemistry, natural history, and biology—the list might be extended indefinitely, to say nothing of mechanics and engineering. The engineer indeed is indispensable to the modern agriculturist—to drain his fields, to irrigate others, to construct reservoirs, roads, and lastly, tramways. The mechanic finds constant employment in repairing the steam plough and tackle, the threshing machine, the endless implements employed.

Does all this read like farming? Is it not clear that agriculture is a distinct occupation, a *business*—a business of the present and the future, almost totally severed from the past? It is true that only the larger agriculturists as yet can go to these lengths; but this spirit has filtered down into the minds of the smaller men, who go as far as they can in the same direction. Those who cannot afford to purchase the expensive steam-ploughing tackle hire it of agricultural machinists, who are now to be found almost everywhere, or of companies started to let out such engines. Even small farmers resort to draining, and use as much artificial manure as they can afford to purchase. The spirit of enterprise and speculation has seized upon them also, but their sphere of operation being limited, its results are not so immediately apparent.

A broader, more cosmopolitan feeling amongst agriculturists has been fostered by the great shows of stock and implements. To these exhibitions men flock from all parts of the kingdom, eagerly comparing the cattle shown with their own, curiously inquiring how such results were attained, examining the new machinery, exchanging ideas with others. By these assemblages much of the old local spirit has been effaced—men who have once ventured from the homestead fifty or a hundred miles, and have seen what their brother agriculturists have accomplished, can no longer pin their faith upon the traditionary usages of their native dales.* Their prejudices are shaken, the facts they have seen cannot be got over—farmers are a class particularly amenable to visible, tangible results. It may not be for years afterwards, but sooner or later, when opportunity offers, they will attempt to accomplish similar things.

Nor must the vast flow of agricultural literature which has set in of late years be left out of account. The mere number of newspapers, journals, and magazines, devoted to farming and matters connected with the land, now published is very considerable. Some of these are edited with great care, and possess a staff of clever contributors, able to throw the light of science and research upon the agricultural topics of the day. They have a large circulation, but their influence does

* Fifty years ago an agricultural writer recommended farmers to take rides of twenty or thirty miles, and note the methods followed in other localities. They carry out the spirit of this advice now by railway.

not end with that. No agricultural district now is without its local paper, and these papers reproduce the materials of the high-class journals, so that a new discovery or a better method of treatment once published in London, is immediately disseminated over the length and breadth of the agricultural world. The effect of this literature is very powerful; it has been slowly educating the mass of agriculturists for years, and the generation now growing up is impregnated with ideas derived originally from these journals.

Agriculture is perhaps fortunate in possessing more experimental men than any other calling; men who have expended fortunes in the endeavour to push on the culture of the land, who have, in many cases, reduced themselves to all but ruin, but the benefit of whose experience is now utilized on every farm in England. Such men led the van in the introduction of artificial manures, guano, and super-phosphates, proved the value of drainage, and at a vast expenditure of time and money perfected the steam plough. Scattered here and there all over the country, each has acted as a focus into which was drawn the attention of the neighbouring agriculturists, till in more than one instance, a world-wide fame has been the result. But undoubtedly the great cause of the immense progress that has been achieved, was the pressure consequent upon the repeal of the Corn Laws. From that hour, the agriculturist has had to encounter a constantly increasing host of competitors. The whole world has risen up to compete against him. Wheat flowed in from the Continent, from America, wool from Australia, and latterly preserved meat has come into the market in sufficient quantities to cause an appreciable effect. Slowly the farmer awoke to the altered condition of affairs, and roused himself to vigorous efforts in accord with the times.

Had there been nothing to compensate this competition, it would have been impossible for him to have stood his ground. But at the same time the population increased, increased in numbers, and multiplied its demands for luxuries, for rich, succulent meats. The flow of wealth permitted of higher prices, or rather caused them, and the more rapid circulation of money compensated the farmer for the loss of the old system of profit. Yet it is questionable, even now, as the pressure of competition is made heavier by the rise in the cost of labour, whether a sufficient return or percentage can be got out of the land with the limited capital invested in it. As

I suggested three years ago, the direction of events seems to point irresistibly to the conclusion that at no distant date joint-stock farming will have to be resorted to. With the sole exception of the novelty of the thing, there is practically no obstacle. It is a safer outlet at all events for capital than loans to foreign states which repudiate the interest. A certain amount of difficulty has been already found in letting large arable farms. To work them with any prospect of profit a heavy outlay is necessary—such an outlay as few men are prepared, upon their sole responsibility, to incur. By the union of a small band of capitalists, the difficulty would be overcome, and at the same time the land would be made to produce the utmost possible yield, for a company or syndicate could employ every means science can suggest.

If any one had reviewed the position of agriculture a generation ago, they would have described it as a calm, quiet calling, far from the turmoil of trade and the din of manufacture, reposing from year to year among flowery meadows and beautiful cornfields. At this hour there is presented the spectacle of a mass of restless, educated, intelligent men, struggling—seething as it were—pushing forward and adopting the resources of commerce and of science. The contrast is intense. The spirit exhibited in modern practical agriculture is one of vigorous enterprise, speculation, progress. The change has been accompanied with striking modifications in the position and habits of the people engaged.

To commence at the foundation with the labourers—the change that has come over that class is obvious and unmistakable. It must, however, be distinctly understood that the purpose of this article is to trace out and define the spirit of agriculture; it is no part of its design to argue on one side or the other; but simply to approach, as nearly as possible, to an estimate of actual existing facts, whether they relate to labourer, tenant, or landlord. Among the causes which led up to the labourer movement must be reckoned the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the inflow of foreign wheat, which in a measure placed the labourer in an independent position. Then the introduction of a new system of poor relief had its effect, and the vast impetus given to labour by the railways—their construction and maintenance—must not be forgotten.

It is common to ascribe the agitation amongst the agricultural labourers to the violent speeches and defective organization

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of a few clever men ; and it is equally the habit to assert that now those men have failed in their immediate endeavours, the movement is at an end. Neither of these assertions is accurate. The above causes and many others had been at work for years previously to the outbreak of unionism ; at this day other causes are at work whose effect will tend much in the same direction. The truly gigantic emigration that has been going on for years, is still proceeding ; the colonies, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the United States, are still absorbing the very flower and strength of the labouring population. History stands confounded, and withholds her assent in doubt, to the record of the enormous numbers of men who followed Xerxes into Greece. But what are these numbers—the wonder of the world for centuries—compared with the emigration to America, and the colonies ? The United States are this year celebrating their centennial. The land was discovered before ; but practically their country is just a century old. Our country, reckoning only from the Conquest is eight centuries old ; yet their population is larger than ours, and the vast majority speak English.

In addition to the direct effect of this emigration, there must be remembered the indirect reaction—incalculably great—of American ideas upon the lower orders in England. Somehow they have become disseminated—it is needless now to inquire how. This indirect effect increases annually, as the labourers become more educated, and read of their brethren across the Atlantic. The exact “ how ” is difficult to define, but certain it is that a common feeling at this moment animates the workmen of all western countries. They are *en rapport* with each other. Independent of literature, or even organization, there exists a mysterious communication ; a movement at a distance is propagated like a wave along the ranks of labour. It is one of the most striking phenomena of modern social life ; a phenomenon becoming more visible, tangible, and powerful year by year. Without any doubt the enforced education of the future will intensify this tendency ; for if ignorant, prejudiced men can combine for a common end, it is absurd to suppose that the same men when educated will not be more ready to act in concert.

With education there always comes a certain sense of self-importance ; the best of us who have acquired superior knowledge are not free from this weakness, how much more may it

not be expected from men whose ancestors for centuries have laboured in the darkest ignorance. It is a mistake to view the movement among the agricultural labourers in any other light than that which has been fermenting for years in other classes of workmen. The only difference is that it has come last, and therefore has yet to pass through stages which the others have already completed. It is a part of the great labour movement, a movement going on all over the world, and cannot be separated from it, and arrested by petty local treatment. In truth, that movement is one which the hand of man cannot stay. It owed its origin to a variety of causes out of his control; those causes and others are still at work.

Leaving the more general question to estimate the present position of the labourer with relation to the two classes above him, landlord and tenant, it may be summed up in one sentence—the old semi-feudal relations are totally extinguished. The old local spirit is gone. There is a familiar phrase asserting that the interests of the landlord, tenant, and labourer are identical. Looked at from a general point of view this is an incontrovertible truth, but like other generalizations, in practice it is precisely the reverse. For all practical purposes the interests of the labourer and the tenant are exactly opposed to each other. The labourer's one great object is to obtain the maximum of wages with the minimum of work; the tenant's object—like that of all employers—is to get the best labour at the lowest price. Apart from all sentimental considerations this is the root of the matter. It resolves itself into pounds, shillings, and pence. There was at one time a certain amount of common interest between the labourer and tenant, but at present their position is the same as the employers in a factory. At all events the labourers themselves in thought, word, and deed do their best to make this the position. They are determined to exact the uttermost penny from the employer; in doing so they are simply acting in accordance with the spirit of the age, and there is no reason to exclaim against their conduct as outrageous. Especially tenants must not so exclaim, for of late they have exhibited a similar resolution to force the most advantageous terms from their landlords. It is but another phase of social pressure extending from the lowest to the highest rank.

Admitting this fact honestly, and making no attempt to gloss it over, there remains the question how far can the

tenant endure the pressure of the labour movement, in other words how high will wages rise? There are good reasons for the belief that we have not yet seen the topmost price. In a very few years agricultural wages have gone up fully fifty per cent.; instances might be adduced of one hundred per cent. Yet still the men are not satisfied—the complaint is general that although paid so much more, they are less and less inclined to exert themselves in the field. There is a distinct muttering of a demand for shorter hours, for over-time payment, and a most decided spirit of sullen insubordination abroad. Although the nominal strike is over, the real strike is still in progress—it is not confined to one district, it extends to every parish where the plough is at work.

Last season it was often the case if a farmer threatened to discharge one of his labourers that the rest would convey their determination to leave him in a body if he did. Now, this fact alone speaks volumes for the altered spirit prevailing at this hour amongst the men, especially as it occurred time after time in districts nearly two hundred miles from the scene of the great strike, and where no union organization exists.

The union itself is under a cloud; but its spirit is alive and vigorous. We hear of gentlemen who have farmed one tenancy for forty years, and their forefathers before them, retiring from the business altogether, saying that they could not submit to be dictated to by their men. The men say, “You have had us under your thumb, master, for a long time; now we have got you under our thumbs.” These very words have been heard more than once in the field.

The labourer used to be placed under an obligation to the farmer by the winter, when wages were low and work scarce. But emigration abroad and migration inland to the neighbourhood of great works and factories, have so thinned the ranks of labour that work is really never scarce now, winter or summer. Neither do wages fall to the extent that used to be the case. It has so happened that with a decreasing number of labourers, an increasing demand, and higher wages, there has also arisen superior cottage accommodation. The number and the quality of cottages has immensely improved of late—many were built out of a genuine desire to create an attachment between the labourer and employer, and to eradicate the wandering habits of the former. But the precisely opposite

result has occurred ; for the labourer feels that he is no longer obliged to be civil for fear of forfeiting his cottage and garden—there are plenty of cottages and gardens elsewhere.

The labourer knows that his value has increased, and acts accordingly. The boys and youths, the rising generation, full of eager spirits and untamed by experience, cast the altered condition of affairs in their employers' teeth in a way extremely irritating, and often cause an ill-will that would not otherwise have been felt by the latter. Under these circumstances it is not to be expected that the cost of labour will stand still ; it must advance, unless any great check occurs to the prosperity of the country at large.

The agricultural labourer day by day identifies himself with the mechanic and the navvy. Whatever course is taken by the mass of workmen will sooner or later be followed by him. When the agricultural labourer is educated, as he will very soon be now that schools are in energetic action over the whole country, he will more readily and quickly respond to the motions of his organized brethren in trade and manufacture. Those who deny this can only do so by shutting their eyes to obvious facts. While on this subject it may not be out of place to make a suggestion in reference to the education of the agricultural labourer. At present there is plenty of provision for the education of youth, but all who have thought upon the subject know well that true education does not end there. In towns the workmen have their Mechanics' Institutes, their reading-rooms, free libraries, classes for every species of learning, and no one is surprised to hear that the son of a mechanic has obtained a prize from South Kensington. It is wonderful to watch the vast audiences composed of intelligent workmen who assemble to listen to the lectures of scientific men.

Now, so soon as the agricultural boy leaves the elementary school, he simply runs wild ; he forgets what he has learnt ; he is left with a certain pride and self-importance only, believing that he knows as much as his employer. What is wanted is an education for the grown-up man, something to awaken the brain, to soften the asperities of an uncultivated mind. Owing to the scattered population, an establishment resembling the Mechanics' Institute—an Agricultural Labourers' Institute—is hardly feasible in rural districts. But the lecture, with its interesting experiment, is possible, and would be crowded with labourers. Why should not lecturers

pass from village to village, illustrating in the schoolroom the theories of light and heat, or the physiology of plants and animals—things which the labourer constantly associates with, or describing with the aid of pictures the progress of a Livingstone or a Franklin? Though the audiences would not approach those of towns, one gratification the lecturer would feel—he would be really teaching, and his every word would be listened to with intense eagerness. The suggestion may be thought extravagant. What does a ploughman need to know of such things? But the hour approaches when the ploughman will vote and his voice will sway the State. Though postponed, there is no doubt the franchise must at last be extended to the agricultural labourer. His influence will then be directly felt. Candidates for Parliament must then shape their addresses so as to obtain his support. It is very, very desirable that, before such a state of things arrives, the labourer should receive some additional education than can be imparted before the age of thirteen years. It has been objected that education makes the young agricultural labourer insubordinate: it is partially true, but this is an unworthy view to take. A fuller education would have an opposite effect. The higher class of mechanics are now well educated, they are not insubordinate; clerks are well educated, they do not bully their employers.

Briefly summed up, the spirit of the agricultural labourer at this hour is restless, changeable, unsettled, pushing forward to an indefinite end, commercial in the sense of exacting the utmost value for work done, sullenly independent, and sometimes menacing. It is time, quite time, that something was done upon a large scale, as I suggested in a paper which appeared in this magazine,* to meet the labourer half-way. It is worth doing, for there is good honest material to work upon, a material which has proved itself for centuries to be the backbone of the country.

Although the labour movement has greatly embarrassed the tenant farmer, it has also advanced his cause, for the additional pressure upon him forced out the Agricultural Holdings Act. The spirit animating the modern farmer has been already amply illustrated by reviewing the practice of agriculture, but there yet remains to be considered the change in his personal habits. Excepting the smallest holders, whose position is little above that of the agricultural labourer, the life of the farmer ap-

* "Village Organization."

proaches more nearly now to that of the townsman. The old custom of early rising, early breakfasts, early dinners, and early retirement is going out of date. There are agriculturists now whose breakfast-tables are not cleared till what their forefathers would have called luncheon time, if not noon, and who regularly dine at six, with several courses. These are men of capital, of course; but at the same time the contrast of habit is equally great, for men of large wealth but a few years ago would have stared aghast at the wines, cigars, waggonettes, pianos, hunters in stable, and even footmen of the period. The middle class of agriculturists have also altered their household ways after a similar fashion, though not to such extremes. Bacon was once the staple food—fat bacon, too; now beef and mutton and veal are general. Almost all keep at least one good nag, and a respectable dog-trap or conveyance. In social matters they are less isolated, less village-like, more refined in speech and manners.

A more gentlemanly tone prevails; the old rude abruptness is disappearing. Daughters well educated at good schools, sons who have been sent to large towns to colleges and grammar-schools as they grow up, and read and converse with better class of people, gradually introduce more civilized manners into old-fashioned households. The very furniture changes—the stone floors are taken up and planking substituted; carpets are put down in rooms long bare; more comfortable, modern chairs and sofas take the place of the old angular, stiff-backed seats. Tin sconces and ancient brass candlesticks are replaced by the paraffin-lamp; plated forks and spoons are introduced instead of the old two-pronged steel fork; the carving-knife with the buckshorn handle is put out of sight. The upright eight-day clock, with brazen dial and slow ponderous pendulum, is concealed in the lumber-room, and a modern time-piece is placed upon the mantel-shelf. The sons no longer work in smock frocks and huge boots, the daughters do not milk, and yet somehow both seem to be fully employed. With this change of habits, old evil customs of hard drinking have disappeared. The daily newspaper is read, and the supply of books is frequently renewed. The conversation is not confined to beeves and corn; the modern agriculturist is a man of wide general information, who can discuss questions far removed from his farm. It is much better that it should be so.

With broader views, higher education, and that species of knowledge which is acquired by travelling occasionally, old local prejudices are no longer believed in; a more liberal spirit arises, which can make allowances for others. Had it not been so, the conflict between labourer and tenant would have been marked with violence, whereas it is admitted on all sides that the conduct of the employers has on the whole been conciliatory. The Chambers of Agriculture, if they have done nothing else, have at last opened the tenant's lips. He stands forward boldly now, fearless of landlord or agent, and proclaims his views with voice and pen. The awkward game question is a case in point. Here the tenant comes into direct conflict with the landlord, but he does not hesitate to state aloud his dislike of ground game. There has, in fact, gradually grown up an agricultural popular opinion; if the tenant feels that that opinion is with him, he knows that, say what he will, he is safe. The old farmers were a silent race; grin and bear it, was said of them, and we all know the tavern-sign where John Bull, in farmer's dress, pays for all, king, divine, lawyer, without demur. The modern agriculturist is a speaker and a public writer, who does not conceal his grievances, but proclaims them from the housetop. They also begin to know their own value, to realize the fact that they represent an enormous amount of property, and to act in concert with the object of attaining a corresponding power. They are fast learning the meaning of the word organization. The existence of the Central Chamber has shown how a direct influence may be brought to bear upon the Government. The spirit of the tenant farmers, in a political sense, is decidedly aggressive. Socially, there is an immense improvement exhibiting itself in a more gentlemanly manner, a power of speaking and writing with ease, and refined household habits.

The landlords are between two millstones—the labourers below, grinding them for cottages, gardens, allotments, schools; the tenants above, grinding them for compensation, new farm-buildings, drainage, improvements generally. Their position is less distinctly defined than hitherto—it is in a state of transition, hence their attitude is somewhat uncertain, and they appear to lack cohesion amongst themselves, so that there are instances of landowners going to either extreme, of harshness and of liberality. On the one hand, some few are said to exhibit an irritation, not unnatural at the changes of late

years, and to be disposed to exact the letter of the law. On the other, accounts are constantly coming to hand of landlords who have far exceeded the utmost wishes of tenants, who erect new buildings, drain land, offer assistance in purchasing expensive tackle, and give fair notice, and liberal compensation. Still farther there were many who after the disastrous floods and weather of last season, remitted a heavy percentage of their rents. On the whole there is an impression that landowners are disposed to a generous course, and are ready to fall in with the march of events. There is also an impression, whether ill-founded or not, that there would be little bickering between landlord and tenant could their intercourse be conducted without the assistance of agents. That is, however, impossible until the laws relating to land are simplified.

The old scandals rumoured about of interference by landlords with their tenant's freedom of conscience are heard no more. Such stories as that which relates how a gentleman addicted to shooting ordered his tenants to vote blue in order to secure the return of a candidate who promised him a moor, and again at the next election commanded that a yellow candidate should be supported for the same reason, are no longer afloat, and if they were would not be credited. With a view to prevent misconceptions, more than one great landowner at the last election issued a notice particularly cautioning tenants not to believe any agents who called upon them to influence their votes; but to act exactly as their own wishes dictated. Gentlemen of prominently Conservative politics, and staunch Church of England men do not refuse to receive tenants of precisely opposite opinions. It may be affirmed that with very rare exceptions, the tenant has now absolute liberty of political or social action.

There still remains one source of difficulty between landlord and tenant; it is the antiquated form of the lease or covenant. The provisions, or rather the restrictions, of the ancient lease were well calculated to protect the estate from injury in the old times when the farm was understood to be self-supporting. But at the present moment, were these rules to be insisted on, an enterprising tenant would be clogged at every step; and, as a matter of fact, in many instances they are passed over and openly violated by tacit consent of the owner, who yet insists upon retaining the clauses. Landowners feel a natural hesitation to give up those safeguards which

appear to have preserved their estates for generations from depreciation. But even in this matter there are signs of progress. Model leases and covenants have been drawn up, and adopted by many.

There are landlords, and some of them very large ones, who are in the van of civilized agriculture, and their influence upon the body of owners in ameliorating former rigid contracts is highly beneficial. There lingers an ill-defined dread of a tendency towards the partition of land, of Irish tenant-right, of an undue recognition of the tenant at the expense of the landlord, and this causes many to hesitate who would otherwise lead the way. But this is a dread without foundation—such ideas are repugnant to the spirit of agriculturists, and have acquired no hold upon their minds. Such a measure would be repudiated by them, as un-English. It is a fact that the landlord and the tenant are on better terms, taken on the whole, than the tenant and the labourer.

There are in the House of Commons, and in the House of Lords, numerous members and peers owning immense tracts of land, and belonging to both parties. Till recently the tenants of Liberals and Conservatives sitting in Parliament, have left them to follow the dictates of party, without any attempt to sway their decisions, or to introduce agricultural measures to their notice. But of late years there has grown up an agricultural popular opinion, and an agricultural political party, bent upon forcing forward measures for their relief or benefit. When, at last, these bills come to be discussed, a singular phenomenon happens. Those members who represent landed property, upon whichever side of the House they sit, suddenly find themselves to have a common interest, apart from party considerations. Examining these measures they discover that their interests are involved, and may be forwarded; the result is that after a show of resistance for appearance' sake, both Liberals and Conservatives vote on the same side. Indications of something of this kind have increased lately, and must increase still further as the agricultural party pushes itself forward.

Perhaps nothing is more remarkable in recent political history than the rapid rise to power of the party representing modern agricultural interests. "Modern" advisedly; for so many ancient landmarks have disappeared, so many rallying cries have lost their significance, that the present policy of

agriculture may fairly be described as new. It is still old in the sense of an undeviating adherence to constitutional forms and principles. It is strikingly new in its development of fundamental ideas, in the shapes they have assumed, and the means by which it is sought to carry them into effect. There was once a "young England" party; there is now a "young Agriculture" party, as patriotic as the old, but fulfilling itself in novel ways. It has lost that old blind confidence in a party or a leader which once distinguished it, and does not hesitate to make decided protests when its desires are passed over. The retirement of Mr. C. S. Read from the Ministry was a potent instance of the restive character of "young Agriculture." The independent spirit which animates it has entered even into the minds of men the whole course of whose lives has indicated their party feelings. At the close of last session, gentlemen who declared that they had been sturdy Tories for fifty or sixty years were heard publicly declaiming against the action of a Tory Government, and applauding the conduct of Mr. Read. Members whose chance of political distinction depended entirely upon the favour of their chiefs were not afraid to criticise those chiefs severely, conscious that their agricultural constituencies would support them.

The "young Agriculture" party has this immense advantage—the measures proposed are such that every tenant, every agriculturist, sees are for his benefit, and therefore so ardently supports, irrespective of old cries. A powerful machinery has sprung into existence, an organization extending itself over the width of the land, and of late showing signs of firm consolidation. The Chambers of Agriculture in every rural district collect the opinions of the residents, and these opinions come to a focus in the Central Chamber, which is in direct and frequent communication with the Government. The strangest part of all is, that this organization is professedly non-political, and, as a matter of fact, strictly excludes the terms Liberal or Conservative. It is as if they said, "We decline any longer to divide ourselves into two opposing camps—to weaken our natural strength by internal struggles. We will henceforth form ourselves into one vast firm, a joint-stock company. We recognize the fact that our interests are identical, and we combine to see that they are attended to." This is, briefly, the attitude of modern agriculture.

That attitude is largely owing to the extraordinary change in the practice of agriculture, and to the abolition of the belief that the Manchester man and the farmer must of necessity be antagonistic. Instead of exhibiting a rampant opposition to commerce and manufacture, or to those measures which provided for their extension, agriculture is at this day one of the firmest supporters of manufacture, and one of the largest customers of commerce. Vast factories for the production of implements of husbandry attest the influence of agriculture upon the iron trade. The farm, once self-supporting, now draws its supplies from almost every source, and gives rise to an enormous traffic. It requires coal for the household and cottage, coal for the threshing-engine and steam-plough. It requires iron, brass, copper, steel, etc., for those engines, and the machinery which they drive. Multitudes find employment in constructing these machines, in mining the coal, in smelting the iron. The locomotive rushes over the country in the service of the soil, the swift steamer skims the sea, and the busy brains of the speculator are for ever intent upon the agricultural supply and demand.

A thoughtful agriculturist who observes all this can entertain no prejudice against commerce or manufacture. There exists an appreciable community of interest between the agriculturist and the commercial man, and with it, necessarily, a certain reciprocity of sentiment. The sharp distinction drawn between the farmer and the manufacturer, and between the labourer and the mechanic, melts away daily and hourly as their interests become commingled. At the same time, the pressure of circumstances has tended to supplant the old race of farmers, pledged to traditionary customs, by a fresh colony, as it were, untrammelled, and with no reputation for unvarying consistency to maintain. The typical agriculturist of the day is a man who knows books as well as bullocks, science as well as sheep; a man quick to discern possible advantages, eager to seize them, and willing to lay out his money rather than to hoard it. He has sacrificed sentiment to utility. He has cut down injurious trees, grubbed up rambling hedges, swept away picturesque thatched sheds, and replaced them with slated, comfortable stalls. But he has also abolished the midden before the door, and utilized its precious constituents to increase the fertility of the soil.

It is natural that, with such altered conditions, there should

have grown up a new spirit — a spirit no longer determined upon isolation and immutable permanency, but assimilating itself to the wants and interests of others, and ready to endorse reasonable change. The remarkable prominence of the agricultural party at the present time, and the influence they exercise over events, is mainly due to this elasticity, and the vigour with which it is accompanied. No more restricted by stiff precedents, and deep-worn grooves of conduct, they throw the whole weight of their ranks into the struggle for measures which recommend themselves to their intellects, apart from considerations of a traditionary policy. And yet they do still retain the principle of that traditionary policy, insomuch that these powerful efforts are conducted with an admirable moderation, and a fixed veneration for constitutional procedure.

The policy of agriculture has become aggressive and agglutinative, absorbing in itself ideas not always originated by its own leaders. The stubborn, slow, waiting game is exchanged for a pushing organization, not yet complete, but rapidly approaching maturity. A marked difference might be observed if anyone were to compare the speeches of representative men made only a short time since with those now uttered by the leaders of the landed interest. In the place of legendary watchwords, the iteration of party cries, and loud assertion, there are now heard careful arguments, apt illustrations, and well-digested statistics. The speaker knows that he is addressing an educated and intelligent class, and, further, that his words will be weighed by a large and growing public, outside pure agriculture, but closely connected with it.

The leaders of the party are also fast learning that political dexterity which can only be acquired by experience in the manipulation of men and contact with the centre of government. They understand when to press their demands, when to let them remain in abeyance, how to manœuvre their forces, and gain allies from unpromising quarters. In the most outlying districts the wave of opinion, passing over, has left behind it a firm conviction that united action is the one thing needful; so that when the standard is unfurled, and the word to advance given, the whole agricultural army thrills to the call. After all, perhaps it is the character of the demands rather than the method of making them which has led to so much progress. Measures founded upon sound reason, recom-

mended by the sense of natural justice, and put forth in a moderate way, are sure of public approval. The "young Agriculture" party asks for nothing subversive of the existing order of things, contemplates no spoliation of any class, and carefully avoids extravagant pretensions. Its leading ideas are founded upon reason rather than sentiment, and are therefore suitable to the temperament of the times.

As the changes and vast improvements effected in the practice of farming have been accompanied by the formation of a new platform, so it is very probable that, in the future modifications and extensions of practice may occasion a still broader political front. Alterations in the method of cultivating land eventually lead to legislative enactments, and cause parties to assume a corresponding aspect. It is within the bounds of probability, that before many years are gone by the irresistible march of circumstances will compel agriculture to look to a very different source for returns upon investment than has been the case. The primary idea of farming is a business occupied in providing the simple necessities of life. To speak of a farm is at once to call up visions of wheat, the staff of life; of meat, and wool for clothing. But there are symptoms tending to show that in the future, the business of the farm will not so much lay with necessities as with luxuries. If the present current of events flows on without serious disturbance, the agriculturist will ere long look for profit to the production of luxuries.

Already it is so in a measure. The complaint is loud that wheat — a simple plain necessity of life — does not pay, the importations from abroad are so large.* The last two seasons have been singularly bad for the producer of wheat. One gave an exceptionally great yield, but prices were so low that cattle were fatted and pigs fed upon it. The other was below the average, but the market remained equally dull. The few who maintain that wheat pays, are either rented easily, or else till their own land. The true reasons why it is still grown appears to be, first, that it is a product which leases and covenants permit to pass at once off the farm and to be converted into cash—cash which business men often find it necessary to handle, even at a sacrifice; and secondly, because such agreements prescribe a certain routine, and to alter it

* Recently Calcutta has entered the market, and wheat from India competes with English produce.

would indeed be expensive. Year by year the import increases, and the foreign cultivation improves; unless, therefore, any complications, such as a war, interfere, it is clear that the agriculturist will be forced more and more to abandon the cultivation of necessities, and turn his attention to luxuries. He has indeed already done so in a measure.

What are the vast quantities of prime beef and mutton, the meat of special strains of cattle, but luxuries, and an indication on the part of the population of cities that it is luxuries which they expect from agriculturists. They must and will have the very best of meat. The result is that, year by year, the number of farmers engaged in improving the breed of cattle or sheep, at an enormous expenditure, increases, and will increase. At a glance it is obvious that animals for which fancy prices have been paid, would not recoup the butcher if slaughtered—that is not the point; the object is to obtain the finest meat at any cost, and a *name* for the finest meat. Meat is, in fact, treated as a luxury. See the enormous consumption of lamb and veal as a proof. The milk sent to London and other large cities is not only consumed as a necessity, but as a luxury—in pastry and confectionery, by invalids—and what is condensed milk but a luxury? Let any one calculate the area required to supply the metropolis alone with early greens, Brussel-sprouts, and similar vegetables.

It may be objected that this is market-gardening, not agriculture; but then the fact is that agriculture is gradually becoming market-gardening upon a gigantic scale. So far, therefore, as it is possible to predict the spirit that will animate the agriculture of the future, it appears that it will discard the old reliance upon necessities, and depend principally upon luxuries. Only by the production of articles which will command a high and increasing price, can the social pressure be met by agriculturists. With heavy rents, heavy outlay upon machinery, artificial manure, and labour, it is evident that the old system cannot long endure.

Never before probably in the history of the world has agriculture made such giant efforts. Not only England, but France, Italy, Austria, Russia, even India, have been moving. Our agricultural implement factories having satisfied the first keen edge of the appetite at home for machinery, are now constructing traction-engines, thrashing-engines, and similar tackle to go abroad. Even the wide plains of distant Russia

have heard the hum of English engines. Everywhere agriculturists are rousing themselves and coming to the front. The associated farmers of America, under the name of Grangers, exercise immense influence in their country.

The change in the system of cultivation of English farms, like most other changes, though beneficial in the mass, has caused much individual suffering. Men of small capital and limited enterprise, unable to expand their views to meet the times, have been, in many cases, driven from their tenancies. Hence arises an artificial demand for small farms, which are as a haven of refuge to the non-enterprising man. Here he can potter on as of yore, at least for awhile. There may yet come a sharp trial for agriculture generally, as the new system forces itself in before all are prepared. But so long as the country at large remains prosperous, and agriculture accommodates itself to the altered demands of the population, there will be a bright future before it.

To meet that future the young Agriculture party are stepping forward boldly, and to all appearance wisely. One thing only they must not forget, it is the higher education of the labourer. Sooner or later he must have the franchise, and will then wield an enormous power. If after thirteen years of age he is left to the dull plough and to the public-house, what can be expected?—simply another proof of the adage that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. If, on the other hand, due care be taken to provide for the enlargement of his at present very narrow and contracted views, he will become the strength of the rising party.

What that party now mainly wants, is a chief, a leader of leaders. It has already men of energy, intellect, organizing powers; it lacks the man who can combine, who can fuse jarring elements into one, who will proclaim the spirit of modern agriculture in boldest colours and striking outline.

Our Disasters in Afghanistan.

BY MAJOR W. W. KNOLLYS.

THE victories and conquests of the British army have been fully recorded, treated by writers from every conceivable point of view, and closely analysed. Of our defeats and disasters, however, little is known by the general public, and rarely, if ever, have endeavours been made to systematically account for them. This circumstance is by no means extraordinary. No nation, except the French, like to dwell upon their misfortunes, especially when they have been brought about by folly and misconduct.

Englishmen especially—a proud, honest race, and by no means prone to self-delusion—are, when a disaster has happened, very fond of burying a discreditable past and forgetting it as soon as possible. At first their self-esteem is terribly shocked. The public bursts into a fit of indiscriminating rage, and victims are loudly demanded. The cry for vengeance is too strong to be stifled, and the real offenders surrender to public vengeance, either mere instruments who have been perfectly free from real responsibility, or at best those whose offences are but of the second degree of guilt. Some indignant patriots, in need of an opportunity to bring themselves into notice, detect the manœuvre, and call for inquiry. The latter is by official forms so delayed, that when it terminates all interest in the affair has faded away, and the public wish to hear no more about it. It hurts the nation's self-love to think they have ever been beaten. A cardinal point of faith in this country is that Englishmen have never been defeated by foreigners, and so strong is the conviction, that any attempt to remove it would be regarded as an impertinence. Consequently very little is said on such subjects, after the first fit of fury, and few even fairly educated men are at all aware of the number of times British fleets and armies have been unmistakably

worsted. This complacent ignorance is greatly to be regretted both by the politician and the soldier: the former finds, as a result, a disinclination to prepare for possible or even probable dangers; the latter a meagreness and absence of instruction in the history of our disasters. In war failure teaches far more important lessons than success. Frequently victory is due to chance, the mistakes or misconduct of one side, or the dogged courage of the victor's troops. A great disaster, on the contrary, may generally be traced to the rashness or incapacity of either the government or the military commanders. In no one instance is this truth more conspicuously illustrated than in the Cabul catastrophe. A careful examination, therefore, of the circumstances attendant on our operations in Affghanistan at the close of 1841 is, in our opinion, most desirable, especially in view of the present aspect of affairs in Central Asia.

The evil tidings produced in England a feeling of mingled astonishment and dejection. People seemed to take a morbid pride in painting our reverses in the darkest colours, and exaggeration was rampant. It was asserted that the entire army of occupation had been destroyed, and that 16,000 men had perished, etc. As a matter of fact, the destruction was limited to the garrison of Cabul, numbering, at the commencement of the retreat about 4500 fighting men and some 12,000 women, children, and followers, and the garrison of Charekar, consisting of a regiment of Ghoorkas and a few native cavalry. Nor was the slaughter complete, for thirty-three officers and forty-four non-commissioned officers and men, besides women and children, were given up to General Pollock. Many Sepoys and camp followers also, from time to time, straggled into Peshawur. Speaking militarily, however, the entire force perished, for only one man, Dr. Brydon, and he wounded, escaped, to bring to Jellalabad the tale of the massacre. Of the remainder, those who saved their lives were either captives or frost-bitten fugitives. Still, after reducing the catastrophe to its true dimensions, we must admit that it was serious enough, and affected our prestige all over the East most injuriously. Unfortunately, too, the manner in which we took the blow left a lasting influence on public opinion. Still, considering the numerous and hazardous campaigns undertaken by us in India, the loss of about 4500 fighting men ought not to have overwhelmed us, neither should it have coloured our policy for thirty-three years. True, there was a lesson to be learnt, but

it was not, that under no circumstances should we ever interfere, either politically or militarily, in the affairs of Affghanistan.

Our object in this article is to show that however unwise it was to attempt to force Shah Soojah on the Affghans, whatever, in short, our political errors, our military disasters were due mainly, if not entirely, to gross mismanagement and incapacity on the part of the leaders of the Cabul force.

It is foreign to our purpose to trace the progress of the campaign which resulted in replacing Shah Soojah on his throne. It is sufficient to say that on August 7, 1839, the Shah triumphantly re-entered the capital from which he had so long been an exile. In October of the same year the field force was broken up, a portion remaining in Affghanistan, the remainder returning to India.

Let us now briefly review the qualifications of the three chief British actors in the drama of 1841. The envoy, Sir William Macnaghten, had been the chief instigator of the invasion of Affghanistan; his scheme of thus opposing a barrier to Russian progress in Central Asia seemed, if superficially regarded, to have succeeded. Dost Mahomed Khan had been defeated without much difficulty, and Shah Soojah had, in November, 1841, reigned for three years in Cabul. It is true there had been partial attempts at revolt, portions of the country had never been even nominally subdued, and many of the influential chiefs hated and held aloof from the Shah. Still no systematic endeavours had been made to wrest the sceptre from him. As a reward for this result of our intervention, the envoy had been given the Governorship of Bombay, and on November 3rd was to have started to take up the appointment. Naturally, his credit was bound up with the success of the policy which he had instigated and carried out. To confess at the very last moment that the conception had been unsound, the execution of it faulty, was intolerable to him; moreover, his disposition was naturally sanguine. Sir John Kaye says, "Most men have an unhappy faculty of believing that which they wish to be true. In Macnaghten the propensity was unnaturally developed. God had cursed him with a strong delusion that he should believe a lie. . . . When not blinded by his partiality for any pet projects of his own he was by no means wanting in political sagacity. . . . But as soon as anything occurred to cast discredit upon the general policy of the

Affghan expedition, by indicating the germs of failure, he resolutely refused to see what others saw, and censured those others for seeing it. Hence it was that he received coldly, if not contemptuously, those elaborate general reviews of the condition and prospects of Afghanistan which Burnes and Conolly thrust upon him, and resented every effort that was made by Rawlinson and others to draw his attention towards the unquiet and feverish symptoms which, from time to time, developed themselves in different parts of the unsettled country."

It is, however, singular that in a letter to Major Rawlinson, written the day before the outbreak, the following significant sentence occurs, "But these are ticklish times, and the aspect of affairs in Tugao and Nijrao is threatening. . . . I don't know when I can get away from Cabul, for I am very unwilling to leave affairs in an unsettled state."

The envoy contributed, in no slight degree, to the disaster by his exaggerated tenderness for the dignity of the puppet king. Military considerations involving the safety of the troops were, in consequence, continually sacrificed to diplomatic forms altogether out of place under the circumstances. Both he and his subordinates likewise interfered very mischievously in the distribution of the troops, causing a large portion of the army to be broken up into small and isolated detachments. The blame, however, must be attributed rather to the system than to individuals. Unfortunately, notwithstanding the terrible lesson of 1841, that system of subordinating, even in face of an enemy, soldiers to politicals still survives in India.

The commander of the troops, General Elphinstone, had in his youth seen much service. He had commanded the 33rd Regiment at Waterloo, and it is said that he was once a good soldier. Unfortunately, when about fifty-nine years of age, broken in constitution and crippled with gout, Lord Auckland had selected him for the command at Cabul. Kaye says of him, "Disease had broken down his physical strength. He could not walk, he could hardly ride. The gout had crippled him in a manner that it was painful to contemplate. . . . He was fit only for the invalid establishment on the day of his arrival in India. It was a mockery to talk of his commanding a division of the army in the quietest district of Hindostan. To use his own words, he had been 'unlucky in the state of

his health.' From the beginning of May to the beginning of October he had been almost without intermission suffering from fever and rheumatic gout." At length he became convinced that he was out of place in his present position, which, indeed, he had never coveted, and had obtained permission to relinquish it. Indeed, he was on the point of returning to England when the outbreak took place. According to Sir Vincent Eyre, his professional knowledge was extensive, and he was not wanting in zeal. He was likewise amiable, well-bred, patient under suffering, and of conspicuous personal courage. On the other hand, he was ignorant of the East, and especially of Affghanistan. He understood not the politics of the country, and was unacquainted with the language, habits, and wants of the native soldiers who constituted the bulk of his force. His mind had been weakened by disease, and, distrusting his own judgment, he was incapable of either marking out or adhering to a distinct course of action. Ready enough to take advice, it was the counsel of the last speaker by which he was influenced; and as he allowed the most junior officers to offer suggestions, it is not to be wondered at that there was constant vacillation and change in his plans. To make matters worse, on the very day of the outbreak his horse fell with him, the accident causing a considerable shock. Under these circumstances he is to be pitied rather than blamed; but what shall we say of the Governor-General who selected such an officer for a post demanding the full possession of every faculty? Nor was Brigadier Shelton, the second in command after the departure of Sale, a man to make up for the deficiencies of his chief. He had distinguished himself in the Peninsula, where he had lost an arm. His constitution was robust and his courage conspicuous, but he was a hard, cold, obstinate, and contentious man. He was extremely unpopular in the 44th, of which regiment he was the commander, and that unpopularity lasted till his death. It is even said that when that corps heard of the fatal result of an accident which he met with at Dublin, the men, standing on parade, with a unanimous cheer indecently expressed their delight. He was, we fancy, one of the old martinet routine and parade-ground school of officers, the delight of inspecting generals, but devoid of all skill in manœuvring. In everything but dauntless courage he was the very opposite of General Elphinstone. Harmony between the two was as impossible as the fusion of

oil and water. They each irritated and brought out the worst qualities of the other. Elphinstone limited Shelton's powers as much as he could, and continually reminded him that he, Elphinstone, was still in command. Shelton, on the other hand, made no allowances for the touchiness of an old man, no attempt to conciliate him, and lost no opportunity of expressing contempt for the indecision and incapacity of his chief. His position was, we admit, a delicate one, and nobody was ever less fit to fill a delicate position. We shall see how he conducted himself on the 2nd of November, and discover, as we proceed, that this was but an earnest of his future behaviour.

The army of occupation consisted, in October, 1841, of the Shah's contingent, 13,000 strong, officered by Englishmen; the garrisons of Khelat-i-Ghilzie, Ghuznee, and Candahar, occupied by Pollock's force; the garrison of Cabul, concerning which we shall presently give details; and several detachments of irregular and local troops in different parts of the country. Concerning the numbers and composition, however, we need not be precise, for our theme is only the force under General Elphinstone at Cabul. It is sufficient to mention that the force, weak as it was in numbers, suffered a diminution of available strength by not being concentrated in good positions. The arrangements at Cabul were remarkable for the incapacity of the authors of them. The Bala Hissar, the citadel of that town, is, as is often the case in the East, a palace as well as a fortress. The upper portion, called the Chola Hissar, situated on the highest ground in the neighbourhood, completely commands the city, to which it is joined by a narrow street. The Chola Hissar, being quite separated from the rest of the citadel, might have been occupied by the British troops, for the lower part afforded ample accommodation for the Shah and his court. So obvious were the advantages of the position that Sir Willoughby Cotton, who succeeded Lord Keane in command of the army of occupation, caused huts for the 13th Light Infantry to be constructed inside the Chola Hissar. Scarcely, however, had that regiment taken over its quarters than the Shah objected, and the whole plan was, through a false and highly censurable delicacy, changed, and it was determined to fortify a position elsewhere. The site selected was, to use the words of Dr. Gleig, "perhaps of all that could have been selected, the most unsuitable for the purpose." To understand the merits of the case, it will be necessary briefly

to describe the ground on which Cabul is built. The river Cabul, flowing from south to north, passes to the eastward of the city, separating it from a large suburb called the Deh Affghan. A range of heights extends along and close to the whole of the suburb and city. At each end this range makes a slight bend to the northwards. At the eastern extremity, and on the most commanding point in the neighbourhood, is situated the Chola Hissar. The city is connected with the Bala Hissar by a narrow strip of houses. To the north of the town the country on each bank of the river is low, studded with forts and the seats of nobles, and intersected by gardens and orchards. At the point where the river leaves the town a canal branches off from it on the western side, and runs about three hundred yards from it. Parallel to the river on the east is a range of hills called the Siah Sung heights. The southern extremity of these is distant from the town 1800, and from the Bala Hissar about 900 yards. The distance from the river is, on an average, a mile. About 2300 yards from the suburb another range bounds the plain on the west. This range, called the Beymaroo heights, runs in an oblique north-easterly direction towards the river, from which it is distant at the end nearest the town about 2700 yards, from the further end about 1800 yards. The Siah Sung heights are 3000 yards long, and the Beymaroo heights 1950 yards. A gorge runs through the Siah Sung heights at about a quarter of their length, and the Beymaroo heights at about half their length, reckoning in the former case from the end next the city. It may be noted that these measurements are taken from the tops of the hills, as shown in a plan drawn by Lieutenant, now Sir Vincent, Eyre. The objects of the British were, or ought to have been—1st, to establish themselves in a position whose strength would have enabled the British force to resist the attack of vastly superior numbers; 2nd, to be within easy reach of Shah Soojah, should he require our assistance; 3rd, to select such a site that communication with British India was covered. The Bala Hissar would have fulfilled all these conditions, but for the reasons above mentioned it was determined not to occupy it. Now, the two chief roads which lead out of the city to the north are one which passes under the walls of the Bala Hissar and runs to the east of the Siah Sung heights to Jellalabad, and another which, issuing from the suburb close to where the river quits it, passes straight across the plain by

the foot of the north-east extremity of the Beymaroo heights towards Kohistan, a direction from which the advance of an insurrectionary force might have been expected. It was considered desirable to watch this last road, but the advantage to be derived by doing so was more than counterbalanced by the fact that any army placed astride this road would be separated by the river and canal from the Bala Hissar and the Jellalabad road, and moreover the city flanked all communication with the Bala Hissar. There was, however, a position—namely, the table-land on the summit of the Siah Sung heights—which would have been nearly as good as the Bala Hissar. The position, naturally strong in itself, could have been easily fortified so as to render all the attempts of an Asiatic army fruitless. The southern extremity of the heights is only 1100 yards from the Bala Hissar. The Jellalabad road and communication with the Bala Hissar would have been perfectly commanded by works on the Siah Sung heights. All these considerations were, however, ignored, and it was decided that the troops should be quartered neither on the Bala Hissar nor on the Siah Sung heights, but that cantonments should be constructed on a spot which possessed almost every conceivable military disadvantage. The site selected was a piece of low swampy ground on the left bank of the canal above mentioned. The cantonments were in the shape of a rectangle, of which the longer side measured 1000 yards, and the shorter 600 yards. At the angles were semicircular bastions. The distance of the southern face from the nearest point of the town was about 1800 yards, and from the south-western angle to the nearest point of the Bala Hissar 2400 yards. The two ranges of heights commanded every part of the cantonments at distances of from 450 to 1800 yards. What, however, was infinitely more fatal was that the cantonments were completely overlooked by numerous towers on all sides. The principal of these were as follows—Mahmood Khan's, on the left bank of the river, between the latter and the canal, and close to the road which led from the cantonments to the Bala Hissar. It is opposite the south-eastern angle of the cantonments and about 570 yards from it. The Commissariat fort was the prolongation of the west side of cantonments, and distant from its southern extremity about 375 yards; Mahomed Shureef's fort was opposite the south-western angle of cantonments, at a distance of 100 yards; Zoolficar's fort was opposite the centre of

northern face of cantonments, at a distance of 700 yards. Between this and the cantonments came the Mission offices and The Residency. Opposite the north-east angle of cantonments, was the Rika-bashee fort, at a distance of about 700 yards. This fort stood near the eastern angle of cantonments. On the other side of the river, between the above mentioned angle and the Siah Sung heights, were three forts, of which the nearest was 900 yards and the farthest 1620 yards from cantonments. They, however, played no important part in the subsequent operations: Farther south, on the left bank of the river, and close to the bridge which led from the eastern face of cantonments to the gorge on the Siah Sung heights, was an empty fort. It will thus be seen that cantonments were in the position of a town, with a weak enceinte surrounded by detached forts, none of which save one were occupied by the defenders. The one exception was the Commissariat fort, in which, with a crass stupidity almost inconceivable, all the stores of the army were placed. It was 375 yards from cantonments, and commanded the principal road leading to the Bala Hissar, yet its only garrison was a European officer and 100 Sepoys. The whole of the force was not at first quartered in cantonments, but encamped on the farther slope of the Siah Sung heights. Thus the troops were divided into three portions: a body of the Shah's army was in the Bala Hissar, one part in the camp, and another part in the cantonments. Another disadvantage of the cantonments was that the parapet could not be properly manned without harassing the garrison.

It is only just to say that when General Elphinstone assumed the command of the army in Affghanistan, in April, 1841, he at once perceived the errors that had been committed with regard to the disposition of the troops. A magazine fort, unfinished when the outbreak took place, was to be built opposite, and about seventy-five yards from, the southern face of cantonments. He offered to purchase for the Government, out of his own pocket, some land round it, which was covered with enclosures and gardens, and which provided cover for an enemy up to within two hundred yards of the ramparts. His offer was not accepted, and his representations on the subject of the cantonments generally were ignored. He, however, caused the bridge over the canal, by which the road from cantonments to camp passed, to be rendered passable for guns, and constructed a new bridge where that road crossed the river. By

this means he shortened the road from cantonments to camp by two miles. Nor was this the only advantage of the change of route; for the main road by which communication had hitherto been kept up was commanded by several forts, as well as by the city walls, the latter, however, being 1200 yards distant.

The Envoy entirely disapproved of the site of the cantonment when it had been selected by Sir Alexander Burnes, and the military authorities, during his absence at Jellalabad. For this assertion we have the authority of Sir George Lawrence, who was his military secretary, who says that, "as it was a purely military matter, Sir William Macnaghten had no authority to interfere." Sir William, however, protested against the commissariat stores being located outside the position, as being highly dangerous, but was informed that there was no room for them within the cantonments, which was all required for barracks. He further repeatedly requested Lord Auckland to sanction the purchase from the proprietors of the forts commanding the cantonments, in order that they might be levelled; but his lordship declined, on account of the great expense which would be thereby incurred.

Another person who comprehended the danger of our position was Captain Skinner, the chief commissariat officer. When it was first decided to place the commissariat stores in a fort *outside* the cantonment, he earnestly begged that a place inside the ramparts might be substituted. His representations were useless. He was told that "no such place could be given him, as they were far too busy in erecting barracks for the men to think of commissariat stores." Too busy, forsooth, to think of that on which, before everything, the very existence of the army depended! Thus we find the chief civil and military authorities, and the head of the commissariat, unable to prevent so glaring an act of folly from being perpetrated. Who, then, was to blame? At this length of time it is difficult to say with confidence, but it is reasonable to infer that the Quartermaster-General and the executive engineer had some hand in this suicidal arrangement.

We have shown what was the position of General Elphinstone's command locally. Fully to appreciate it, however, we may mention what means of communication it had with India, what were the reinforcements it had to expect from the scattered bodies of troops in Afghanistan itself. From Cabul yards; &c.

there were two lines of communication—one led, through the Khoord Cabul and Khyber Passes, to Peshawur, distant about 180 miles, and from thence through the country of our doubtful ally, Runjeet Singh, to Ferozepore. The whole distance from Cabul to British territory by this route was about 580 miles. In the autumn of 1841 only some weak and untrustworthy detachments guarded the road as far as Peshawur, and the remainder of the road was in the power of the insubordinate soldiery whom even Runjeet Singh could not always keep in order. The other road lay through Ghuznee, Candahar, the Bolan Pass, and the northern portion of Scinde—the latter country being in the possession of the Amirs, only forced into temporary acquiescence in our designs, and ready at the first reverse to exhibit active hostility against us. The distance by this road to British territory was about 680 miles. At Ghuznee was a single native infantry regiment; and though at Candahar was the headquarters of a brigade, yet the latter was weakened by the many detachments sent out at the instance of the political officers, and could afford no efficient support to Elphinstone, 300 miles distant. Moreover, in winter the road from Candahar to Cabul was closed by the snow.

In the autumn of 1841 the Indian Government, wishing to curtail the excessive expenditure entailed by the occupation of Afghanistan, and fondly believing that Shah Soojah was firmly established on the throne, determined to recall some of its troops. Consequently, the 13th Light Infantry, which had been relieved by the 44th regiment, the 35th and 37th Native Infantry were ordered, in the beginning of October, 1841, to hold themselves in readiness to return, *via* the Khyber Pass, to British India. Sir Robert Sale was placed in command of the force; but as means of transport were scanty, it was arranged that the regiments should move successively. The arms of the 13th Light Infantry were old flint muskets, so worn by constant use, that they constantly missed fire, and only hit the object aimed at by accident. Sir Robert Sale begged that these might be exchanged for new percussion muskets, of which there were 4000 in store, and never likely to be required by the troops left behind. General Elphinstone, however, with the fatuity which marked all his acts, refused the application, saying that as the 13th were about to proceed straight to England, it would be useless to give them new arms. The march of Sale's brigade took place earlier than was intended, under the

following circumstances :—Till the end of September, the political and military authorities at Cabul hugged themselves with the idea that the country was in a state of profound calm. General Elphinstone, who had requested to be relieved, on account of failing health, and Sir William Macnaghten, who was designated for the Governorship of Bombay, were preparing to return to British India. A few detached commanders and district civil officers perceived symptoms of an approaching outbreak, but their warnings were unheeded. At the end of September, however, facts began to speak for themselves. Captain Hay, with a strong detachment, had been sent into the Zoormut Valley to collect revenue, and seize some notorious robbers. The latter, however, threw themselves into a fort, and bade defiance to Captain Hay. His two six-pounders producing no effect, he was obliged to retreat ; but large reinforcements, under Lieut.-Colonel Oliver, were sent to his assistance, and the insurgents, abandoning their forts, fled to the hills. The Envoy still continued blind to the discontent smouldering in every direction, and regarded this outbreak as an event to be expected from time to time in a barbarous country, and not worthy of special attention. A more significant incident ensued. In pursuance of a system of economy urged upon him by the Indian Government, the Envoy, though not without remonstrance, had suddenly withdrawn the subsidy hitherto paid to the Ghilzie chiefs, for keeping open communications with Peshawur. Furious at what they considered a breach of faith, three powerful Ghilzie chiefs, in the beginning of October, suddenly quitted Cabul, and, after plundering a caravan at Tezeen, took up a position to close the Khoord Cabul Pass, the mouth of which was about ten miles from the capital. Still the Envoy was not alarmed ; but as it was indispensable that communications with Peshawur should be re-opened, he hastened the march of Sale's force. On the 9th, Colonel Monteath, with the 35th Native Infantry, 100 native sappers, a squadron of the 5th Cavalry, and two guns, marched to the entrance of the Khoord Cabul Pass. That night the Ghilzies, under cover of broken ground, surprised Monteath, and were only repulsed after a prolonged struggle, which cost us many casualties. In consequence of this affair, General Sale, with the 13th Light Infantry, and a squadron of native cavalry, joined Monteath on the 11th. The next day the pass was skilfully and brilliantly forced, though not without heavy loss. Having accomplished

this operation, Sale, with the 13th Light Infantry, returned to the Cabul extremity of the pass, fighting all the way. The remainder of the force remained encamped at the Peshawur end of the pass. During the following week several night attacks took place; but on the 20th, Sale having been reinforced by the 37th Native Infantry, four field guns, a mountain battery, and 100 of Anderson's Irregular Horse, marched towards Tezeen, Monteath joining him on the road. On the 22nd, he reached Tezeen, after an obstinate resistance. There he remained till the 26th, and, during those four days, half frightened, half cajoled the refractory Ghilzie chiefs into what proved a hollow truce. On the 26th Sale advanced to Gundamuck, first sending back to Kubbur-i-Jubbur the 37th Native Infantry, three companies of the Shah's sappers, and three mountain guns. This detachment, except the sappers, who continued their march to Cabul, was intended to serve as an escort to the sick and wounded of Sale's force. On the 2nd of November, however, the 37th Native Infantry and the mountain guns were peremptorily recalled to cantonments. They started at night; and though forced to maintain a running fight all the way, Major Griffiths so skilfully handled his force, and displayed so much firmness, that on the morning of the 3rd November he brought the detachment safely into cantonments. So blind were the authorities to the state of affairs, that, after the receipt of Sale's account of the forcing of the Khoord Cabul Pass, the Envoy sent that officer a despatch, saying that he had arranged with certain chiefs to guard the communications, and keep the pass open. Yet it was well known that, among the assailants in the night attack on Monteath, were the retainers of some chiefs residing in Cabul. Large parties of them had been seen proceeding from the city to the scene of action, and afterwards returning. These men passed through or close to the Siah Sung camp, but were not even questioned. A few days after the care of the communications had been entrusted by the Envoy to his supposed native allies, a detachment of artillery was sent to join Sale. With a neglect of ordinary precaution which would have disgraced the youngest ensign, no escort accompanied the detachment. By good luck the guns arrived safely, but the baggage was attacked, and much of it carried off.

The following was the distribution of the troops in garrison at Cabul on the morning of the 2nd November, 1841:—At the

Siah Sung camp, under Brigadier Shelton, a squadron of the 5th Light Cavalry, Anderson's Irregular Horse, Nicholl's troop of Horse Artillery, the 44th Regiment, a wing of the 54th Native Infantry, the 6th Shah's Infantry. In cantonments, 5 six-pounder guns with a detachment of the Shah's Artillery, the Envoy's Body Guard, the remainder of the 5th Light Cavalry, a troop of Skinner's Horse, a troop of Local Horse, three companies of the Shah's Sappers, twenty men of the Company's Sappers, the 5th Native Infantry, a wing of the 54th Native Infantry. In the Bala Hissar, a portion of the Shah's contingent, and some irregular forces. In the city were the Guards of Sir Alexander Burnes, Captain Johnson, Paymaster of the Shah's forces; of Brigadier Anquetil, commanding the latter; and of the Commissariat Godown, as well as a detachment of the 14th Shah's Sappers, and another of Ferris' Juzailchies. The Commissariat Godown, in charge of Captain Trevor, was guarded by a party of the Shah's Hazirbashes, or Life Guards. It is evident that all these guards occupied most exposed and isolated positions, and that the whole force was injudiciously diffused.

At an early hour on the 2nd November, the intelligence reached cantonments that there was an outbreak in the city. The Envoy declares: "On the morning of the 2nd of November, I was informed that the town of Cabul was in a state of commotion; and shortly afterwards I received a note from Lieut.-Colonel Sir A. Burnes, to the effect that his house was besieged, and begging for assistance. I immediately went to General Elphinstone." The latter says that at 7.30 a.m., he learnt that the city was in a great ferment, "and shortly after the Envoy came and told me that it was in a state of insurrection; but that he did not think much of it, and that it would shortly subside." During the interview the Envoy, according to his own account, suggested that "Brigadier Shelton's force should proceed to the Bala Hissar, there to operate as might seem expedient; that the remaining troops should be concentrated in the cantonments, and placed in a state of defence, and assistance, if possible, sent to Sir A. Burnes." Before, however, Shelton had reached the Bala Hissar, "it was," says the Envoy, "deemed impossible to penetrate to Sir A. Burnes' residence, which was in the centre of the city." General Elphinstone's report only impliedly refers to an intention of sending succour to Burnes. The General says that it was pro-

posed that Shelton, with two regiments and guns, should proceed to the Bala Hissar, which was considered a commanding position, and the fittest route to enter the city." We may fairly infer that the General, in speaking of entering the city, contemplated eventually relieving Burnes; but if such is the case, he quite failed to appreciate the critical position of the latter and the need for prompt action. The General goes on to say that Shelton entered the Bala Hissar about noon. Shelton says that riding under the city walls about 7 a.m., he was informed that the gates were shut. He, however, thought that this was merely a precaution to prevent the escape of some thieves, and returned home without any misgivings. About 8 or 9 a.m., various reports were circulated; and between 9 and 10, he received a note from the General announcing a disturbance in the city, and desiring him to march to the Bala Hissar. Soon another note arrived, saying that Shelton was not to go to the Bala Hissar, as the King objected. Shelton, in reply, said that if there was an insurrection, decided steps should be taken. In reply he received an order to march at once to the Bala Hissar, where further instructions would be given by Captain Lawrence, the Envoy's military secretary. Shelton was on the point of marching when he received a note from Captain Lawrence, ordering him to halt for further orders. Shelton sent Lieutenant Sturt, of the Engineers, to ascertain the cause, and soon after Captain Lawrence came and directed Shelton to proceed. He then marched into the Bala Hissar.

Sir George Lawrence says, "I had just returned from my morning walk, about 7 a.m. on that day, and was about to sit down to my desk as usual, when a messenger, whom I had sent into the town to make some trifling purchases, returned breathless, in the greatest state of excitement, reporting that the shops were all closed, and crowds of armed men filling the streets and surrounding the houses of Sir A. Burnes and Captain Johnstone, which had been set on fire. I instantly rose and sought the Envoy, whom I found about 8 a.m., in earnest consultation with General Elphinstone and his aide-de-camp Captain Thain, Captain Grant, Assistant-Adjutant-Gen., and Captain Bellew, Quartermaster-General. On my coming in, Sir William placed a note from Burnes in my hand begging for aid, as, from a tumult in the city, he feared his house might be attacked. On reading it, my opinion was asked, and I

suggested that not a moment should be lost in marching a regiment from the cantonment, to proceed straight to Sir Alexander Burnes' house in the city, and thence detach strong parties to the houses of the chief persons who were causing the insurrection, . . . and to seize their persons. My proposal was at once set down as one of pure insanity, and under the circumstances utterly unfavourable. I then urged that at any rate Brigadier Shelton's force should be sent from the Siah Sung lines to occupy immediately the citadel of the Bala Hissar, from whence it would be in a position to act as circumstances required, and as might be directed by the King and the General. This proposal was agreed to by the Envoy and General Elphinstone, and Lieutenant Sturt, our sole engineer officer, was ordered by the General to proceed immediately to Brigadier Shelton with instructions *to march, not on the moment, as I had suggested*, but to have his force in readiness to move on the Bala Hissar as soon as informed that the Shah required his presence to occupy the citadel. The Envoy directed me at the same time to proceed instantly to the King in the Bala Hissar, a distance of about two miles, and inform him of this order."

It is evident from the above that the Envoy was in personal communication with the General *before* 8 a.m., and that the latter did not resolve on vigorous action; indeed, that he was not prepared to take any but preparative steps. The Envoy also failed to appreciate the gravity of the crisis. If Brigadier Shelton's recollection is to be depended on, either the consultation of the General with his staff and the Envoy must have been prolonged for more than an hour, or else a long time elapsed from its close to the moment when the orders of readiness were sent to Shelton. There can be no doubt that had the General, as soon as he heard of the outbreak, despatched a single regiment, a couple of guns, a party of sappers, and a squadron of cavalry straight to the focus of the disturbance, the insurrection would have been nipped in the bud. By 8 a.m. the troops might have been on their way, and Burnes' house was only a mile and a-half from cantonments. By 8.30 a.m., therefore, the advanced guard could have reached the scene of the massacre. No resistance worth naming was to be anticipated, for the insurgents at first only numbered some 300 men. These were all engaged in plunder, while those who subsequently joined them had their hands full in

attacking Trevor's and Mackenzie's posts. Lulla Gungadeen, a hospital steward, attached to Captain Johnstone's establishment, says that for several days one regiment would have been sufficient to disperse the mob. According to him the people were in great terror, saying every moment, "They are coming! they are coming!" If even it was deemed imprudent to despatch a small force at once into the heart of the city, and that systematic operations on a large scale were considered necessary, there is no excuse whatever for not having commenced by 10 a.m. at the latest. The Envoy and the General were in consultation as early as 7.30 a.m. The former, notwithstanding the note he had just received from poor Burnes, under-estimated the gravity of the crisis. It would, however, have been but a natural, a reasonable precaution, for the General, on his own responsibility to have placed all the troops under arms at once, to have detached corps for an attack, should it prove necessary, to have summoned Brigadier Shelton to cantonments, and to have sent out patrols to bring in information. Let us see what he actually did. He took no steps to obtain information, leaving that work to the Envoy. He did not, apparently, at once place the garrison of cantonments under arms. He *suggested*, he tells us, to the Envoy, that Shelton, "with a detachment, should be sent to Bala Hissar, there to act as might seem expedient; that the remaining troops should be concentrated in cantonments; that the latter should be placed in a state of defence; and that assistance should, if possible, be sent to Sir A. Burnes." It was evident that military, rather than political, considerations should have been at such a crisis paramount. It was time for the sword rather than the pen to be brought into play. The General should have assumed the direction of affairs, and instead of *proposing* to the Envoy a certain plan, he should have simply informed him what he was going to do. It was late to talk of placing the cantonments in a state of defence then; but it would appear that the General was only partially responsible for the failure to take such an obvious precaution. As we have shown, he had, on his arrival in April, 1841, perceived the weakness of the cantonments, and had made earnest representations on the subject without effect. So far, therefore, he was free from responsibility. The General is, however, to be blamed for not having placed all his available guns in position—a step which was not

taken till the 2nd or 3rd of November. As to sending assistance, if possible, to Sir A. Burnes, the military, not the political, chief was the best judge on that point. Under any circumstances, it was important that a display of force should be made, and offensive operations undertaken without delay.

We have seen that at 7.30 a.m., the interview between the Envoy and the General commenced, yet, according to Lady Sale, the mother-in-law of Lieutenant Sturt, and therefore likely to be well informed, that officer did not reach Shelton till 9 a.m. The camp at Siah Sung was less than two miles from the centre of cantonments, a distance which a horseman could have accomplished in ten minutes. It is clear therefore, that it was long ere the General made up his mind to even order Shelton to prepare to proceed to the Bala Hissar. No sooner too had he wound himself up to that pitch of comparative energy, than his mind misgave him, and he despatched an order to Shelton to stand fast, because our puppet, the King, objected to the movement. On a remonstrance from Shelton that it was not a moment for indecision, the General then ordered Shelton to march. As the latter was starting, a note came from the military secretary to the Envoy, who had been sent on to the Bala Hissar to concert measures, ordering a halt, but this order was soon followed by another to proceed. About noon, Shelton reached the Bala Hissar. The delay caused by the Envoy's military secretary does not seem to have been long, but every minute was of importance, and General Elphinstone ought not to have allowed any interference by the politicals, still less to have placed an officer of Shelton's rank, practically, under the orders of a subaltern. If Elphinstone had promptly directed Shelton to march as soon as he heard of the insurrection in the city, the order might have reached Shelton soon after 8 a.m., and by half past nine at the latest, that officer's detachment might have reached the Bala Hissar which was rather less than two miles from the Siah Sung camp. So far Shelton was free from all blame. He had simply obeyed orders. Let us now see what was going on in the city.

It would appear that the murderers of Sir Alexander Burnes were astir a little before 8 a.m., for at that hour a native came to warn Sir Alexander that there was a tumult in the city. The chuprassie on duty, bearing in mind his master's treatment of a similar warning the day before, did not like to awake him. He, however, went into the city to see for him-

self. He had not gone far when he met the Wuzeer going towards Sir Alexander's house, and turned with him. The chuprassie then awoke Sir Alexander, who dressed quickly, and talked some time with the Wuzeer, who earnestly begged him to seek refuge in the Bala Hissar. Taking into consideration the leisurely movements of Orientals, and that the chuprassie probably wasted some time in talking to the above mentioned messenger, and that he then went into the town, it is probable Burnes's interview with the Wuzeer did not finish much before 5 a.m. He then wrote to the Envoy for support, and sent messengers to different chiefs. By this time it must have been nearly 6 a.m. The mob was now raging round his house. Even then he forbade his guard to fire, and addressed the mob in the hope of soothing their fury. In the meantime, Broadfoot, desperately resisting, had been slain, and a party of the insurgents had forced their way into Burnes's garden. He then tried an appeal to their avarice, but in vain. A Mus-sulman Cashmiree swore on the Koran that if Burnes would cease firing on the insurgents he should be conducted in safety to a neighbouring fort. He had no choice but to accept the offer, and disguising himself in native attire he quitted the house. His conductor at once pointed him out to the mob, and in an instant he was cut to pieces, his brother being also killed almost simultaneously. From the time that Burnes despatched his letter and messengers no more than an hour could have elapsed. His death must have therefore occurred not later than 7 a.m. It is very certain, therefore, that even had the Envoy from the first appreciated the danger of Sir Alexander, and the General acted with promptitude, assistance must have arrived too late to prevent the tragedy, for the Envoy could not have heard of the commotion in the city earlier than about 6.30 a.m., and did not receive Burnes's letter till about 7 a.m.

That is, however, no excuse for the omission to take prompt measures. The cantonments could have been held by a small force against a desultory attack; the only one which was that day to be apprehended. The bulk of the forces could therefore have been employed in offensive operations, for which, setting Burnes aside, there was urgent need. The Envoy, as appears from a letter written early that morning to Captain Trevor, in which he expressed an opinion that the Shah's forces would suffice to restore order, looked on the disturbance

as a mere riot. History should, however, have taught him that it is in riots that revolutions generally begin. Besides, there were other British officers and much British property in the city, both requiring protection. How successful the slightest act of vigour would have been, may be inferred from the following facts. Mohun Lall, a native subordinate of Sir Alexander Burnes, says that at first the assailants of Sir Alexander's house only numbered fifty. The evidence of Captain Colin Mackenzie, who was besieged in a tower in the city is that: "Even after the insurrection had lasted some hours, Khan Shereen Khan, the chief of the Kuzzilbashes, and four or five other Khans of consequence, among them the leaders of the Hazirbash regiments, were with poor Trevor, earnestly expecting that some decided measures on the part of the British would justify them in openly taking their part." In a note Captain Mackenzie further remarks that some months later he had much conversation with this Shereen Khan and other Kuzzilbash chiefs, and they all declared "that the slightest exhibition of energy on our part in the first instance, more especially in reinforcing my post and that of Trevor, would at once have decided the Kuzzilbashes and all over whom they possessed any influence, in our favour." Khan Sheeran also confirmed the idea that an offensive movement on the opposite side of the town by Brigadier Shelton, had it been made in the early part of the fatal 2nd of November, would at once have crushed the insurrection. It may be mentioned that after an heroic resistance, Captain Mackenzie on the night of the 3rd and 4th effected his retreat into cantonments with his detachment. A few hours later, Captain Trevor, his wife and seven children, also arrived safely in cantonments, escorted by his faithful Hazirbash horsemen. To return to our subject. Lieutenant Eyre estimates the number of the mob at first at 300. Captain Mackenzie asserts that at the western end of the city only 200 armed rebels were collected. Without endeavouring to be precise as to exact numbers, we may venture to affirm that for several hours after the commencement of the insurrection, the rebels were few in number, half-hearted, and acting without combination. Sir George Lawrence subsequently learnt that not only for some hours, but for some days, powerful chiefs held aloof from the outbreak. The King displayed far more energy than the British authorities, for on finding that the riot was swelling into

a revolt, he despatched a body of his immediate Affghan retainers, under the command of one of his sons, Campbell's Hindostan regiment, and two guns from the Bala Hissar to restore order. This force not being supported by the British, was driven back with great slaughter, the guns being barely saved. It is to be noted that the Envoy knew of this force having been despatched, he mentioned the fact in his letter to Captain Trevor. Yet he failed to insist on vigorous action or even to comply with Trevor's requisition, despatched in the afternoon, for reinforcements, or at all events ammunition. Trevor's post, we may mention, was only one and a half mile from cantonments.

Shelton, with one company 44th Regiment, a wing of the 54th Native Infantry, the Shah's 6th Infantry, and four Horse Artillery guns, and a squadron of the 8th Light Cavalry, reached the Bala Hissar about noon. The remainder of Shelton's brigade, consisting of nine companies of the 44th Regiment, Anderson's Irregular Horse, and two Horse Artillery guns, was sent into cantonments.

From that moment he was left to his own judgment, and we do not hesitate to say that he showed himself utterly unfit for independent command. Sir George Lawrence was a witness of Brigadier Shelton's subsequent operations on the 2nd, and in his autobiography has given a detailed account of that officer's conduct. Lawrence, after reporting to the Envoy the position of affairs, returned to the Bala Hissar, where he arrived about 3 p.m. An interview with the King took place. "I then," he says, "sought Brigadier Shelton, whom I found directing a fire on the city from two of his guns, which the enemy returned by a sharp rattling fire from their juzails. These weapons carry a long distance, and Captain Mackintosh, of the 5th Native Infantry, major of brigade, received a shot through his forage cap, as we stood talking together. Brigadier Shelton's conduct at this crisis astonished me beyond expression. I had always regarded him as an intelligent officer, and personally brave. I knew that he was unpopular with his own corps, but I did not attach much weight to the fact, as popularity is no sure proof of merit. He was doubtless well acquainted with all details of discipline, and strict in maintaining them. But he was apt to condemn all measures not emanating from himself, and call in question and depreciate the merits of others after alluding to what he him-

self would do were he in their position. I confess to a doubt having crossed my mind before then, as to whether, if tried, he would not be found a failure, but I as often dismissed it as unjust to the man. Added to all this, he was dissatisfied with his own position, a great croaker, and anxious to return to India. Such was the man, who, alas ! was destined to exercise so baneful an influence over our fortunes at this period of unexampled peril. Shelton, on my joining him, seemed almost beside himself, not knowing how to act, and with incapacity stamped on every feature of his face. He immediately asked me what he should do, and on my replying, 'Enter the city at once,' he sharply rebuked me, saying, 'My force is inadequate, and you don't appear to know what street firing is.' 'You asked my opinion,' I rejoined, 'and I have given it. It is what I would do myself.' Finding further expostulation vain, I begged that two guns might be placed on a platform in an elevated spot of the Bala Hissar, so as to fire down effectively on the very limited portion of the city to which the disturbance was then confined, and which was fully exposed to artillery fire from where I was standing. To this Shelton assented, and directed Captain Nicholls to take up the guns. Nicholls, however, represented that his horses were unequal to drag the guns up such a steep ascent. At this I lost patience, and turning to the Brigadier exclaimed, 'Really, sir, if you allow your officers to make objections instead of obeying, nothing can be done. We had better unyoke the horses, and two companies of the Shah's own Native Infantry will soon put the guns in position.' This was done, and fire opened. The King at this time asked me more than once why 'the troops did not act,' and seemed to be, as well he might, deeply annoyed that they did nothing. Shelton well knew the King's anxiety that he should take active measures for quelling the disturbance, but he was, in fact, quite paralyzed, and would not act. Finding that my suggestions were unattended to, and the Brigadier determined to do nothing, I felt that my remaining longer in the Bala Hissar was useless, and therefore towards the evening I took leave of the King, as it happened, for the last time, and returned with Captains Troup and Johnstone to the cantonments, escorted by a squadron of the Light Cavalry, which was considered useless in the Bala Hissar."

We would here call attention to the fact, as proving the

local and comparatively insignificant nature of the outbreak at first, that Lawrence speaks of it as a "disturbance," and that on the first day he proceeded twice from the cantonments to the Bala Hissar and back, the first time escorted by only four troopers, and the second time, when the affair had made some progress, by no more than a squadron of native cavalry.

Returning to cantonments, we found the General full of despondency and indecision, and adopting the usual resource of feeble minds, procrastination. To-day the blow should have been struck, he put it off till to-morrow. After the Envoy left him, he, according to his own account, set to work considering what should be done, but apparently without being able to arrive at any decision. In a letter to the Envoy, written on the 2nd, he says, "Our dilemma is a difficult one." He hints that Shelton, if reinforced, "might no doubt force in two columns on his way to the Lahore gate, and we might from hence force that gate and meet them." He is doubtful, however, about the benefit of such a movement, and draws attention to the loss of life which it would cost. After further arguments in favour of doing nothing, he, like a military Micawber, wishes to see "what the morning will bring." All through the letter runs a vein of doubt and despondency.

The next day the 37th Native Infantry and three mountain train guns arrived from Khoord Cabul, whence it had been on the previous day recalled, and though the march was stoutly opposed, the skill of the commanding officer, and the courage and discipline of all ranks, baffled the enemy. On the same day, at three p.m., a feeble demonstration—it cannot be called an attack—was made, and failed.

The number of the insurgents had greatly increased since the preceding day, and to use Kaye's expression, the space between cantonments and the city "was alive with an angry enemy." The detachment consisted of—one company 44th Regiment, two companies 5th Native Infantry, and two Horse Artillery guns. The intention was that this party should march on the Lahore gate, and effect a junction there with a column from Brigadier Shelton's force, which was to force a passage through the city. Shelton had been on the morning reinforced by three mountain train guns, one iron 9-pounder, one 24-pounder howitzer, two 5½-inch mortars, and the left wing 54th Native Infantry. He had therefore sufficient men available for the combined operation, but his orders were not positive. He was told that

he must send a force into the city if the step appeared practicable. He decided that it was not practicable. As to the detachment from cantonments, it was sent by a road which was commanded by a walled garden called the Shah Bagh, and by Mahomed Khan's fort. Marksmen from the neighbouring enclosures carried death into their ranks, and a sharp fire was kept up from city walls, to which they lent their flank. Between them and the Lahore gate also was a large body of cavalry and Juzailchies. Having therefore suffered heavily, the detachment was brought back to cantonments. Had it issued from cantonments by the eastern instead of the western side, and crossed the river, it would have avoided most of the difficulties which beset it. The force also should have been stronger, and accompanied by cavalry. On the same day requests for assistance were sent to Candahar, and General Sale. A force was despatched from the former place, but it was stopped by the snow, and obliged to return. General Sale, hard pressed himself, far from returning to Cabul, was obliged to push on to Jellalabad, in order to secure his own force from destruction.

On the 4th November, the folly of placing the commissariat stores outside the cantonments was brought home to the military authorities. On the 3rd the guard of the Commissariat fort had been raised to 80 Sepoys, and placed under the command of Lieutenant Warren. The fort was 400 yards distant from the cantonments, but what was worse was that another fort, called Mahomed Shuriff's fort, stood on the opposite side of the road leading to the Commissariat fort, and about half way between it and cantonments. On the 3rd General Elphinstone had expressed a desire to occupy Mahomed Shuriff's fort, but the Envoy declared that it would not be politic to do so, and the General weakly yielded. The enemy on the 4th threw a garrison into it. Lieutenant Warren finding himself besieged by the insurgents, and that the latter were mining the walls, reported his danger, and stated that unless reinforced, he should be obliged to evacuate his post. A company of Sepoys, with some ammunition, was sent to his assistance, but was driven back, the officer in command being slain. Two companies of the 44th Regiment were despatched to bring off the garrison, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Later in the day, a party of the 5th Native Cavalry, made a similar attempt with a like result.

Captain Boyd, hearing of the General's intention to abandon the fort to the enemy, pointed out that there were only two days' provisions in cantonments, that there was no prospect of obtaining more, and urged the absolute necessity of maintaining possession of the fort. The General, apparently always influenced by the last speaker, sent to Lieutenant Warren an order to hold out to the last. That officer declared subsequently that the letter never reached him. Early in the evening he represented that some of his Sepoys had escaped into cantonments, that no reliance was to be placed on the remainder, that the enemy were preparing to burn the gate, and that if succour did not soon arrive he could not hold out many hours longer. He was assured that reinforcements would reach him by 2 a.m. At 9 p.m., a sort of council of war was held at the General's quarters. The Envoy, who, whatever his faults, was always for boldness of action, urged that Mahomed Shuriff's fort ought to be taken that night. The General hesitated, but a native scout reported that the garrison was small. Still the General could not make up his mind, but after some hesitation, he determined on the advice of the engineer officer to make the attack in the early morning, and the troops were ordered to parade at 4 a.m. From some unexplained cause they were not ready to march off till the day had well dawned, and they then learnt that Lieutenant Warren, having received no reinforcement, and expecting an immediate attack, had led his men out through a hole in the wall. It seems to us that where the garrison could get out, reinforcements could have got in. The troops, on hearing of the loss of the Commissariat fort, were furious. Their excitement was increased by the sight of the Affghans, almost under the muzzles of the cannon of cantonments, carrying off our stores. Eagerly both Europeans and Sepoys demanded to be allowed to recapture the abandoned fort. Lieutenant Eyre, Commissary of Ordnance, urged the General to take Mahomed Shuriff's fort by blowing open the gate, and volunteered to cover the advance with a couple of Horse Artillery guns. The General, ever ready to listen to advice from even the youngest subaltern, consented, and about noon a force issued from cantonments. Eyre's guns kept up a heavy fire, but the commander of the infantry, instead of carrying the fort with a rush as had been agreed, kept his men stationary, under cover of a wall by the road-side. On this the General recalled the party. On the 6th the guns

on the rampart were employed to effect a breach in the fort in question, and a party of one company 44th Regiment, and two companies of Sepoys gallantly carried the place at the point of the bayonet. A desultory skirmish in the neighbourhood ensued, but neither party gained any material advantage.

For some days nothing of any importance took place, save that, on account of the General's weak state of health, Brigadier Shelton was summoned to cantonments, to assist in the command. He arrived on the 9th, bringing with him from the Bala Hissar two guns, a company of the 44th, and the Shah's 6th Infantry.

Early on the following morning the Envoy observed that a large force of the enemy had assembled on the Siah Sung hills, evidently with the intention of seizing the Rikab Bashee fort. So great a disaster, which would have prevented the obtaining of the supplies hitherto received from that quarter, was to be averted at all risks. The Envoy at once went to the General, and requested him before it was too late to occupy the fort. Meeting with an absolute refusal, he took the responsibility on himself, and insisted that the step should be taken. The General yielded, but was so slow in making preparations that the latter were not completed before 3 p.m., by which time the enemy had occupied the fort. At length Brigadier Shelton, with two Horse Artillery guns, Her Majesty's 44th, and two regiments of Sepoys, proceeded to the attack. Captain Bellew, assistant quartermaster-general, had volunteered to blow in the gate with a bag of powder, but by some mistake only a wicket, but wide enough to admit men singly, was blown in. The troops nevertheless stormed the place gallantly, and soon gained possession of it. Scarcely had they done so when there occurred an incident which cannot be thought of even now without shame. Trained in the superstition that infantry, save in square, had no chance against horsemen, the cry raised outside the fort, of "cavalry," caused those who had got in to rush out, and the whole body to take to flight in the utmost confusion. Lawrence, who witnessed part of the scene from the ramparts of cantonments, says, "I saw the attacking column drawn up at some distance from it"—the fort—"and Brigadier Shelton, with great courage and coolness, rallying his men. Some European soldiers just at that moment ran out of the wicket gate, followed by Affghans sword in hand, one of whom, I grieve to say, I saw cut down three soldiers of

the 44th Regiment in rapid succession, who had thrown away their arms to facilitate their flight."

Shelton after a time succeeded in rallying his men and inducing them to retake the fort, where they found several officers and men dead or mortally wounded. Among the latter was Lieutenant-Colonel Mackerell of the 44th, who had been born in the regiment, had served with it as a drummer in Egypt, and had subsequently been given a commission. One officer, Lieutenant Bird of the Madras army, who found himself, when the panic occurred, left in the fort with only two Sepoys of the 37th Native Infantry, had closed the gate by putting a bayonet in the hasp. The enemy plucking up courage, returned, cut a hole through the gate, and removed the bayonet. Bird and his two companions had just time to dash into a stable and bar the door. One of the Sepoys was soon killed, but the other Sepoy loaded while Bird fired, and when our troops returned, thirty dead Affghans stretched in front of the stable testified to Bird's prowess. Probably British soldiers never behaved so badly as on this occasion; but much of the blame is to be attributed to Shelton, who, before the assault, had sent back the detachment of cavalry ordered to accompany him. Had he not done so it is probable that the Affghan horsemen would not have charged, and the panic would not have occurred. But the fact was that the troops had already become demoralized by the hesitating conduct of their commander, and went into action without that assurance of victory which almost invariably animates the British soldier. The blunder about blowing in the wicket only, instead of the principal entrance, and thus causing the loss at the very commencement of the most daring men, damped the spirits of the assailants, and rendered them more liable to panic than if the first rush had been instantaneously successful. The number of casualties on this occasion was 200, most of whom were Europeans. Still, notwithstanding this heavy loss and the disgraceful circumstances attending it, the enemy were completely cowed. Sir George Lawrence says, "For three days following not an Affghan was to be seen, and our commissariat camels were able to proceed unmolested several miles into the country, bringing back supplies and forage. I myself walked three miles from the cantonment without seeing an enemy."

Had the military authorities even then acted with vigour

the drama might have had a different ending. Obviously, it was their duty at least to have at once enlarged the circle of investment, to have firmly connected cantonments with the Bala Hissar, and to have strained every nerve to collect provisions and forage by sending out strong flying columns in every direction. Indeed, a resolute man would have done more. The arrival of succour was doubtful; the troops would never be more capable of dealing a decisive blow, nothing was to be gained by waiting, every day our strength diminished while that of the enemy increased; moreover, the weather might be expected soon to become unsuited for operations in the open field. A Sale would have seized the opportunity, would have provoked a general action, and have made a dash at the town. Unfortunately, however, no Sale was present, and the military authorities seemed convinced from the first that their only hope rested in negotiation. An able commander only fights to obtain a particular object, but at Cabul blood was spilt to no purpose, and victory was never turned to account. The Rikab Bashee, the capture of which had cost us so heavy a price, was not retained; and when the Envoy urged the capture of Mahomed Khan's fort, a strong position situated midway between the cantonments and the Bala Hissar, and only garrisoned by twenty or thirty men, it was urged that there was a risk of failure and a certainty of increasing the number of casualties. As Sir George Lawrence observes, the number of casualties was caused by the practice "of doling out the troops in insufficient numbers."

The consequence of the supineness of the British leaders was that the Affghans soon recovered confidence, and on the 12th of November they gathered in large numbers on the Behmaroo hills, accompanied by two guns, and opened fire on the cantonments. At noon the Envoy urged that they should be dislodged, and, finding his proposals objected to, insisted on an attack. A small force was then languidly prepared; but at three in the afternoon, no advance having taken place, the Envoy addressed Brigadier Shelton in a very peremptory style. Notwithstanding, however, all the pressure of Sir W. Macnaghten, it was not till five p.m., when the shades of evening were beginning to fall, that the troops moved out. The force, in consequence, we presume, of Sir William's representations, was this time sufficiently large for the purpose, consisting of 9 squadrons, 6 companies of European Infantry, 10 companies

of Native Infantry, 1 mountain train, and 1 horse artillery gun. Though when the infantry nearly reached the summit of the hill they were staggered by a charge of 50 Affghan horsemen, not one of whom fell from the volley delivered at only a few yards' distance. Our cavalry, however, charged, and decided the day, but no use was made of the victory.

The Envoy again requested that Mahomed Khan's fort might be attacked. After some discussion his proposal was agreed to, and a force was even detached for the duty, but it was never employed, the General and his advisers evidently relying solely on external succour, which neither Sale nor Pollock were in a position to afford. On the 19th of November, therefore, Sir William Macnaghten pressed upon the General the necessity of considering the position, and determining on the course to be pursued. Possessed of far higher military spirit than Elphinstone and Shelton, the Envoy strongly advocated holding out to the last, suggesting that ultimately it would be wise to throw ourselves into the Bala Hissar. He recommended, however, that we should continue to occupy the cantonments for another eight or ten days, by which time events would have developed themselves.

Anything which put off the necessity of adopting a definite course of action was welcomed by our leaders, and Sir William's advice was instantly accepted. The enemy, however, daily becoming stronger and more confident, were anxious to accelerate the march of events, and resolved to try and starve us out. We had hitherto obtained much grain from the village of Behmaroo, with the chief of which amicable relations had been sedulously cultivated. Pressure had, however, been put upon him by the insurgents, and to emphasize their threats they assembled on the morning of the 22nd a large body of troops in the neighbourhood of the village. Once in their possession, our sole source of supplies would be cut off, while, under cover of the village, the enemy would be able to approach quite close to cantonments. A small force under Major Swayne was therefore sent out to seize the place, but it was feebly handled, and the detachment returned *re infectâ*. That night, intelligence of the arrival of Ackbar Khan having reached us, a council of war was held, and the Envoy insisting on the occupation of the village, it was determined to send out a force to seize it.

The importance of the operation was so great that Bri-

gadier Shelton himself took charge of it; and before dawn a column, consisting of five companies of Her Majesty's 44th Regiment, six companies 5th Native Infantry, six companies 37th Native Infantry, one squadron 5th Cavalry, one squadron Irregular Horse, 100 of Anderson's Horse, one Horse Artillery gun, and 100 Sappers marched out. Bungle after bungle, however, took place. Taking up a position on a part of the hill overhanging the village, Shelton poured in grape on a spot where the multitude of watch-fires betrayed the presence of a crowd of the foe. A panic ensued, and the Affghans were seen fleeing from the village in shoals. Shelton, however, declined to follow up his success by an assault till daylight.

Then Major Swayne, the officer who had shown so little vigour on the preceding day, was ordered to storm the village, by that time re-occupied by the enemy. By a singular fatality, Swayne missed the main entrance, and, while striving to force a small wicket, suffered several casualties, and was himself wounded. On this Shelton recalled him. Thus twice a wretched little village, only nominally fortified, successfully defied the attack of British troops, provided with every appliance of modern warfare.

Shelton, having dismissed Behmaroo from his thoughts, with the exception that he left a detachment of Sepoys to observe it, moved his whole force to the edge of the height overlooking the gorge, which cut the range in two. What his object was in so doing it is impossible to divine. He ought to have sought to inflict, not merely to resist, a blow; he should have assumed the offensive, not the defensive, and to have striven to inflict such a tactical defeat on the Affghans as should have caused the collapse of the rebellion, or, at least, have raised the ignominious siege which we had been for three weeks enduring. Even, however, assuming that he did not feel himself strong enough to attack, his defensive operations were of the most faulty nature. He formed his troops up in two squares, one 200 yards from the other, on the very edge of the gorge, across which our muskets could not range, while the juzails of the enemy posted on the further hill did considerable execution on our masses, carefully placed to serve as targets. Then, contrary to every axiom of war, he had only one gun with him. The cavalry were for some time formed between the squares. If resolved to await

an attack, he should have made his main body lie down in line at some distance from the gorge, merely occupying the latter with a strong line of skirmishers. He ought at the same time to have made arrangements for taking the enemy in flank, should the latter try to cross the gorge. Yet, in spite of Shelton's blunders, his single field-piece would have gained him the victory, had he known how to profit by the chance afforded him. The one gun was worked with great effect; and a shot killing a chief, the whole body of the enemy fled in a panic towards the city. The British troops, however, remained immovable, not even a demonstration of cavalry being made. The Affghans, consequently, soon plucked up courage again, and, "favoured by the inequalities of the ground, a number of the enemy crept up unobserved by our men, and, making a sudden rush, captured our single gun." How it was that this gun was thus surprised, why it was placed so close to the edge of the gorge, and why it was without a special escort, it is impossible to understand; for Shelton had seen much of war, was well versed in the axioms of his art, and was of imperturbable coolness in moments of danger.

To return to our narrative. The troops were ordered to charge, and retake the gun; but notwithstanding the heroic example of several officers, only one soldier moved. He was a sepoy of the 37th Native Infantry, and he engaged in single combat with an Affghan, both falling dead at the same moment. At length the gallantry of the officers prevailed; our troops were induced to advance, the gun was once more in our possession, and the enemy retired.

The Brigadier was entreated to follow up this success, but nothing would induce him to stir. The gun reopened fire, but the enemy rallied, and made another rush. The scene which ensued is described as follows by Sir George Lawrence, who witnessed it from cantonments:—"Our squares broke, all order was at an end, and infantry and cavalry fled down the hill together. The staunch artillerymen dashed sword in hand through the Affghans, but were obliged to abandon their gun at the foot of the hill. I could see from my post our flying troops, hotly pursued, and mixed up with the enemy, who were slaughtering them on all sides. The scene was so fearful, that I can never forget it. On came the fugitives, pouring into the cantonment, which we fully expected the Affghans to enter

along with them. Fortunately for us, and most unexpectedly, the Affghan cavalry suddenly swept to the right, directed, as we afterwards heard, by Mahomed Osman Khan Baruckzye, who was one of the chiefs then in communication with Sir W. Macnaghten. From the walls we kept up a hot fire of musketry on the enemy, and a fresh troop of the 5th Light Cavalry formed outside the cantonment, under cover of which some of our flying horsemen rallied; but though the poor, decrepit General placed himself at their head, he could not induce them to charge." The wreck of the force, which had suffered a loss of three hundred horsemen, was however allowed to re-enter cantonments without further molestation, and the shameful business came to an end.

Lawrence says that the men before whom our troops had fled in such headlong rout were not "stalwart and devoted clansmen, following their hereditary chief to battle," but "chiefly consisted of tradesmen and artisans of Cabul."

The enemy, thinking that our reverse had humbled us, sent on the morrow envoys to propose terms. These terms were, however, of so preposterous a nature, that Sir W. Macnaghten indignantly refused to listen to them. General Elphinstone the same day reported that our position could no longer be maintained without reinforcements, of which there were no hopes, and recommended negotiations with Mahomed Osman Khan, who, as we have related, had opportunely drawn off his men on the 23rd, when our destruction seemed imminent. On the 27th, accordingly, fresh negotiations were entered into, but came to nothing, owing to the excessive pretensions of the Affghans. For some days little took place, save that the enemy without opposition carried off, on the 5th inst., under our very eyes, and almost within musket-shot of cantonments, the bridge on the Peshawur road. On the 6th a further disaster showed that *fainéant* chiefs produce demoralized soldiers. Mahomed Shuriff's fort was occupied by a company of her Majesty's 44th, and one of the 37th Native Infantry. On December 6, a body of Affghans effected an entrance by means of a passage formed by the mine, which, at the capture, had been exploded by Lieut. Eyre. At the first sight of the enemy the garrison fled, without attempting resistance, abandoning their commanding officer, who did not quit his post till every man had deserted him.

The Envoy insisted that this important post should be

recaptured. Promises were made that such should be done; but, notwithstanding his repeated expostulations, on one pretext or another, nothing was done, and the fort remained in the hands of the enemy.

So great was the demoralization of the European troops at this period of the siege, that it was found necessary to place sepoy guards to prevent the soldiers of the 44th from leaving the Bazar fort. In every respect, indeed, had discipline become relaxed, and the authorities were only induced by the reiterated representations of Major Thain, A.D.C., to take some steps to restore order, and secure increased alertness of the guards.

A crisis was now at hand. On December 8, General Elphinstone, supported by Brigadiers Shelton and Anquetil, and Colonel Chambers, sent an official representation to the Envoy, which is, perhaps, the most discreditable document ever signed by British officers. Sir W. Macnaghten was told that the military authorities were convinced that no further operations could be undertaken by the troops in their then condition, and he was requested to negotiate for the evacuation of the country, without any reference to the interests of Shah Soojah. The Envoy had not quite abandoned all hopes of reinforcements from Candahar; and to gain time for their arrival, and also because he had no confidence in Affghan engagements, he made a counter proposal to the General. The latter had urged a return to India chiefly on the ground of the scarcity of supplies—a scarcity not yet felt. The Envoy suggested that a force should be sent to capture the Khojah Ruwash Fort, some four miles distant, and where large supplies of grain were stored. With these supplies in our possession, the difficulty of feeding the troops would disappear. The suggestion, of which Sir George Lawrence was the bearer, being coldly received, the Envoy in person pressed it on the General, and at length extorted a promise that his plan should be adopted. A detachment was to start at four a.m. next day; but when that hour arrived, nothing was ready, and shortly after the Envoy was informed that the attempt to capture the Khojah Ruwash Fort was deemed too hazardous. Sir George Lawrence remarks with reference to this incident, "This was but another instance of the contumacious spirit in which all the suggestions of Sir William Macnaghten were set aside, which, if carried out, would have saved the force. Indeed, it was abundantly

clear that the military authorities were determined not to avail themselves of the many opportunities which at this period offered of procuring provisions, nor even to permit the Envoy's doing so. Their sole object was to retreat to Hindustan ; and they were conscious that if the force were supplied with the necessary provisions, their chief pretext for abandoning their position would be thereby removed."

About this time Captain John Conolly came into cantonments, to urge the destruction of such stores as could not be moved, and a transfer of the whole force to the Bala Hissar. The Envoy had frequently pressed this course on the General, and, on Conolly's arrival, did so again in a formal manner. Shelton raised many objections, which Conolly showed were futile. Shelton, however, refused to be convinced, and said that a retreat "was the only measure which could and must be adopted." The General, always at issue with Shelton when anything was to be done for the vindication of our honour, as usual, sided with him when it became a question of yielding to circumstances. The Envoy spoke out manfully, but without effect. It is to be regretted that he did not at once act as the representative of the Governor-General, and replace Elphinstone and Shelton by an officer of greater moral courage and enterprise.

On the day of the conference above-mentioned, intelligence arrived which strengthened the hands of the military authorities, and proportionately weakened those of the Envoy ; namely, that Maclaren's force from Candahar had retraced its steps in consequence of a fall of snow. It was now felt that the Cabul garrison must rely upon its own exertions alone. An opportunity therefore offering itself of reopening negotiations, that opportunity, seeing that the military authorities were determined to retreat, the Envoy reluctantly embraced. It is not our intention to treat of other than military events, we shall therefore content ourselves with saying that a draft treaty was drawn up and submitted to the Affghan chiefs by the Envoy at a conference which took place on the 11th December. The gist of the treaty, which in the main met with the approval of the Affghans, was that Affghanistan should be evacuated by the British, the chiefs giving all possible assistance in the shape of provisions and transport ; that Shah Soojah should remain in Affghanistan on a pension of not less than £120,000 a year, or accompany the British

troops to India ; that Dost Mahomed should be liberated ; that no one should be molested for the part he had taken in recent events ; that from the date of signature the army should be provided with provisions on payment ; that the British Government should be allowed to appoint a British resident at Cabul if it chose, and that four British officers should be delivered as hostages. As a preparatory step, the 54th Native Infantry, with half a troop of Horse Artillery, on the 16th evacuated the Bala Hissar, and marched into cantonments, being fired on the whole way, and losing a sick artilleryman brutally murdered. The chiefs offered the lame excuse that they were powerless to restrain their followers, and notwithstanding the stipulations of the treaty, failed to supply us with provisions, so much wanted, that some of our Mohammedan troops and the camp followers were driven to subsist upon carrion, and the horses were literally starving. The Envoy remonstrated with the chiefs, who replied that so long as we held the outlying forts, their people placed no reliance on our stipulations, and that till these forts were surrendered no provisions would be supplied. In fact, bad faith was apparent in every act of the enemy, and so little was the Envoy deceived by them, that he objected to give up the forts, and urged the General to break off the negotiations, march out in order of battle, and either enter the city or fight an action beneath its walls. The civilian Envoy, whose manly high-spirited conduct throughout the affair reflects the greatest credit on his name, could not inspire the poor invalid commander with his own spirit, and the forts were surrendered. Naturally, the enemy on this exhibition of weakness raised their demands, and at a conference with the Envoy on the 20th December, required the immediate surrender of our nine-pounder guns. The proposal was rejected, and the interview came to an end. On his return from it Sir W. Macnaghten again proposed to break off negotiations and trust to the arbitrament of battle. Lawrence says : " Instead of hailing eagerly this manly suggestion, the enfeebled old man, prompted by those who felt no manly shame in urging him on to retreat, merely reiterated his former excuses, and asserted that the abandonment of our position was the only solution of our difficulties." The military authorities had indeed lost all self-respect, all confidence in themselves and their men, and overcome by an overwhelming access of nostalgia, were bent on returning to India at all

costs. Yet so little united were the leaders of the rebellion, so great were the jealousies among them, that had a resolute British officer marched out of cantonments determined to stake all on the issue of a battle, there is every probability that a brilliant victory would have enabled us to remain at Cabul till the spring, when we could have evacuated the country if deemed desirable, and do so with safety and honour. On the 21st a stormy interview between the Envoy and the chiefs took place. The latter were very overbearing and disrespectful, and pretended to suspect us of treachery. The Envoy however, succeeded in pacifying the chiefs, and outwardly they parted on good terms. Sir William, despairing at length of bringing the negotiations with the chiefs to a satisfactory termination, determined at length to treat with Akbar Khan separately, and proposals were made by the latter, of which the chief features were that Shah Soojah should remain King with Akbar as his vizier, that our forces should remain in the country till the spring, and that Amenoolah Khan, the instigator of the rebellion, should be made over to the British. This last the Envoy rejected, but he was willing to agree to the rest of the proposals. It was arranged that on the following day, *i.e.*, 23rd December, the Envoy should meet Akbar to discuss and if, possible, conclude the treaty. As he was starting he met the General, who expressed fear of treachery. Sir William answered, "If you will at once march out the troops and meet the enemy, I will accompany you, and I am sure we shall beat them; as regards these negotiations, I have no faith in them." The General replied: "Macnaghten, I can't; the troops are not to be depended on." These were the last words which ever passed between them. It may be asked why did the Envoy persist in the negotiations if he had no faith in them. His own words explain his motives. On Sir George Lawrence asking if there was not some risk of treachery, he replied: "Treachery, of course there is; but what can I do? The General has declared his inability to fight, we have no prospect of aid from any quarter, the enemy are only playing with us, not one article of the treaty have they fulfilled, and I have no confidence whatever in them. The life I have led for the last six weeks, you, Lawrence, know well; and rather than be disgraced, and live it over again, I would risk a hundred deaths; success will save our honour, and more than make up for all risks." There is no need to

dwelt upon what followed, or to recount how Akbar seized the Envoy, and on the latter struggling, lost his temper and shot him with his own hand within musket-shot of our intrenched position and in broad daylight, without any attempt being made to avenge the murder. It was reported by the fugitives of the escort that the Envoy had been made prisoner and carried into the city. This report was accepted as true by the military authorities, who made no effort to obtain authentic information. It was evident, however, that Akbar had been guilty of treachery, and Sturt, of the Engineers, strongly urged that Mahomed Khan's fort should be first attacked, and then that the whole force should start that night without baggage for Jellalabad. Major Pottinger, who had succeeded to the Political charge, offered even bolder counsel, and pressed the General to take advantage of the rage of the troops, and at once storm the city. But the advice was in both cases rejected. Towards night a camp follower brought intelligence that the Envoy had been murdered, and the information was the next day confirmed by a letter from Lawrence, who had been captured. There could no longer be any doubt of the treachery of the Affghans, and Pottinger again vehemently opposed the reopening of negotiations, and recommended instead that we should either occupy the Bala Hissar and hold out till the spring, or march without baggage to Jellalabad. Lawrence says: "Such was the infatuation of our military leaders, that even though information of the despatch of an army from India to our aid had reached us, they determined to reject both proposals, and to accept the treaty proposed by the Affghans. They bound themselves also, contrary to Pottinger's most vehement protest, to pay to the enemy twelve and a half lakhs (£125,000) for a safe conduct to Peshawur, on the ground that Sirdar Amenoolah Khan had represented, though most falsely, that the late Envoy had promised this sum for that purpose. This money was to be paid by bills on India, and I was ordered to prepare them. I stipulated that the bills should be cashed only on the presentation of certificates from our Political Agent at Peshawur of the safe arrival there of our troops, and took care to warn the bankers of the city of this part of our stipulation. This prevented the bills from being marketable in Cabul, and the chiefs consequently could raise nothing on them." Preparations for departure now commenced, but

the bad faith of the chiefs, or the little control they had over their men, was shown by the fact that those who sold provisions and baggage cattle to us, were plundered of the price almost as soon as they had received it. The mob also uttered the most insulting taunts to our guards. Orders had been issued to fire on these ruffians, but Shelton failed to enforce them, and discipline consequently suffered dreadfully. Lawrence had mentioned the suggestion of Amenoolah Khan, that instead of proceeding by the Jumrood Pass, where we were expected, we should go by the Khoord Cabul Pass. His advice was, however, rejected on the ground that the troops would be kept longer in the snow, as if Affghan treachery were not more to be dreaded than climate. So insane was our determination considered by the Affghans that few of them credited it. Some of our native officers brought in reports of intended treachery, and truly saw that if we were to retreat, our only chance lay in making forced marches, sacrificing all baggage and stragglers. They also stated that they had been solicited to desert. The General was, however, recommended by Captain Bellew not to give credence to these rumours. On the 2nd January, the Kohistanees offered for a consideration to join us, and escort us to Peshawur, giving hostages for their good faith. They repeated their offer the next day, but it was declined by General Elphinstone, who was as slow to profit by diplomatic as by military openings. Then the King sent for Lawrence and urged that we should put no trust in the oaths of the insurgents, but remain in cantonments, where we were safe. A Kuzzilbash chief sent a similar warning, but God had blinded the eyes of our leaders and deprived them of understanding, and they determined to rush on their destruction.

On the 5th the march was to have commenced, but it was countermanded at the last moment, the chiefs saying that the escort would not be ready till the next day. A final effort was made by Lawrence, who proposed to the General that when the force quitted cantonments, it should, without any previous intimation, suddenly move straight into the Bala Hissar; but because Pottinger and Lawrence could not absolutely guarantee a sufficiency of supplies, though they said, "We are pretty sure of sufficient supplies," the General would not yield.

It is easy to criticise events after they have happened, but

in saying that the retreat was the worst step which could have been taken, that it was a base, suicidal proceeding, we are only expressing the statements of several of those who were present and had the best opportunities for forming an opinion. After a careful consideration of all the circumstances, we are convinced that though the position of our army at Cabul was strategically false, yet that common skill and energy might have saved both the honour and the safety of the troops. Vigorous action at first would have crushed the rebellion locally, and if the least spirit had been displayed afterwards, would have ensured a tactical success, and enabled Elphinstone to have held out till relieved. Even after the tissue of blunders and shortcomings which we have sketched, a retreat was unnecessary, while its success obviously rested on the good faith of the chiefs, on which all those not wilfully blind could see that no dependence was to be placed. The cantonments, had vigorous counter attacks been made, were not untenable, but at the worst the army could at no greater cost than the abandonment of a few garrison guns and stores, have been thrown into the Bala Hissar. Taken by surprise, such a movement would only have entailed a desultory skirmish, and resolute men, with arms in their hands, could easily have procured provisions from the populous city close by, many of the inhabitants of which were by no means actively hostile to us. Once in the Bala Hissar, our troops could have waited at their leisure the arrival of aid. The political effect would also have been great. But admitting that Elphinstone and Shelton had good grounds for resolving on a retreat, it was plain that the operation was one which could not succeed unless undertaken with promptitude, before the enemy had completed his preparations for our destruction. Again, granted that we could not move till the arrangements with the chiefs had been completed, it was the first duty of Elphinstone and Shelton to maintain a strict discipline, and make the most careful preparations. We learn, however, that from the 2nd to the 4th January, the confusion in cantonments was fearful, and the organization for a hazardous retreat, such as would have been reprehensible, had even an ordinary route march been in contemplation. Instead of moving about daybreak, *i.e.*, about 7, the advance guard did not start till about 9 a.m. on the 6th January, and a halt of about an hour in the snow took place, because the Affghans again sent word that they were not ready. So great was the absence

of order and method, that not till dark did the women and children, who followed the advanced guard, reach the bivouac, only four miles from cantonments. Yet the advanced guard did not number more than 1000 men. No camp had been marked out, and only a few pals—small native tents—were available. The rear guard was to have marched at noon, but they did not quit cantonments before 3 p.m., when the short Affghan day was already drawing to a close. Indeed Dr. Brydon declares that the Shah's 6th Infantry, to which he was attached, and formed part of the main body, did not start till nearly dusk, or an hour later than the time given by Lawrence as the hour of departure of the rear guard, which by the way did not finish its march till near midnight. All the guns were deliberately left behind except those of the Horse Artillery and Mountain Train; two even of the guns which were to have accompanied the force were at the last moment spiked and abandoned. No sooner had the rear guard cleared the gate than they were attacked, and had to fight the whole way. But we cannot do better than give Sir George Lawrence's own words:—"The crowd of camp followers and cattle became at once mixed up together, in an unmanageable mass, so that it was quite impossible to protect them, and to add to the confusion, the banks of the canal had become so slippery as to be impassable for the camels, who, poor animals, lay down in heaps, unable to move. The rear guard had to fight the whole way to Bagramee, and passed through literally a continuous lane of poor wretches, men, women and children dead or dying from the cold, and wounds, who, unable to move, entreated their comrades to kill them and put an end to their misery."

The deep snow trodden into slush, the dark night lighted up occasionally by the discharge of firearms, the troops stolidly and mournfully trudging one man after the other, without in their despair looking to the right or left. The mass of camp followers toiling painfully on, surging backwards and forwards to the right and left, as every now and then a body of Affghans, with savage shouts, dashed in on the paralyzed column, cutting down all whom they encountered, and carrying off baggage, the cries of the wounded, the wailing of the terror-stricken women and children, and the despairing groans of those who overcome by cold and fatigue, sank down in the blood-stained mire to die, all combined to present a scene the

like of which for horror has never been witnessed in warfare, and the thought of which chills our blood even to this day. The remaining two guns of the rear guard were abandoned at the Siah Sung hills, and the first act of the tragedy was accomplished. The knell of the army had struck, and hope had faded with that dark January day's sun. What strikes the military reader even more forcibly than the sufferings sketched, is the utter want of preparation, organization, and discipline. A large army moving along a single road encumbered with a host of camp followers, including women and children, and a large amount of baggage, is in great danger of falling into confusion, especially if while on the march it is attacked by the enemy, and the ground is covered with half-melted snow.

The force under General Elphinstone was not however a large army. According to Lawrence it numbered at starting in effectives only 4500, infantry, cavalry and sappers, together with a few artillerymen. In short, it may be considered as equivalent to either a strong brigade or a weak division. The sick, baggage, and camp-followers were no doubt a terrible incumbrance, but after all the force was no larger than could, without inconvenience, proceed in a single column with proper arrangements. Unfortunately these were wanting. The canal was not bridged, nor were even means adopted of making the descent and ascent of its banks practicable. The horses were not rough-shod, no care was taken about the clothing of the troops, nor were their feet and legs wrapped round with cloth. The baggage and camp-followers were not organized in small manageable bodies, each commanded by an officer or sergeant, and defended by a small guard. On the contrary, no precautions were taken to prevent them from mixing with and impeding the troops. No detailed instructions were issued regarding the march of the troops, or the mode of bivouacking. The camp was not marked out by the staff, and finally the march commenced at least too hours too late, and no such steps were taken as should secure the speedy evacuation of the cantonments. Our judgment may be pronounced harsh, but the fact that the rear guard did not start till close on dusk, and that only four miles were accomplished on the first day, when speed was of the most vital importance, speaks for itself.

On the 7th, after a wretched night, during which many perished from exposure, the force moved off at 7 a.m. It had

even at this early period become a mob. Lawrence says, "Already all discipline and order had ceased, and soldiers, camp-followers, and baggage were all mingled together. More than half the Sepoys were, from cold and hunger, unable to handle their muskets, and throwing them away, mixed themselves up with the mass of non-combatants. The infantry of the Shah's 6th Infantry and sappers had abandoned their colours, and retraced their steps to Cabul, preferring becoming prisoners there to the certain death which they saw clearly must result from continuing any longer with the main body."

The enemy attacked our rear guard, the baggage was plundered, and the Mountain Train guns were also captured, the detachment of the 44th Regiment, which formed their escort, not firing a shot in their defence. Two of the remaining Horse Artillery guns were also on that day spiked and abandoned, the horses being too much exhausted to drag them farther. Why this exhaustion? it was only the second march, and the distance accomplished on the preceding day had been but four miles. The intention of General Elphinstone had been to push through the Khoord Cabul Pass, but the attack on his rear guard caused delay, till he deemed it too late to enter that dangerous defile. The force therefore marched only five miles, and when night came, "most of the officers and all the men were forced to lie down upon the snow without food or fuel."

On the 8th, the troops passed through the Khoord Cabul, under an incessant fire from the enemy, who occupied the heights on either side, notwithstanding that negotiations had been entered into with Akbar Khan, and Lawrence, Pottinger, and Colin Mackenzie had been given up as hostages. The pass was only three and a half miles long, so that in the first three days but twelve and a half miles had been accomplished. One cause of this slowness was the snow; still had proper arrangements been made, and had the force started at day-break on the 6th January, abandoning all baggage save such as was indispensable, and all save such guns as could be thoroughly well horsed, the army might, if energetically led, have reached the eastern end of the Khoord Cabul Pass by night-fall on the same day. The 9th was passed in negotiations, which ended in Akbar's proposal that the married people and wounded officers should be entrusted to his care being accepted. Akbar also promised to send food and fuel, but

failed, as usual, to keep his word. On the 10th the force resumed its march, the enemy again harassing it the whole day.

With what Lawrence justly calls "strange perversity," the military authorities ordered our men on no account to return the fire. "The consequence was that their ranks were forced in, and an indiscriminate slaughter of unresisting men followed all the way to Tezeen." There "the army was reduced to a few men of her Majesty's 44th Regiment, and of the Horse Artillery, who alone maintained the appearance of discipline; the rest consisted of a ghastly mass of maimed soldiers and camp-followers mixed up with the cattle, and reduced almost to their level from their unparalleled sufferings and privations. Faithful to their charge, though utterly hopeless of effecting their deliverance, many brave officers fell during this march in the vain endeavour to extricate their men." The sufferings of all on that terrible day were indeed intense. The cold was so intense that some eggs which a sergeant-major of the Shah's 6th Infantry brought Dr. Brydon were frozen quite hard, and a bottle of wine was of the consistency of honey, a little only in the centre being fluid. Snow-blindness also fell upon some, and many were in consequence slain by the enemy. As to the sufferings of the unfortunate women and children during the first three days, the very thought of what they endured causes a shudder even at this distance of time. One poor lady, who had been confined only a day before the departure from cantonments, declared that she owed her life to some tea which Sir George Lawrence gave her. The poor camp-followers, with insufficient clothing, no shelter, and ill-fitted by diet and constitution to stand the excessive cold of an Affghan winter, perished like flies. Dr. Brydon says that on the morning after the first march, "I called to the natives who had been lying near me to get up, which only a very few were able to do; some of them actually laughed at me for urging them, and pointed to their feet, which looked like charred logs of wood. Poor fellows, they were frost-bitten, and had to be left behind." But to continue our narrative. In the evening of the 10th, a deputation was sent by General Elphinstone to Akbar Khan to try if terms could be made to save the miserable remnants of the force. Akbar Khan offered safety and protection on condition that the troops surrendered and laid down their arms, the officers,

however, retaining their swords. No better terms could have been accepted, but they were fatuously rejected on the plea that they were dishonourable. Meanwhile, the wreck of the army had marched from Tezeen at 7 P.M., hoping thus to get a start of the enemy. For some time the ruse proved successful, but after awhile volley after volley was poured into the rear of the force from some adjoining caves. Evidently the only thing to be done was to push on as rapidly as possible, but there was no discipline, no organization, no common sense, and the camp-followers were allowed to hurry to the front, thus blocking the road to such an extent that the force did not reach Jugdulluck till 8 A.M. of the 11th. In this terrible night-march there were many casualties, for as soon as Akbar heard that the force had started from Tezeen he at once hastened with a body of his own followers by a short cut to intercept the column, and the Ghilzies also having heard of our approach, gathered on the hills near the road and kept up a deadly fire. At Jugdulluck the starving, frozen remnants of the garrison of Cabul sought refuge in a walled enclosure, but it was commanded by the hills which surrounded it, and officers and men dropped fast under a heavy fire of juzails. Roused to desperation, twenty European soldiers, under Captain Marshall, made a sally, and drove the enemy down the hills with great slaughter. Marshall, however, fell desperately wounded, and as soon as the party returned the slaughter was resumed. Towards the close of the afternoon Akbar invited Elphinstone and Shelton to a conference, and they had no choice but to go, for the force had by this time dwindled down to a few officers and 150 non-commissioned officers and men of the 44th Regiment, 16 dismounted Horse Artillerymen, and 25 troopers of the 5th Light Cavalry, but not a single soldier of Native Infantry. Akbar Khan proposed that all the Europeans should be mounted each behind one of his own followers, as the only means of saving them from the infuriated Ghilzies. No mention was made of the native soldiers and camp-followers. Sir George Lawrence complains that on a point of punctilio these terms should have been rejected, for, as he truly observes, "it was surely too late *then* to talk of honour, when to surrender was the only measure which could avert the annihilation of this remnant." It was not, however, a point of punctilio, but a question of honour and humanity, which could not be affected by circumstances. True, the refusal of these con-

ditions would inevitably lead to the destruction of all, while their acceptance would have saved some. Still, we must admit this was a nice case, and we must at all events sympathize with the feeling which made Elphinstone and Shelton refuse to separate their lot from that of the native soldiers and camp-followers. At all events, the night passed away in discussion, and the force despairing of the return of the General, moved off before dawn. After proceeding a short distance, their progress was arrested by two barriers thrown across the pass. In trying to force a passage, the scanty remnant of the column which marched out of the Cabul cantonments was virtually annihilated, only a few officers passing the barriers. Of these, man after man was massacred, Dr. Brydon alone, wounded, exhausted, and starving, reaching Jellalabad to announce the sad disaster which had overtaken his comrades.

We have commented on events in the course of our narrative, and have explained the causes of the catastrophe which, through the inexplicable misconduct and incapacity of the leaders, caused the shameful death of 5000 disciplined men and 8000 camp-followers, who might have all been saved had the commonest energy and knowledge of the art of war been displayed by those in authority.

Few further remarks are therefore called for. The unfitness of both Generals Elphinstone and Shelton for their position was proved by events; but even before the outbreak it was evident that, on account of his physical infirmities, General Elphinstone was not the person to be entrusted with an independent command, or, indeed, any active duties. As to General Shelton, his unfitness only became apparent when he was called upon to act, and presumably he was, from his vigour and knowledge of the details of his profession and experience of war, a man who could be relied upon. The authorities are, therefore, only to be blamed for General Elphinstone's appointment. There were some exceptions among the staff and commanding officers, but, as a rule, they were mediocre men. Seldom, indeed, has a general been worse served by his staff than was Elphinstone. Organization and the arrangement of details fall especially within the province of the staff, but in both respects the staff of the Cabul force failed. Especially did their incompetence become apparent in the retreat. As to the commanding officers, they also were, to a great extent, responsible for want of discipline.

Whatever the shortcomings of the general and his staff, each commanding officer might have kept up a strict discipline in his own corps, and by regimental arrangements prevented much suffering from want of shelter and provisions, and there is no knowing what the effect on the whole force of a single good example might not have been. The brigade of Sir Robert Sale had far greater difficulties to contend against than those beneath which the division left behind at Cabul succumbed, yet the former emerged from its trust gloriously, while the latter perished. Yet Sir Robert Sale was not a man of genius. He was, however, possessed of moral courage, and kept his mind fixed solely on his duty. To our mind, there are no more instructive lessons of opposite descriptions afforded than those to be gathered from the conduct of Elphinstone and Sale. From the former we learn what to avoid, from the latter what to do.

Allan Glayne: A Story told at Gerard's Chase.

BY SIR CHARLES L. YOUNG, BART.

EVERYBODY has recounted some wild legend or strange story at this Christmas-tide except myself, you say. And now you are determined that I shall undertake my share in your amusement, and relate to you my experiences of the mysterious side of life. I am sorry to say—for your sakes, not for my own—that my life has been a very commonplace one, with a very little romance about it, and I can find in my memory no sensational incidents of which I have been the hero. Don't look disappointed: I am not going to shirk my duty; I have purposely kept my story to the last for two reasons—first, because it is a true one, and, secondly, because it is about this very house in which we are passing such a happy time.

You all look astonished; I fancy I see alarm on one or two fair faces. I assure you there is no occasion to be frightened. The circumstances I am going to detail to you occurred some fifty years ago, and I am not aware that there is any ghost in connection with them. You, my excellent and hospitable host, are aware that I passed my childhood in this neighbourhood, and I have hinted to you that I was acquainted with the history of the Glayne family to whom this mansion and estate belonged for centuries. I have promised to tell you what I have heard, and I know no fitter time than this, when we are all gathered round this roaring fire, the melodies of the Christmas bells ringing in our ears, and the chill north wind drifting the snow against the window-panes.

Carry your minds back, then, to five-and-fifty years ago. Picture to yourselves the group assembled round this very hearth. It consists of three persons—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Glayne, and their only child Ida. It is close upon Christmas, and they are discussing the guests whom they are expecting

the next day. Gerard's Chase is to be alive with festivities till over New Year's Day.

For ten years Robert Glayne had been master of the Chase. The estate did not descend to him in the direct line; he obtained it, somewhat unexpectedly, by the testamentary disposition of the late owner, his brother, Allan Glayne. In a few words I can tell you how this came to pass. Allan was some years older than his brother Robert. He was a man of reserved and sullen nature, and for years lived alone, gloomily, in this house. In middle age he married, and became the father of young Allan who will be most prominent in the facts I am about to tell you. For reasons which were never known, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Glayne separated two years after the son's birth, and the father—Robert knew it well—made a will in which he bequeathed the whole of the estate to his brother, making no mention of his wife or child.

Ten years passed away. Allan Glayne lived a solitary life at Gerard's Chase. Robert went to stay with him occasionally, once or twice a year, perhaps, but no other guests ever passed his threshold, and his neighbours had long ceased to attempt to draw him into their society. At the end of these ten years it was known that Mrs. Allan Glayne died abroad; that, after her death, her husband received a packet from her; that he was greatly moved by its contents; and that he sent for a lawyer from the town, which is about three miles distant, as you know. The day after the visit of the lawyer—his name was Sharford—Mr. Allan Glayne had a paralytic stroke which deprived him of all his faculties; in a fortnight this stroke was succeeded by another, and in ten days more he was dead. Robert Glayne, who at the time was on a sporting excursion in Norway, had been summoned home, but he arrived too late even to attempt any conversation with his brother. The will that was made shortly after Allan Glayne's separation from his wife was found among the papers of the deceased owner of Gerard's Chase, which were all kept in thorough order. There was no trace or sign of any subsequent will or revoking codicil, and Robert Glayne became the new owner of the property.

But there was one strange thing which could not be cleared up. The lawyer, Sharford, had never returned home since he had been sent for to the Chase. The servants had seen him leave the house; a gardener had seen him cross the park; a

labourer had met him taking a short cut across the fields ; but after that all trace of him was lost. The persons who had seen him said that he carried a round tin case, but there was no reason to suppose that he had any considerable sum of money with him which might have tempted any ruffian to make away with him. Search was made in every direction, but Sharford, dead or alive, was never found.

One other fact remains to be noticed. The day after Allan Glayne's paralytic seizure, the butler decamped, and it was found that he had made away with a considerable amount of plate and wine. He was traced to Liverpool, and there was no doubt that he had gone to America. It was not, however, thought worth while to follow him farther.

Robert Glayne, his wife, and daughter Ida, a few months afterwards came to reside at Gerard's Chase. The house was entirely renovated ; the grounds were put in proper order, for they had been much neglected ; gamekeepers were engaged, and the shooting was thoroughly looked after. It was soon known in the county that the new owner of the Chase was hospitably inclined ; the neighbouring squires and their wives came to call, and the old house was soon young again with pleasant society and festivity.

I see you are anxious to know whether it was suspected that the man Sharford had in his possession any papers or proofs that might have been to the detriment of Robert Glayne and his succession to the property, and whether the new lord of the manor was in any way accessory to the unaccountable disappearance. Well, of course ill-natured people existed then just as they do now, and were ready with their dark hints and sage looks, but they could make nothing of it. It was true that Robert had been badly off, and had been at times hard pressed for money, and somewhat resembled his brother in his taciturn disposition ; still he was well known to be an upright and honourable man, and his absence in Norway and utter ignorance of his brother's state of health, prevented even the shadow of a doubt from resting upon his character.

But what of the son ? you ask. What of young Allan Glayne who ought by right to have inherited this property ? What of him ?

Young Allan was nearly twelve years old at the time of his father's death. After her separation from her husband, Mrs. Glayne, as far as could be accurately known, had passed her

time upon the Continent—chiefly in Italy. She had led a quiet and secluded life, but her sad and gentle manner had attracted some persons to her and they had become her friends, and an English family resident in Florence, though they knew very little of his mother's story, kindly took Allan to live with them, until his uncle Robert, who was his only relation, made some other provision for him. This was done before long. Allan was sent for to Gerard's Chase, and was speedily passed on to school.

It was about this time that I first saw him ; I was quite a child at the time, but I recollect him well. He was tall for his age, and thin and slightly built, but I well remember that he was said to be possessed, even at that time, of singularly powerful fingers and wrists ; for the rest, he appeared weak and delicate. His features were regular and decidedly handsome, but there was a constant expression of melancholy on his countenance which was exchanged now and then for a look of sinister ferocity. This was seldom seen, and he was usually of a quiet and reserved demeanour.

I know of no incident worth recording till Allan was about sixteen years old, and that occurred on the occasion of his return from school for the Christmas holidays. Hitherto, good reports had been sent to his uncle of his progress in his studies and his general behaviour ; but this time the report stated, apparently with considerable reluctance, that Allan Glayne had grown idle ; that his tasks were performed in a slovenly and superficial manner ; that his temper had become sullen and morose. Towards the end of the vacation, his uncle Robert sent for him into the library, showed him the report and advised him to be careful and do better during the ensuing half year.

"Why?" asked Allan, shortly.

"Because in a year or so you will be placed in a merchant's office," returned his uncle, "and it is necessary that you should fit yourself for your employment, and enter upon it with a good character."

"Why?" demanded the boy again.

"Because your hopes of future success depend much upon a good start, and because all your own interests require it."

"Why?" persisted Allan.

His uncle regarded him for a moment sternly. Robert

Glayne was not accustomed to be questioned in this manner; but there was a sullen obstinacy in his nephew's countenance which impelled him to reply :

"Because you are poor, and must work for your livelihood."

"And why?" said Allan, in the same tone as before.

Mr. Glayne was somewhat disconcerted, but he replied promptly:

"It is useless to ask why. The case is as I have stated. However much we may deplore them, we cannot alter facts."

"Shall I tell you why?" said Allan, fixing his dark eyes upon his uncle's face. "I will. I am poor and I have to work for my livelihood as you express it, uncle, because I have been deprived of my rights, and can only reside as a guest in the house where I ought to be the master."

"I must decline to discuss that question with you," answered his uncle. "I am surprised, Allan, that you should have started it."

Whatever reply Allan might have been about to make, and the chances are it would have been a violent one, was silenced on his lips by the sudden appearance of Ida. She had come to fetch some book, or piece of work, or other trifle, and she addressed some laughing words to father and cousin, and left the room as quickly as she had entered it. But the very sight of her had had a magical effect on Allan. The fire died out of his eyes, the heightened colour on his cheeks faded into the accustomed pallor, and he said in a low tone:

"I beg your pardon, uncle, for having spoken as I did."

Robert Glayne acknowledged the apology with a cold inclination of his head, and his nephew left the room. A day or two afterwards, Allan went back to school, and during his subsequent vacations he had no more private interviews with his uncle. Whatever the report from school might have been, Mr. Glayne did not choose to give his nephew the chance of reiterating his unpleasant words, and perhaps Allan was glad not to fall into the temptation of again losing his temper, as he possibly had reasons of his own which compelled him to keep on good terms with the man whom he considered to be the wrongful owner of Gerard's Chase. Boy as he was, girl as she was, he had fallen desperately in love with his cousin Ida.

You may call this love of his absurd. You may laugh

at him as a young fool, or you may pity him as a precocious enthusiast. The sequel of this story will prove whether he was in earnest or not.

Two years after this conversation with his uncle, which I have just related, Allan was placed in the office of a then well-known mercantile firm in London as clerk, and until he had attained the age of twenty-one he seldom visited Gerard's Chase. During that time he frequently received cold and constrained invitations from his uncle and aunt, but he did not choose to take advantage of them. His mother's fortune consisted of some six or seven thousand pounds, and on the interest of this he could live independently. His twenty-first birthday brings us down to the Christmas-time when, as I have already described to you, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Glayne and Ida were sitting in this very room, discussing their expected guests. As usual, young Allan had received his formal invitation, but no answer had been received from him.

"Let me see, when did you write to Allan, Ida?" asked Mrs. Glayne.

"Last Tuesday, mamma, and this is Friday."

"Just like his bearish manners. I sincerely hope that he has found some friend who has provided for him for this Christmas. I am sure we do not want him here."

"Gently, my dear," interposed Mr. Glayne, "gently. We must not forget that Allan is our nephew."

"I wish we could forget it," retorted Mrs. Glayne. "He is not a relation to be proud of, and if his poor father's suspicions were correct, as no doubt they were——"

"My dear," said Mr. Glayne deprecatingly, "there is no necessity to allude to that," and he glanced at Ida.

"What is your feeling about his coming, Ida?" asked her mother.

"I would rather that he did not come, mamma," replied Ida in a low voice.

"I thought as much," exclaimed Mrs. Glayne; "I was sure that he had had the audacity to exhibit a preference for you, which, if he has the impertinence to entertain at all, he ought to keep to himself."

At that moment a servant entered the room bringing the evening post, journals and business letters for Mr. Glayne; gossiping letters for Mrs. Glayne; one note for Miss Glayne.

"Here is Allan's reply," said Ida, as she glanced at the

handwriting and carelessly tore open the envelope. She read the contents rapidly, and then tossed the letter to her mother. Mrs. Glayne adjusted her glasses and read the letter carefully and slowly.

"Odd, as usual," she remarked when she had finished reading. "Mark my words, Robert, that young man will end his days in a lunatic asylum."

"What does he say?" asked Mr. Glayne.

Mrs. Glayne, in a harsh unpleasant voice she always assumed when she was displeased, read as follows:—

"Please thank my uncle and aunt, Ida, for their invitation. I have had some difficulty in making up my mind whether I should accept it or not. This may seem rude, but it is not meant to be so. I have a strange feeling that it might be better for us all if I did not accept it, and went abroad for the winter as I have now a good opportunity of doing. But some unknown strong force seems to draw me to you, or at least to Gerard's Chase, and I cannot resist it. I will come.

Your Cousin,

"ALLAN."

"I wish to goodness he had the strength of common sense to resist this 'unknown force,'" was Mrs. Glayne's sharp comment. "There is nothing I dislike so much as odd people with mysterious fancies."

No doubt about it. Mrs. Glayne was one of those people who dislike everything they cannot understand, and her understanding was limited.

On the following Monday the guests began to arrive. I need not tell you anything about most of them, as they have nothing to do with this story. There was only one among them whom I will describe to you, and that was a certain Arthur Egerton.

Mr. Egerton was the son of a poor clergyman, and had recently been called to the bar. He had read and worked hard to fit himself for his profession, and although that profession was not subjected to such overpowering competition as in these days, he had no interest whatever, and his talents, though somewhat above the average, generally speaking, were scarcely such as promised a high place in forensic achievements. His father's living was not very far from the Chase, and his family were on tolerably intimate terms with the Glaynes. He was, moreover, exceedingly pleasant, amusing, and good-looking, and was a welcome guest wherever he was invited. I may as well say at once that he was a great

favourite with Ida, and that Mr. and Mrs. Glayne did not seem to desire to check the growing intimacy. They both liked Mr. Egerton ; Ida was the only child and heiress of Gerard's Chase, and of course there was no necessity for her to marry a rich man, and possibly her father and mother thought that as Mr. Egerton, though not rich, belonged to one of the oldest families in the county, and was a steady and hard-working young man, they might do much worse than trust their daughter and her fortune to his keeping.

Very merry was the party at the Chase. The winter was severe, and the young men and maidens amused themselves immensely with sleighing and skating upon the lake all day, and dancing and acting charades in the evening. Never was such a happy party—at least, Ida and Arthur Egerton seemed to think so, if one might guess from their evident keen enjoyment ; but on the Wednesday, what is generally known as a wet blanket, fell upon the party in the shape of Allan Glayne, who suddenly presented himself as they were all playing a round game in the library half-an-hour or so before the ringing of the dressing bell.

Everybody knows the unreasonable suspicion and dislike with which a new comer is regarded when he suddenly presents himself in the midst of a laughing and familiar circle. He appears to be an outsider, and is at once looked upon with distrust and jealousy. There are many men and women who with a smile and half-a-dozen words can dispel such inevitable sensations, but Allan Glayne did not possess this talent. On the contrary, he seemed to be like an icicle which refused to melt before the roaring Christmas fire, and shed its chilly influence upon all present. I have already given you some idea of his personal appearance ; let me add that at this time, his face looked old and careworn for his age, but at the same time had gained a singularly wild and unearthly beauty. During the remainder of the week, he mixed very little with the society at his uncle's house. Reserved, silent, and cold, he held small part in the general conversation ; but when he chose to talk—and at such times he could talk very well—it was in an easy and dignified manner ; but what astonished most people, and especially irritated his uncle and aunt, was that whenever the conversation turned upon the architectural glories of the old house and the wooded magnificence of the park, he spoke enthusiastically as if he presided

in his ancestral hall, and was lord and master of the whole.

You of course know the great organ in the hall. Allan was an accomplished musician, and this was the one thing which he and Ida loved in common. One morning when all the gentlemen, except himself, had gone out snipe-shooting, Allan sat down to the organ and rolled out the weird and solemn music which seemed to associate so well with his own sombre character. He had been playing for some ten minutes when he looked up and saw Ida standing beside him.

"You like the music that I play?" he asked abruptly.

"You know I do, Allan," she replied gently. "I never heard any one play so well as you do."

"And what does the music say to you? Can your heart read its language? Do you ever hear its echoes in your dreams?"

"What strange questions, Allan," she answered smilingly. "You think me as poetical and imaginative as yourself."

"You evade my questions," he replied, almost sternly. "Your woman's instinct tells you that they are genuine, and you are looking about for a vague response. Have you framed it yet?"

"I do not understand you, Allan," she said timidly.

"Do you still pretend that you do not know that it is you yourself that inspires my music, that it is your own image that I clothe with harmony, that it is your eyes and voice that create the songs I sing?"

She trembled, and grew very pale, and exclaimed hurridly:

"Hush, Allan, pray hush! You must not speak to me like this."

"But I *must*," he answered, as he rose from his seat, and advanced towards her, as she retreated and clung for support to one of those old-fashioned high-back chairs that still are standing in the hall; "I *must* speak to you like this, and there is no time like the present. Do you mean to tell me, Ida, that you do not know that I love you?"

"I—I—have feared it!" she returned in a low voice, as she sank upon the chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Feared it!" he echoed. "Is my love so terrible? Why should you shrink from it, Ida? There is not a man in this wide world that can ever learn to worship you as I do now!"

She could not choose but hear the passionate earnestness in

his voice, and for an instant she lifted her eyes to his, and in that short glance she saw the expression of a very agony of love. Again she hid her face in her hands and murmured :

"You must not say that, Allan ; you must not repeat it ; I am very, very sorry, but it is quite useless."

"I understand you," said Allan in a low firm voice, "I understand you fully. You cannot listen to me, for you have already heard some such words from some one else, and have responded in a different tone. Hear me one moment more while I tell you that you shall be mine, and shall belong to no one else."

Her woman's pride was roused. She started from her seat and looked him full in the face.

"You have acquired no right to speak to me like this. My hand and heart will be given when and where I choose. Retract your words."

"I retract nothing. It is you who will retract."

"Do you threaten me ?"

"No, I simply prophesy the truth."

She looked at him for a moment scornfully ; and then, turning away, she added :

"I always thought you were a gentleman, at all events. I appeal to that part of your nature to shame you for the words that you have used, and to compel you never to speak to me in such a manner as this again."

She knew better than to stay for a reply. Determined to put an end at once and for ever to her cousin's pretensions, she passed from the hall, gained her mother's boudoir, and told her all that had passed.

Mrs. Glayne, not unnaturally, informed her husband of what had occurred, and the next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Glayne sent a message to his nephew that he wished to speak to him in his study. Without loss of time Allan presented himself, and declining his uncle's mute invitation to sit down, asked at once why he had been sent for.

"I have been informed of all that passed yesterday between you and Ida," began Robert Glayne, as he eyed his nephew steadily. "I need scarcely say that if I had had the remotest notion of what has been passing in your mind, I should never have asked you to spend your Christmas here."

"Why need you 'scarcely' say it, uncle ?" demanded Allan, calmly, as he returned his uncle's look. "What have

I done to render me unworthy of making an offer of my affection to your daughter ? ”

“ It is an ungrateful return for the hospitality we have given you,” replied Mr. Glayne, evading a direct reply. “ In the first place, I do not approve of the marriage of first cousins ; and in the next, I have other views for my daughter’s future.”

“ There are no reasons why I should be insulted,” said Allan as calmly as before. “ You speak as if I had committed a crime in telling Ida that I love her. How have I done wrong ? ”

“ I decline to argue with you,” replied his uncle ; “ I have given you sufficient reasons for my conduct. I have thought it my duty to give you some sort of a home in this house——”

“ Home ! ” interrupted Allan with a bitter laugh ; “ you give me some sort of a home in a house which, in all conscience, should be mine ! ”

“ I do not forget that you have used language like this once before to me,” returned Mr. Glayne, rising angrily. “ I can listen to nothing more that you may have to say. I do not wish to cause any scandal at a time like this ; and so do not request you to leave the Chase at once. I trust that you will make it convenient to return to town the first thing to-morrow morning.”

“ And I presume that you will never ask me to come here again ? ”

“ Your presumption, in this case, is right. You compel me to forget that you are my nephew.”

“ And that Ida is my cousin.”

“ The sooner you forget that you have ever seen her, sir, the better.”

“ You give me till to-morrow to school my memory ? I accept the gift.” Allan turned and left the room. Half-an-hour afterwards, Robert Glayne who had been uneasily walking up and down the study, saw his nephew issuing from the front door carrying his gun. Later on, he heard that Allan had told the keeper he was going rabbit shooting by himself, and had taken a retriever dog with him.

During the day no one saw anything of Allan. Some had been skating, some had been shooting, but he had joined neither party. Certainly he had not been much missed, for hitherto he had not proved to be a particularly sociable com-

panion. Nobody, except perhaps his uncle Robert and his cousin Ida, bestowed a thought upon him all day long. However, he presented himself in the drawing-room before dinner, duly dressed, and astonished all the party by appearing in the, to him, unaccustomed character of a high-spirited young man. The gloom that usually seemed to hang about him had entirely disappeared ; he joined in the general conversation, laughed and talked with the liveliest, and seemed to be the gayest of the gay. Ida regarded him with simple wonder ; Robert Glayne with suspicious amazement.

After dinner, there was, as usual, music, singing, and acting charades. Allan had cast off his reserve and generally sombre moods. He played and sang—and few men could equal him in this—and acted with the best. The women declared among themselves that really he was very talented and amusing ; the men in the smoking-room confessed that he was after all a very good fellow, with plenty of “go” in him. Popular opinion, on the whole, inclined to the notion that hitherto he had been the victim of shyness and timidity, and all were astonished when, in the same gay humour that had distinguished him overnight, he informed the company casually at breakfast the next morning, that he must leave for town almost immediately. Mr. and Mrs. Glayne did not much relish the almost universal regret with which his announcement was received.

After breakfast, Mr. Glayne retired as usual to his study to read the newspaper. Five minutes afterwards his nephew entered the room, and stood opposite his uncle. Mr. Glayne looked at him over his paper with an expression of curiosity, not unmingled with uneasiness.

Allan’s manner was again entirely changed. There was a stern and sullen look upon his face as he regarded his uncle steadily.

There was, to Robert Glayne, an awkward pause. Casting his eyes upon the journal he held in his hand, he said, with apparent carelessness :

“You have come to say good-bye, I presume.”

“Good-bye inspires good wishes,” returned Allan, “and so I cannot say the word.”

“You are thinking of what passed between us yesterday.” said Mr. Glayne ; “I am sorry that your conduct compelled me to bid you leave this house.”

A strange smile rose to Allan's lips. He folded his arms and regarded his uncle fixedly.

"Suppose, uncle Robert, I were to say now that I refused to go? Suppose I added that I had more right to be here than you? Suppose I told you that you had no right to be here at all? Suppose, in my turn, I bade you quit the Chase. What should you say then?"

"That you were a madman," returned his uncle quietly. "And that I should treat you as such."

"Ah! Lock me up in a lunatic asylum, no doubt. I dare say the notion has crossed your mind before this, for fear of accidents."

"You had better go," said Mr. Glayne, as he glanced at his nephew with a look of bitter hatred on his face, "while you are free."

"I take the hint," answered Allan, the same strange smile still upon his lips, "and I will go." He left the room without another word, stepped into the dog-cart that was waiting for him at the door, and drove away.

Although Allan had made himself so particularly agreeable on the previous evening, I am bound to say that he was not much missed after his departure. One individual in particular seemed much relieved by his absence, and that was Arthur Egerton. In that young man, alone, had Allan seemed to take any interest, and his attentions were not of a pleasant sort. Doubtless his jealous suspicions had been aroused; Allan had taken every opportunity of contradicting him, and had behaved to him in a manner which could hardly be distinguished from actual rudeness. It was plain to the other guests at the Chase that Ida and Mr. Egerton were much attached to each other; and all were pleased to approve of the fact, as both were universal favourites.

A week after Allan had left, the party at the Chase broke up. The evening before Mr. Egerton went away he had a long conversation with Mr. Glayne. Ida was the subject. Egerton asked permission that they might be considered as engaged. Her father did not appear at all averse to the idea, but he considered it premature at present. Mr. Egerton was no doubt getting on in his profession, still he must wait six months more before an actual engagement could be permitted. He and Ida were obliged to content themselves with this, and both were proportionately happy.

A month passed. It was the first week in February. A cold dark miserable afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Glayne and Ida were sitting in this room, around the blazing fire, as we are sitting now. The lamps had not been brought, nor the candles lighted ; the room was illuminated only by the flame bursting from the great logs, just as now. Suddenly, all three heard the sound of wheels in the drive outside the windows—can you not fancy that you hear them now ?—a carriage drove up to the hall door, and there was a loud ringing at the bell.

“ Who in the world can this be ? ” exclaimed Mrs. Glayne.

“ I cannot imagine,” said her husband. “ Though possibly it may be my lawyer from London. I heard from him a day or two ago, and he said he might shortly have to see me on important business.”

“ Perhaps it is Mr. Egerton,” said Ida, blushing. “ He may have received the excellent appointment he expected, and has come down in person to tell us so. Ah, no,—it is too good to be true.”

Father, mother, and daughter were not kept long in suspense. The library door opened, and the butler announced:

“ Mr. Allan Glayne.”

All were too much amazed to speak or to rise from their seats, as Allan entered the room.

He walked close up to them and regarded each upturned face silently. The strange smile, that his uncle so well remembered at their last interview, again upon his lips.

“ I never saw astonishment so clearly depicted on three faces before,” he observed coolly. “ One would think it was the most unnatural and unheard-of thing in the world for a man to come down suddenly to see his uncle, aunt, and cousin.”

“ The affection you have shown us, Allan,” said Mr. Glayne, rising from his chair, “ and the manner in which you have usually behaved to me, have not been such as to make this visit otherwise than extremely unexpected.”

“ And if I may judge from the tone of your voice,” continued Allan, “ excessively unwelcome.”

“ Your manner now forbids me to question the accuracy of your judgment.”

“ I am hardly afraid then,” Allan went on, “ that I can expect you to sympathize with me in my good fortune. You

know, uncle—no one better—how poor I have been; you know, or you might have known, had you chosen to inquire, how hard I have had to work to eke out my wretched income. Can you not imagine, then, what a pleasure it is to me to find that I have suddenly become the possessor of a fine estate?" Mr. and Mrs. Glayne stared at each other and at their nephew in blank amazement; Ida's eyes were fixed upon her rejected cousin's face, and from the sardonic expression she saw there, and the wild light of triumph about the eyes, the truth flashed upon her in a moment.

"I am sure I congratulate you," began Robert Glayne, coldly. "May I ask——"

"Keep your congratulations till you have heard my story," exclaimed Allan almost fiercely, as the bantering tone he had hitherto used, died away. "Look back, uncle and aunt, through the last ten years of your life and of mine, remember how you have treated me during all that time, and before you offer me your hands in token of your good wishes, ask yourselves how much honesty there is likely to be in your proposed congratulations."

Mr. Glayne sat down again. His countenance was pale with anger, and his hands convulsively worked about the arms of his chair.

"During these last ten years you both have treated me with the contemptuous indifference that only springs up in mean and narrow minds against a poor relation. You have extended a grudging hospitality to me because you were afraid of what the world might say if you cast me off entirely. It was no regard for me, but the fear of social obloquy that compelled you to take some notice of the boy whom you had supplanted here, your elder brother's son."

"Since you have taken the trouble to come all the way from London to speak in such a tone as this," said his uncle, with as much coldness as he could assume, "it is a pity that you should not finish what you have to say. Pray proceed."

"You have hated me ever since you heard that I was born. You rejoiced in the dark cloud that hung about my mother's fame. You heard with satisfaction that my father, in a fit of unreasoning and ungovernable jealousy, had separated from her. You took some pains to keep alive this feeling, and to prevent the chance of any reconciliation. Deny it if you can."

"It is of no importance to me to quarrel with your ravings,"

returned Mr. Glayne as before. "I shall not trouble myself to deny anything."

"I am glad to hear it," said Allan in a calmer voice, "as in that case we may arrive more quickly at a conclusion. You obtained this place by virtue of a will my father made soon after his separation from my mother. You do not deny that?"

"It is the simple fact."

"We will have another simple fact, then, if you please. The day before my father was seized with the illness which shortly afterwards killed him, he had a long interview with his lawyer, Mr. Sharford. Domestic gossip had it that on that day he made another will."

"With domestic gossip I have really no concern," said Mr. Glayne as coolly as before, but he seemed to attend more keenly to his nephew's words.

"Gossip is generally wrong," pursued Allan, "but there are exceptions to every rule. In this instance gossip was right. My father *did* make a will, revoking all former wills, and devising the whole of this estate to me!"

"Gossip is hardly considered in a court of law as equivalent to a written document," said Robert Glayne.

"And if I tell you that I am prepared to produce the written document in court, what should you say then?" asked Allan.

"I should say that it was a forgery, and that you knew it," replied his uncle promptly. "And now I beg that you will terminate a visit which can be pleasant to neither of us."

"Certainly. I can forgive your irritability, for you are as sure as you are of your own existence that I have discovered the missing will, and that your occupation of the Chase is drawing to a speedy close." Without another word, he turned upon his heel, and left the room, and immediately afterwards the carriage that had brought him drove away again.

Allan had guessed quite rightly. Robert Glayne did feel perfectly certain that his nephew spoke the truth. He had always believed that his brother had made a second will. Not a day had passed since he had been in possession of Gerard's Chase, that he had not wondered when the will would be found, and he and his wife and daughter be reduced to poverty again. But in spite of such presentiments—if presentiments they might be called—he had made no provision for such a cata-

strophe; he would never for an instant allow himself to think that it could really happen. And yet he was bound to admit to himself he was not in the least astonished. But how had it all come about? Was it possible that Sharford had reappeared? And the witnesses to the will? How was it that they had been silent so long?

He had not many hours to wait before he learned the truth. The next morning's post brought him a long letter from his lawyer who had learned the story only the day before, though he had gained dark hints from Allan's solicitor of something likely to happen, and who would have instantly come down in person to break the news, but that he was prevented by a threatening attack of bronchitis.

It was clear now why Allan had paid his sudden visit. He had been resolved to taste the first-fruits of his bitter triumph.

The gist of the lawyer's letter was briefly this: After the conversation that Allan had held with his uncle with reference to Ida, and after Mr. Glayne had bidden him leave the house the next day, Allan took his gun and a retriever dog, as you may remember I have already related to you, and went out shooting by himself. His own account was that he felt as if he must kill something, and that it would be a relief to him if he could only slaughter game. Besides, he desired to be thoroughly alone that he might best consider if there was any possible means of upsetting his uncle's title to Gerard's Chase. Of course, he had thought of this a hundred times before, but the conviction had latterly come so strong upon him that his father had made another will, and that that will was somewhere in existence, that he began to think the search for Sharford must be reopened, and that a large reward should be offered for the purpose of finding the witnesses to that will. These thoughts occupied his mind, as he walked along, hardly knowing whither he was going. The dog he had with him was not particularly well trained, and more than once when the retriever insisted upon hunting instead of keeping at his master's heels, Allan was on the point of shooting him, and considering the temper he was in, it is a wonder that he did not yield to the temptation. Had he done so, in all human probability the will would never have been discovered, and Robert Glayne would have been left in undisputed possession of the estate.

What on earth could the dog have to do with it you ask ? You will see directly.

After walking for some time, and having killed a hare and a brace of pheasants, which he left at a keeper's cottage, Allan reached a small outlying spring on the borders of the estate. He walked through the covert and put up a fine cock-pheasant. It was a long shot, but he hit his bird hard and marked it down into a thick hedge which ran at right angles to the wood, and was just off the estate. Determined not to lose the bird, Allan put the dog upon the 'scent and hunted down the hedge. The bird was only winged, and the hunt was keen. The dog ran on far ahead of him ; Allan cheered him on, and for some two hundred yards heard him bristling through the shrubs. Suddenly, he thought he heard a struggling, and thought the dog had seized the bird. The noise ceased, and Allan stopped, whistled, and called to the dog to bring his prey. A few moments elapsed, but the dog did not answer to the call, and Allan ran on unable to understand this disobedience. He arrived at the spot where he had last heard the dog, but could see no trace of him or the bird. Cautiously he entered the thick hedge and beat down the underwood with the barrels of his gun and peered about him, and worked up the hedge. Half-a-dozen yards further up he placed one foot upon what seemed firm ground covered with stunted shrubs. The earth gave way, and he just saved himself from falling into some unknown depth by grasping the stem of a young tree that stood beside him. He saw in a moment what had happened. Dog and bird had fallen into a deep pit which lay like a dark trap immediately below him. He called to the dog, listened, and heard what he was sure was the wagging of the retriever's tail, and looking down carefully he soon made out the flashing of the animal's bright brown eyes.

Allan was not the sort of man to call for assistance so long as he thought he could achieve anything by himself, so he looked about for the safest way of descending into the pit and rescuing both dog and pheasant. While he was so engaged he remembered that he had heard the keepers now and again speak of the place called the Smuggler's Cave as being in existence somewhere in the neighbourhood, and in his young days the notion had been invested in his mind with some romance, though he never could understand what smugglers could have to do with it, as Gerard's Chase was miles away

from the sea ; but no doubt this was the place they had spoken of. It appeared to be more like some old chalk pit which the hedge had been suffered to grow round and completely hide. It occurred to him, also, as he continued his survey, and wondered why so dangerous a place had never been filled up or guarded against, that it lay in the direct short cut across the fields from Gerard's Chase to the neighbouring town. However, he was not long in finding his way down, after having assured himself that he would have no great difficulty in getting up again.

He found the dog, he found the pheasant, and he found something more—a human skeleton, the bony right hand still grasping a round metal case ! In an instant the assurance forced itself upon him that he had discovered the remains of the long-lost lawyer, Sharford, and that the metal case contained his father's will. Sharford had evidently fallen into the pit in making a short cut back to the town. Subsequent examination of the skeleton proved that the skull was fractured and one of the arms had been badly broken in the fall, and in this miserable state the wretched man had died. The metal case was opened in London and the will was found intact. There was no longer any reason to wonder at the silence of the witnesses, for one was Sharford himself, and the other the butler who had decamped after the death of Mr. Allan Glayne the elder.

I must not linger now over the details of what ensued. Allan was soon installed in Gerard's Chase, and his uncle, aunt, and cousin were reduced to living in poor lodgings in London. Their condition was very little removed from one of absolute want. Arthur Egerton was their constant visitor, and he did everything in his power to make them comfortable. Allan, too, in his gloomy way was kind, and sent them many presents that they were only too thankful to accept. By and by, Allan came to see them frequently. He had long conversations with his uncle, and they appeared to be on the best of terms. His manner to Ida was kind and affectionate, but he never made any allusion to the time when he had declared his love for her, and Arthur Egerton saw no reason to be jealous.

One evening, after Allan had been nearly all the afternoon with his uncle, Robert Glayne, in the presence of his wife, asked Ida, point blank, whether she was prepared to marry her cousin Allan. The poor girl was dumb with terror

and amazement. Her father seemed to take no notice of this. He continued hurriedly to say that Allan had behaved most generously, that he was sensible that they had never behaved well to Allan in times past, but Allan had now offered to forgive all claims he had against his uncle, which amounted to many thousands, and further had promised to secure to him a comfortable income for the rest of his life, but on one condition—Ida must become his wife.

I have not the heart to describe to you Ida's utter misery. Her whole happiness seemed absorbed in her love for Egerton; still she knew Allan's stern nature thoroughly, and she was well assured that if she refused to marry him her father and mother would have to end their days in utter poverty. Their own intense selfishness made them plead their own cause most earnestly. The daughter's affection for her parents triumphed over everything else, and she consented to do as they and Allan desired. She wrote to Arthur Egerton, told him what she had resolved upon, and bade him never see or speak to her again, till she should summon him. Her whole nature seemed to undergo a change. From the happy and warm-hearted girl she became a cold and calculating woman. Two things she insisted on, and these Allan was not slow to grant. His intense and blinding passion prevented him from realizing how in her inmost heart she hated him, and from seeing the full extent of her sacrifice. So long as she was to be his there was nothing that he would not do for her. She insisted that Allan should settle an income of one thousand pounds a year upon her parents, and in the event of her surviving Allan, Gerard's Chase should become absolutely her own property.

It was arranged that the wedding should take place at the Chase. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Glayne and Ida once more took up their abode there, and Allan resided at a small cottage on the estate, during the week immediately preceding the marriage.

I must here pause to remind you that the north wing of the house was very different in those days to what it is now. You are, most of you, aware, that it was entirely rebuilt after the fire which occurred some ten years ago.

The eventful day arrived. It was a dark and stormy day in February, the anniversary, by a strange coincidence, of the day when Allan had come down to the Chase so suddenly, and had held that memorable interview with his uncle, aunt, and

cousin. Ida had resolutely declined to occupy her old room, but had selected one in the north wing which had rarely been used. Indeed, the whole of the north wing was seldom tenanted, as it was said to be haunted, and at all events it was not in particularly good repair. She had refused to engage any new maid. Her old nurse, who had spent almost all her life at the Chase, for she had as a girl been in the service of Robert Glayne's elder brother, was to accompany her upon her wedding tour. This also she had severely insisted upon. The room she selected for her sleeping apartment before the marriage was known as the Venetian room, the reason being that it was furnished with one or two Italian cabinets and three fine old Venetian mirrors.

The wedding was to be quite quiet and private, only two or three old family friends were invited. The morning, as I have said, was dark and stormy; the clouds were so low they seemed almost to sweep just above the grey old piles of chimneys, and the wind roared and howled among the elms and beeches out of doors as if in bitter fury that it could not uproot them all and scatter them like faggots about its raging path, and screamed and whistled in the house, as though it were in a very agony of ceaseless pain, and the rain poured against the lattice windows as though the leaden skies wept for the mockery of the marriage vows that Ida was about to pledge.

Noon came, and it was done. Allan and Ida were man and wife.

There was a stately breakfast in the banqueting hall; a few solemn toasts and solemn responses. There was little need to ice the champagne, for there was not a heart at that miserable repast that did not seem unnaturally chilled and frozen.

The carriage that was to take Ida and her husband away from the Chase was ordered to be at the door at two o'clock. Soon after one, Ida retired to her room to change her bridal attire for a travelling costume. She refused to allow her mother to accompany her. She wanted no one but her old nurse. At twenty minutes to two this domestic left her mistress's room in order to complete her own arrangements. Punctually at two the travelling carriage drawn by four impatient horses was at the door, and Allan stood in the hall waiting for his bride.

A quarter of an hour passed away, but Ida did not come.

Allan bade the nurse go upstairs and tell her mistress that it was time to start. She obeyed, but speedily returned, and said that she had knocked three times at the door, but had received no answer.

"Did she not go in?" asked Allan angrily.

No; she had feared to disturb her. Allan's temper got the better of him, and he ran up the staircase and along the corridors into the north wing, and knocked sharply at the door of the Venetian room.

No answer. Impatiently he turned the handle and entered the apartment. *There was no Ida there!*

Scattered about the floor in costly profusion lay the various articles of the bridal trousseau he had purchased for her. Silks, satins, and jewels, had been cast upon the ground in wild contempt, and conspicuous among them all, lay the wreath of orange blossoms, crushed and torn.

She had kept her promise. She had become her cousin's wife, and secured a comfortable income for her father; and she had outwitted Allan in flying from him at the earliest opportunity.

But whither had she flown? How had she left the house? How was it possible that she could have got away and no one have seen her? Yet so it was. Allan shut himself up in the library, desired his uncle and aunt to leave the house, dismissed half the servants the same day, and for weeks he hardly came out of his seclusion. When he appeared in public again he seemed twenty years older, and there was many a grey hair upon his head. But the settled expression on his face was not one of sorrow or sad melancholy. A bitter hatred of all his kind appeared to be written there.

Twelve months passed by. Nothing was ever heard of Ida Glayne, and Allan continued to live a solitary life at Gerard's Chase. Such a life, the neighbours said, and such an unhappy story must prey upon his mind. If he would not rouse himself, they added, he would be certain to go mad.

You all, to whom I am speaking, know the river which is just about a mile from the house. You know how swift a current it possesses, and you have heard that there are many deep and dangerous holes in its bed, and that all bathers, including experienced swimmers, are warned to be very careful how they bathe except in one particular spot where a regular bathing-place has been established. Well, it was

Allan Glayne's habit—his known habit—to bathe in the river, at one hour or another, every day. It was also his custom frequently to leave the house directly after breakfast, wander about all day by himself and not return till late in the evening.

One morning he went out as usual, having ordered his dinner to be ready at half-past seven.

Seven o'clock struck. The dressing-bell rang, but the master of the Chase had not returned. Half-past seven, and the dinner-bell pealed out, but no Allan. Eight o'clock, and the cook was in despair. Nine, and the servants began to grow alarmed. Ten o'clock, and the butler took upon himself to order a groom to saddle a horse and ride round to the various cottages about the estate and see if he could learn anything of the squire. In an hour he returned—no one had seen anything of Mr. Glayne. The night wore away, morning came, but there had been no signs of the missing master. At about noon on that next day, a labourer hurried up to the Chase and brought the information that he had found all Mr. Glayne's clothes in a thicket close to the riverside about two miles from the house, down the stream. Probably most of you know the spot, and you also know how deep the river is said to be there, and how specially dangerous it is just there for bathers.

There seemed to be no room left for doubt. Allan Glayne had been accidentally drowned while bathing. The river was dragged as carefully as possible, but the body was never found. The bottom of the river was terribly muddy and weedy, and there were, as I have said, many deep holes. It was surmised that the unfortunate young man had been seized with cramp—had sunk into one of these holes, and the current of the river had soon buried him in slime and weed.

Then Mrs. Allan Glayne re-appeared upon the scene. There were two persons only who were in the secret of her disappearance, and these were her old nurse and Arthur Egerton. She had been living all alone in a secluded village in Germany, and she had so mistrusted Allan's influence over her father and mother that she had never told them of her whereabouts lest they should betray her to her husband. How she originally got away unobserved from Gerard's Chase you will learn in the fast approaching sequel of this story.

The young widow returned, and in right of her marriage settlement, was installed as mistress of the Chase. For a

year she lived in close retirement, her father and mother visiting her occasionally. At the end of that period, she took a house in London for six months, and her parents resided with her.

Arthur Egerton had been working steadily at his profession and had made a fair start upon the high road to eminence. He soon became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Glayne's house, and by and by it was made no secret of that he was engaged to the fair young widow.

Six months more passed away, and Ida's second wedding day arrived. This wedding was a quiet but happy one, and Mr. and Mrs. Egerton started for their wedding tour, this felicity enhanced, if anything, by the misery they had gone through.

After six weeks' absence they returned to Gerard's Chase. They had been planning all kinds of improvements, and intended to have the house full of company for the shooting in September, and though they had had the brightest and most cloudless of honeymoons they were not sorry to find themselves at home.

Yes. They had been very, very happy. They seemed formed for one another. They gazed into each other's eyes and looked across the sunlight of the future, and never saw the shadow of a cloud.

It was evening when they arrived at the Chase, at the close of the first week in September. It had been a glorious season. The harvest had been safely gathered in, and the hues of summer still lingered about the majestic woods, and all nature seemed with a smile to welcome their return.

They chatted pleasantly during dinner and discussed the alterations in rooms and furniture which they had determined on. Then they talked of their expected guests, and then wandered away to the grand Alpine scenery they had recently roamed about, and to the fair Italian lakes that they had left behind.

The servants had placed the dessert upon the table and had left the room. Ida drew her chair close beside her husband and placed her small warm hand in his.

"Dear Arthur," she said fondly, as she gazed into his eyes, "what a gentle, loving husband you have been to me."

"Not half so gentle, or so loving, as you deserve," he answered, as he kissed the fair forehead that now rested on his

shoulder. "Why, puss, what is that that I see glistening on your cheek? not tears?"

"Of happiness, my darling," she returned softly. "It is all so wonderful. It seems as if it were far too great to last."

"No, no, my child. We have not nearly reached the summit of our happiness."

"Perhaps we never shall," she murmured.

He held her in his strong arms, and in the calm beating of that long-suffering and generous heart she knew that she possessed a mighty love which nothing in this world but death could ever hide from her.

The clock upon the mantelpiece struck ten. Ida started up.

"Arthur," she exclaimed, "I have a strange fancy to go and visit the room in the north wing. You know the one I mean."

"You are tired, darling, and had better go to bed," he remonstrated. "We will go all over the wing to-morrow morning if you please, but not now."

"Yes, now," she pleaded. "I have been so miserable in that room, and I should like to take my revenge upon it, by showing it how happy I am now."

He yielded, somewhat reluctantly, to her fancy. They left the dining-room, lit a chamber candle that stood in the hall, went up the old oak staircase, passed through the long and silent corridors, and at last stood outside the door of the Venetian room whence she had issued as a bride for her first unhappy nuptials. There they paused.

"Don't go in, Ida," said Arthur. "I can hardly tell you why, but I implore you not to enter that room."

Had she looked up at his face, she would have seen that it was deadly pale, but she did not, nor did she seem to observe the strange earnestness of his voice.

"Only for one moment, Arthur, I have so often dreamed of it whilst we have been abroad, that I must see it for a moment."

He offered no further resistance. She turned the handle, opened the door, and they passed the threshold. The door closed heavily behind them.

What was this that they beheld? The room seemed all in disorder—and seemed indeed as if some one had only just vacated it. Arthur held up the solitary candle high above

his head, and both gave utterance to an exclamation of surprise at what they saw.

Scattered about the floor in costly profusion lay the various articles of the bridal trousseau her first husband had purchased for her. Silks, satins, and jewels, had been cast upon the ground in wild contempt, and conspicuous among them all lay a wreath of orange blossoms crushed and torn !

"Arthur !" exclaimed Ida, trembling violently, "what can all this mean ? I came into this room more than once when I first came back, and there was nothing of this sort here then. What can it mean ?"

"It means that you have returned to your first wedding-day," answered a solemn voice. "It means that the past two years are swept away, and that you now stand beside your lawful husband Allan Glayne !"

A cold hand seized her wrist, she looked up for one instant, saw the well-remembered white and clear cut features, realized in an instant that it was no ghost, but Allan in the flesh, and sank half fainting in a chair behind her.

Arthur calmly put down the candle on a table, folded his arms, and fixed his eyes upon the man he had supplanted.

Allan took no heed of him, but in a most mocking tone addressed his wife.

"You kept your promise, Ida, and you married me. You vowed your troth to me till death should part us, but you broke your vow, and fled from me when that vow was but two hours old. I have been more mindful of my word, and I have waited for you till you came back to me."

Ida panted hard, but listened to him as one spellbound. Arthur never moved his eyes from Allan's face. Allan continued :

"It was not long before I discovered the secret of your flight. Your old nurse had told you of the concealed door among the panels of this room, that led to a long disused subterranean passage that had an outlet choked up years ago by mounds of earth and shrubs. You lay hidden there till search had ceased, and then you got away unobserved, assisted by the nurse, and the man who stands beside you now, and lived unknown in Germany."

Still no response from either of the other actors in this dread scene.

"I knew you well," pursued Allan in the same cold solemn

voice; "I knew that I had nothing to dread then from the weakness of your virtue. I knew that you would never willingly come back to me, and so, in the assurance of eventual triumph, I framed the scheme which has issued in complete success." There flashed into his eyes a wild light of Satanic joy as he uttered these last words, and his tones grew louder as he continued:

"I knew the world thought that I was mad, and would not be astonished if I came to a sudden and violent end. It fell into its own snare, and believed that I had either drowned myself, or had perished in a rash venture in the stream. You believed it too—you took the bait I offered you, emerged from your hiding-place, and claimed your position as mistress of Gerard's Chase, asserted your right of widowhood, and married him."

He pointed to Arthur as he spoke, but never took his eyes from Ida's face.

"And now my vengeance is complete. You have spent some golden weeks in the arms of a man who is nothing better than your paramour. Your dream of a cloudless happy life with him is scattered to the winds; you come back to your home and to your husband, a miserable and degraded woman!"

"Have you done?" said Arthur in a low thick voice, "or has your coward's tongue more devilish eloquence to spend on her? You do not answer. You seem now to forget my presence. There is one thing besides that you have forgotten—and that is, that the world believes that you are dead!"

Allan glanced at him contemptuously for a moment, and his eyes reverted to Ida as he said:

"It will be easy to undeceive the world."

"What if you do not get the chance?" exclaimed Arthur, as he advanced towards Allan, with a fierce look upon his face. "Mean and miserable wretch, the world's bad enough, but it is better without such things as you. I mean to kill you!"

The two men closed in awful strife, and for some minutes the struggle was continued. Ida neither spoke nor moved. Allan contrived at last to free one arm from his antagonist's iron grip, and rapidly drew a long knife from a sheath suspended to a strap round his waist. Arthur wrenched it from him; as he did so, he felt the fingers of Allan's left hand close about his throat—those fingers that even in boyhood had been known

to be so marvellously strong. The death grip was on him, and with one last desperate struggle he plunged the knife into Allan's side. The muscular fingers never relaxed their blood-hound hold, and in a few moments the two strong men lay dead among the mocking bridal garments that Allan in preparation for the return of his wife had strewn about the floor as she had left them.

Such is the story of Allan Glayne, as Ida told it years afterwards—two days before she died.

END OF "ALLAN GLAYNE."

The Tourist in Portugal.

THE LOST CITY OF CITANIA.

BY JOHN LATOUCHE, AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL."

If any one knows what a tourist is, and what he is capable of, I am that person. I have watched the tourist at his work from a non-tourist stand-point. I have heard and considered the opinion of others about him, and have formed my own. I have seen him ill-treated in print, I have myself assailed him on a printed page, and I have been taken to task by certain journalistic defenders of the Philistine faith for doing so.

On the other hand, I am for the time being the person whom I have criticised. *De me fabula narratur*. I am myself the Tourist whose doings are to be recorded in this paper; but I desire to do something more than give an account of my own proceedings. I wish to depict the class of which I am only a unit. I wish to do that which it has puzzled a very great man to think that he and his fellow-men could do: I wish to be at once my object and my subject; to look at the matter in hand sometimes from the outside and sometimes from the inside. In my capacity of a fairly rational human being, of a modest, non-touring, Christian man, I desire to show what I may become when the insane travelling fit is upon me (as it may come upon all of us of the English-speaking races) when I am furnished with my circular notes and my "Murray," when I am insatiably curious, indefatigably active, when I am abjectly ignorant, and surprisingly conceited.

First, and for the sake of argument and illustration, I will imagine myself still not a tourist, still in one of my lucid intervals, and I will sketch the tourist as he appears to me then, in his full selfishness, in his utter disregard of the time, comfort, convenience, and opinions of other men. Say that—all this of course is supposititious—that I am a learned man, or

a devout, or a scientific one ; say that I am in the midst of my great controversy on the Greek particles, that I am writing one of my eloquent sermons, that I am engaged in my laboratory, and in the crowning crisis of a great experiment—the tourist breaks in upon my polemics, cuts short my tropes, oversets my crucibles. What does he care ? All he wants is to know the railway fare to a particular city, whether a particular church is worth visiting, or a particular hotel has a *table d'hôte*—things that the first *laquais de place* can tell him better than I. These things are what he feigns to want to know. What he really desires is to pass his time and to waste mine. What he wants is to impose his opinions and his intolerance upon me. I reside, let me suppose, on the shores of the Black Sea, on the slopes of the Lebanon, or, say, near the border of the great Sahara. I have spent half a life-time in studying the waters of my sea, the cedars of my mountain, the sands of my desert. I flatter myself, in my harmless vanity, that I have discovered why the Black Sea is black, how the great desert has become sandy, and I have a most ingenious way of calculating the age of the Lebanon cedars. I am, let us assume, a modest man ; I do not care to combat opinions which were formed the day before yesterday, I refrain from argument with a person who cannot appreciate the profundity of my theories ; but in silence there is no safety for me. The first idle tourist who crosses my threshold insists to me that the sand of the Sahara is not sand at all, but dry mud, that the waters of the Euxine are white, or that I am a thousand years out in the age of my cedars. I begin to believe that the guiding principle of my life, never to seem to know so much as the person I am talking to is, as a softener of intercourse between man and man, an altogether erroneous principle. I feel that my patience is oozing away. I am getting to be like the embottled Genie, in the Arabian Nights, in his third century, when his long imprisonment had embittered him, and his first patience and generosity had vanished. For a long time I too was long suffering ; the tourist who forced his way into my presence might count at least upon my forbearance. Now let him beware ! I am beginning my third century, I am not to be trifled with any longer.

On the other hand, I myself who give myself these airs of superiority, know that they should be only temporary. I know that I am not a whit better than these imaginary tormentors,

and I am reminded to be modest. I know that the time may arrive any day when the *æstrum* may come upon me too, when I shall break in upon the savant in his studies, or the divine at his sermon. I see myself without a scruple clattering over the pavement of a continental church in my dusty tourist boots, disturbing the devotions of kneeling worshippers with my loud, misplaced art-criticism, ignoring the conventionalities which at home I respect, offending the susceptibilities of my fellow-beings, and in all possible modes following the unseemly way of my class.

It is one of this class whose fortunes I invite the reader to follow, as once I invited the readers of the *NEW QUARTERLY* to follow those of a more legitimate kind of traveller. The country he is to travel over is Portugal, as it was before,* but whereas in the former case I made a point of avoiding the beaten track and of taking the reader into the byeways of the country, I shall now do the very opposite, and, keeping to the lines of railway and the high road, take him nowhere but to places where the most easy going of tourist travellers may easily and pleasantly follow me; and whereas then I made a point of avoiding descriptions of scenery, I shall now from time to time endeavour to tell the reader what the country is like.

Ten years ago, locomotion in Portugal was certainly neither pleasant nor easy. Within that period, however, railways have increased, and a multitude of good high roads have opened up many new and interesting districts which were once only accessible on horseback. In almost all the larger towns excellent inns have taken the place of execrably bad ones. Moreover, a system of transit has been established by a public company, under the name of the *Companhia da Viação do Minho*, which affords great facilities to the traveller. In all the principal cities and towns of Northern Portugal, offices of the company are to be found where, at a moment's notice, any sort of carriage can be obtained, from a roomy covered *calèche* to a light phaeton; and the company having a well-organized system of correspondence between their various stations, the traveller can order a carriage to meet him at the most remote

* A series of articles under the title of "Notes of Travel in Portugal," appeared in this Magazine, and was subsequently published by me, with additions and illustrations, under the shorter title of "Travels in Portugal."

point of the Northern Province, with a reasonable expectation of not being disappointed.

It will be tolerably evident that I am describing what is, when combined with the lovely scenery of Portugal and numerous points of interest of every kind, nothing less than a paradise of tourists. That it may seem still more one, the country still more accessible and still more civilized, the reader shall learn something about Portuguese railways.

As regards the railway system of the country, it is as yet very simple, consisting of one direct main line of communication between Lisbon in the South of the Kingdom, and Oporto in the North. From each of these termini, or rather centres, there diverge short branch lines, or feelers, which are still, except at two points in the South, unconnected with the railway system of the rest of the Peninsula, and which are for the most part in process of annual extension.

It is along one of these branch lines, and the newest of them all, the railway opened within the last few months from Oporto to Braga, that I am about to conduct the reader. Though the distance from Lisbon to Oporto is very nearly that between Liverpool and London, the time employed for the journey in Portugal is considerably more than double; and as competition may be called the soul of brevity in railway matters, and there is quite certain to be no competition in Portugal for the next hundred years, Lisbon and Oporto may, for all intents and purposes, be considered to be, not two hundred, but four hundred miles apart.

I pass over this journey without comment, for my present purpose is to visit, first Braga, the northern terminus of the new line, afterwards Guimaraens, a city famous in the history of mediæval Portugal, and to find, and when found, to explore and make notes of, a mysterious buried town, supposed to lie somewhere between these two cities, and of which a great deal more presently.

The Minho Province is, as everyone knows who has ever opened a book upon Portugal—even a guide-book (blind enough guides, as a rule)—is, I say, as everyone knows, the most lovely portion of Portugal. The traveller from Lisbon who crosses the Douro to arrive at Oporto, and, in doing so, gets his first sight of this Northern Province, might almost come to this conclusion then and there for himself, as he sees this fine river running between its lofty, precipitous, fern-clothed cliffs,

with the city of Oporto rising amphitheatre-wise from the edge of the river, which here broadens suddenly into a lagoon, reflecting on its still surface the confused, picturesque, multi-coloured architecture steeply piled, terrace over terrace, to the granite hills beyond. Two miles from the river we reach the station of the Northern Railway, situated in the suburbs; and even as we drive to it, we get a glimpse of very characteristic Minho scenery, which makes us wish for more. In the foreground and middle distance pine-covered hills, rich in their endless harmonies of subdued greens of every shade, from the sunlit grey-greens of the common pine to the indigo-green shadows thrown by the solid-looking umbelled heads of the darker-foliaged stone pine. Then the eye travels into immense distances, filled in with great, bare, solid mountains, peak upon peak, rosy grey where the sunlight bathes them, purple where the cloud-shadows fall, and fading in the far-off, airy perspective into what seems thinner and more unsubstantial than the thin vapour-wreaths of early dawn.

The thirty miles which separate Oporto from Braga are got over with such an absence of indecent haste, that fully two hours elapse before the journey is accomplished, which is a mistake on several accounts—first, because the traveller is sure to carry away a poor idea of Portuguese railway engineering when he has such leisure to note how wastefully the line has been constructed; not ballasted with that foresight in making cuttings and embankments and that happy economy of material, which, in an engineer's eyes, have an æsthetic beauty of their own, but with great heaps of earth and stone "shot" here upon the wayside, and perhaps, but half a mile further on, a valuable bit of land dug bodily out for an embankment—all very deplorable in its way, and a very proper subject for disdain to the foreign traveller. Then, again, the tourist—apt as all we tourists are to generalization—might conclude from his experience of this journey that the dogs of Portugal, who may frequently be seen racing, and generally out-racing, the trains, were gifted with an abnormal speed. This conclusion can, as we have seen, be easily corrected by a reference to the timetable and a knowledge of the mileage.

The railway takes us through a picturesque country, but by no important towns till we reach Braga. Here I get out. It is nearly nine, a dark, dimly-starlit night late in April; and I have a drive of four miles before I reach, not Braga, for I

disdain its inn and crowded streets, but the great hostelry on the Hill of the Bom Jesus. This hill is one of the two most famous Holy Places in Portugal, and one of great religious resort from all parts of the kingdom, and even from Spain, during the summer months. Up four miles of stiff ascent we drive; for the great inn built here for the pilgrims is near the very top of the hill, and it cannot be less than a thousand feet above the elevated plain on which Braga is situated. As my carriage creeps slowly along the winding road to the summit, I know that the veil of soft night air is hiding from me a series of very lovely foreground landscapes. I know, too, for I have been here before, that at every upward turn of the road there is a grand panoramic extension of the great plain below, and that, but for the darkness, the distant hills should be seen to be rising tumultuously, one above the other, like sea waves, or the airy mountains of cloudland. But, for the present, all this is for the imagination only; I shall have to wait till the moon rises, or till to-morrow, for the landscape. Like the famous Spanish fleet, "it is not yet in sight."

Nevertheless, something of the charm of it comes to me through the dimness of the night. I know that we are passing at one time through woodlands; for now and again the road is overarched by great oak trees, whose half-expanded foliage I catch in outline against the sky: now I know that we are passing through fertile, well-tilled farm-lands; for I hear the soft, continuous "churr" of the mole-crickets—a sound as much associated with the early hours of southern summer nights as the cicadas' cry with the hours of hot sunshine—and these dainty insects love to dwell in the rich soil of gardens and deep-ploughed fields, and I know therefore that we are close to such land. And then again the fresh scent of new-shot vine buds comes to me, and the richer warm fragrance of rye-fields, with the bloom on the ears. And now we are passing by a farmer's cottage, for the heavy perfume of orange-blossom is wafted to me, or the fainter odours of a wall covered with the flowers of the Banksian rose, or the Wistaria. All this is very delightful after the dusty atmosphere of the railway-carriage. Then, as we mount higher, we get away from cultivation altogether, and pass through successive oak groves, and the banks are overgrown with furze, and cystus, and broom, all in flower, and all betraying themselves by the scents they give out on the dewy air of night.

A church rises against the sky near the hill-top—now the night is lightening a little with the rising moon—and opposite to the church stands a great dreary pile, two stories high, like a barrack much more than an hotel, and yet one of the best country hotels in the kingdom. Till the middle of May it is but half occupied, fully crammed then and thereafter, not by guests alone.

Inns in Portugal are not much after the fashion of inns in England, France, or Germany—not such inns as we tourists are used to find on any of the roads we haunt. Comfort, after the ideal of it which we have come to form in England, is not to be found in these inns—the comfort, that is, which consists in neatness, warmth, bright hearths, plenty of carpets and arm-chairs, soft beds, bustling waiters, attentive porters, and smart chambermaids. Not a single one of those qualifications is there which, in travelling bagman's phrase, go to the making of a "good house." The Portuguese inn is rather of the type of the Eastern caravanserai. The house is large, airy, carpetless, with whitewash instead of wall-papers; an arm-chair is unknown; there is but one hearth, and that is in the kitchen; the few waiters do not bustle, the rare chambermaids are barefooted, and by no means smart. In regard to the beds, an Englishman was once heard by me trying, after his first experience of them, to achieve a sorry jest about his host having succeeded in combining "bed and board." The beds are, in fact, straw palliasses; and the inexperienced traveller who makes his first acquaintance with a Portuguese bedroom thinks that, by some mistake, a tiny, bran-stuffed pincushion has been taken from his dressing-table and laid upon his bed. This, however, is an error. The pincushion in question is the normal Portuguese pillow, and some prudent travellers in this country, having bruised their cheeks and ears against this little instrument of torture, in their struggles to get a night's rest, habitually carry real pillows in their portmanteau. An unworthy piece of Sybaritism! I set my face against anything so unmanly. I feel as the Highland laird did, who, when he and his clan (on a cattle-lifting expedition) were bivouacking in a snowstorm, found that his son had rolled a snowball under his head for a pillow. He kicked it away indignantly, swearing that no son of his should indulge in such effeminate luxury. So do I protest against the effeminacy of carrying with one the pillow of civilisation. It marks a degenerate age.

The Portuguese hostelry is, as I have said, somewhat after the fashion of the Eastern caravanserai. The summer traveller in Portugal—and travellers do mostly travel in summer—is tried, not by any elemental rage in the way of wind and rain, hail or snow, but he is fatigued and oppressed by the heat and dust of the long summer day, and often his nerves are singularly over-excited by long exposure to the keen, dry air and the unblinking glare of the Lusitanian sun. So he finds in the lofty rooms and cool atmosphere of the unfurnished inn great refreshment, and its semi-obscurity—for the sun has been kept out all day by thick shutters—is wonderfully soothing to his spirits. Also, he is never over-oppressed by offers of service. According to Charles Dickens the idea of an English inn is, that when a guest has passed its threshold, he should deliver himself over into the hands of the head waiter unreservedly and as if he were a new-born child, with a volition, indeed, but no power of realizing it except through his nurse—the head waiter. Nothing of the kind prevails in Portugal. “Here,” says your Portuguese landlord, “is shelter, shade, and security—a caravanserai in short—and I have so far conformed to modern ideas as to employ a cook and a bedmaker.”

The beds we already know about, the dinner is at a *table d'hôte*. We conform so little to Gallican ideas, always unfashionable in Portugal, as to call it a *mesa redonda*—a round table—though dinner is invariably laid on a long and narrow one. Now, it is of the convenient nature of Portuguese cookery that the dishes are not appreciably the worse for being kept waiting; consequently, if you arrive at any hour of the day or night, and say—“*Quero jantar*,” I want dinner, the meal is brought in five minutes, and laid for you at a corner of the long table. You need not trouble yourself about ordering it, and if you ordered twenty different bills of fare on twenty different days, you would always get the same dinner, or one with the same generic features.

As tourists are often as foolishly particular about their dinners as about their pillows, and as I have no wish to inveigle any of my countrymen to Portugal under false pretences, I think it well to let them know what, if they do come, they will have for dinner.

First, they will have soup, a thin *consommé* of beef with rice, cabbages, and probably peas floating in it. This is

followed by the piece of beef and the little piece of bacon which have made the soup, and as this soup is served up very hot, so is some degree of variety skilfully obtained by the *bouilli* always being half cold. Then follow several indescribable stews, very good to eat, but inscrutable as to their ingredients, and sometimes leaving upon the guest the impression that he is perhaps not abstaining, as far as he properly should, from "the flesh of coots, didappers, and water-hens." After this, when one has ceased to expect it, comes fish broiled, almost always hake, which in Portuguese waters feeds on sardines, and is therefore a better fish than our British hake, which fares less daintily; then rice made savoury with gravy and herbs; after that come "*beefés*," a dish fashionable in all parts of Portugal, and in whose name the Portuguese desire to do homage to our great nation and one of our national dishes, the word being a corruption of "beef-steaks," and the thing itself quite as unlike what it imitates as its name. Then follow, in an order with which I cannot charge my memory, sweet things, chiefly made of rice; the dinner invariably ending with a preserve of quince.

It will be seen that the Portuguese *cuisine* is very national in its character, and perhaps the day may come when philosophers, having exhausted comparative mythology, grammar, and philology, may think it worth their while to extract some of the lost historic life of nations from comparative cookery. The Portuguese *cuisine*, *Scientia Coquinaria Portugallensis*, is a work for Mr. Cox to write, and he will have to put its title into Latin, as I have, for the sake of seriousness.

The archæology of this subject is simply that the Portuguese people, conservative in their tastes and yet open to new ideas, have borrowed from every nation with whom they have come into contact; from the Romans their kitchen stoves—I have seen in Pompeii a range of fire-places, each with its blow-hole through which to fan the embers, absolutely identical with the cooking hearths of modern Portuguese houses—from the Moors they have got their earthenware stew-pots and the way of using them. From Roman times they have preserved innumerable names of meals, dishes, and cooking vessels; from the Moors, again, the art of preserving fruits and making them into cakes and jellies, from them, too, come the names and recipes of many sweet dishes, among others the *rebanados*, a dish as much eaten in Portugal between Christmas and the

New Year as mince-pies with us in England. The dish is purely one of Southern lands, of countries "flowing with milk and honey," and of pastoral peoples, being composed of thick slices of wheaten bread soaked in new milk, fried in pure olive oil, and thickly spread with honey. It is a dish of the nomad tribes from Arabia to Morocco, and is made to this day by the Moors under the name of *rabanat*, or *rabanadh*. Then again, contact with ourselves has given the aforesaid *beefés* to the Portuguese *cuisine*, and also initiated the nation into the mysteries of plum and seed cake, their Portuguese name being still *quéqué*. All this is surely very instructive and edifying, and I regret exceedingly to have to leave the subject for the present.

We have wandered a little from the subject of Portuguese inns. In them a traveller need never give orders to be called in the morning; the tone of voice in which the internal economy of the house is conducted answers the usual purposes of an alarm. At an early hour in the morning I got up to, as old Indians say, "eat the morning air." The balconies of the inn look westward, and command a really magnificent view. We had somewhat discounted it overnight, and therefore I need say the less about it now. Some miles below is Braga in its plain, surrounded by grey mountains, on which the mists of morning are still hanging. An hour earlier I should have seen their peaks sharply defined in the transparent air of early dawn; now the thin mists are in process of absorption by the sun, or tending skywards to incorporate themselves into detached clouds, which, as the day grows older, shall throw their shade-mantles on the land and make it ten times more lovely than before. The sun glints obliquely on the city of Braga at my feet, and makes a rich colour-harmony of the red and green and yellow houses, showing me in clear outline the great square turrets of the castle dominating the other buildings, and bathing in its potent rays the mellow brown walls and towers of the old cathedral.

At this early hour of the morning, and with the sun thus slanting his light over the great vine-covered plain country, there is a strange thing to be seen, which never elsewhere have I looked upon; not in France, nor in Spain, nor in Greece, nor even in Italy, though in all these countries there are lands giving in the spring time much promise of purple wine; for hereabouts the yield of wine is famous even in Portugal, not

of delicate wine that strangers seek after, but of a generous liquor, cool, wholesome, and fortifying after labour, and so plentiful that no man is poor enough to go without it, and the very mouth of the resting horse that has carried the traveller through the day is stained with draughts of red wine! Now, in spring time, when the sun at its rising, or just at its setting, strikes the land slantingwise, this is the strange sight that I see here—that its rays gleam hotly upon and into innumerable upward-pointing young vine shoots, set with tender, transparent green leaves, and so brightly that veritably it would seem that from the earth were issuing not living foliage, sky-pointing, but flames of pale greenish fire, as of burning sulphur, thrust out by some subterranean force—some “cosmic energy divine”—and this sight so strikes the fancy that, in an age of faith, a traveller telling of this in other lands, it might easily grow out of his relation that in this favoured region the kindly earth marks this wonderful yield of her great bounty of wine by a mysterious shooting forth of flames of living fire.

To all which the sceptical and cynical reader will say, “I don’t believe it!” and I reply, “Go to the Bom Jesus at the proper season and see;” and if he retorts, “Anyhow, I don’t believe about the horses drinking wine,” I rejoin, “Travel through the Minho Province, and you will see horses drinking wine and eating maize bread many times in a day.”

Reaching the top of the hill, we look down westward towards Braga, and eastward towards the city of Guimaraens. The mountain ridges which separate the two cities are those of the Falperra range, and as the eye travels over them it will rest on a white speck on an outlying spur of the mountains, about six miles off as the crow flies. This is a tiny chapel, dedicated to San Romão, and on a certain day in the year a goodly number of pilgrims flock thither. To us, however, the interest of the chapel hill is that it is the site of the buried city of Citania,—of the so-called Citania. Now, the city of Citania, if city it be, and Citania it be, is still a puzzle to the antiquary. Till a year or so ago there was but a vague rumour of the existence of ruins on the hill of San Romão; within that period archæology owes it to Senhor Francisco Moraes Sarmiento, of the neighbouring city of Guimaraens, that certain excavations have been made and explorations set on foot; but the exertions of one antiquary, single-handed, against a

mysterious buried city, however energetic and enlightened he be—and Senhor Sarmento is both—can go but a small way to tell us the story of these ruins, and they are still, therefore, an unsolved mystery.

The hill of San Romão stands out boldly from the range of which it is a spur, and from its summit a view is commanded of a great level extent of country, through which, amid rich corn-fields and vineyards, wind slowly the full waters of the river Este. The hill itself is treeless; its summit is some eight hundred feet above the plain, and the ascent is so steep that it takes three-quarters of an hour to climb to the top. Within about a quarter of a mile of the very highest point the steepness increases; here vegetation almost ceases, and the surface of the ground is occupied by a thickly lying crop of granite boulders of all sizes and shapes. A very stiff climb of five minutes more over and round these obstructions leads to the summit, and here we find ourselves on a comparatively level bit of turfy ground, fairly clear of stones, two or three hundred yards across. On this table-land, and some little way down the incline, on each side, are the ruins. There is very little indeed to see, and until Senhor Sarmento's excavations were made, an unobservant person might easily have walked up and over the hill without guessing that it had ever been the dwelling-place of man. The ruins have by time or by human hands been all nearly levelled to the ground, and all that was visible, till the digging began, was here and there a portion of circular wall, solidly built of well quoined stone, projecting from the ground.

The first thing that strikes one is that these wall fragments form parts or segments of complete circles. Wherever one of the bits of wall showed above the surface, Senhor Sarmento has dug, and what he has come upon is this—at a depth of from two to six feet down, both inside and outside the segment, he reaches a rough pavement. That which is inside the circle is clearly the stone flooring of a building; that on the outside, the pavement of a street. When this digging has taken place round the whole circle, and the earth and stones are removed, there is left a perfectly round building about twenty-one feet in diameter, of course unroofed, and with a single doorway. The great majority of the remains are of this circular character, but to every eight or nine of the round towers or houses there is a square building of rather larger

dimensions, and again there are a few detached walls which seem in most instances to have been built at the slope of the hill, simply to keep the earth and stones from slipping down.

The first question one asks oneself is how the upper portion of these round houses was finished off and how roofed in. The answer to both questions is to be got from the rubbish dug out from inside the houses. There is just material enough in the way of quoined stones to carry up the building another three or four feet high, and the fragments of a quantity of earthenware tiles of a curious pattern answer the question as to the roof. Few modern buildings are so well roofed as these ancient buildings must have been, for the tiles used were broad and square, with their two opposite edges upturned an inch or so, and being laid side by side on the roof, and a common convex tile (of which there are fragments also) being placed over the joint, a strong and perfectly water-tight roof would have been formed. Senhor Sarmento has gone to the pains of reconstructing one of the houses, and even of having tiles moulded for its roof of the very size and shape of the ancient ones. The building is almost certainly exact in its resemblance; a tower about ten feet high to the eaves, and with a conical roof, the inside forming a single chamber of fair size—a beehive-looking structure, singularly uninviting as a dwelling. Senhor Sarmento, I notice, has carried his tiles only half-way up to the roof apex; the rest he makes thatch, and this, I think, is a mistake, because if the place was a stronghold, as its position leads one to suppose, a straw thatch would certainly have attracted attack by fire.

Now a curious point connected with the ruins is that, as a rule, the buildings are so crowded together that in some cases only three or four inches of space intervene between them—in one case a single finger would fill the space between two buildings; and this is odd, because one is puzzled to understand why, when the builders had finished one wall, they did not make it serve as a party-wall between two houses.

When the traveller has seen so much of the ruins, he is no true traveller if he do not begin to form his theories and make his guesses. Who built these ruins? Who lived in them? And why and when were they deserted?

It is obvious enough that the place was occupied as a stronghold. So much is quite certain, for though there was water, no doubt, to be got by sinking a well on the top,—

springs still gush out in three or four places from among the rocks on the hillside,—yet there could have been no other necessary of human life on the hill, neither corn for man, nor pasture for cattle, nor possibility of garden produce. Therefore, the dwellers here could have come but for one necessary, and that perhaps in rude times the most conducive of any to health and longevity—security. A handful of the most unwarlike possible defenders of this hill top could have held it against an army. The tall granite boulders on the crest stand as thick as battlements on a castle wall, and would afford full protection to a bowman, or a slinger, or the hurler of a javelin; smaller stones stand ready to hand, and even a child's or a woman's throw would send them leaping down the precipice to carry destruction to an advancing host. Then, looking to the great agricultural plain beneath, one fancies how a rural population, the dwellers on it, might have flocked to the hill for safety at the first alarm of danger, using it for occasional refuge only; but this obvious suggestion has to be abandoned, for the way-worn pavements point to a long and continuous occupation, so also do the many fragments of pottery. It was certainly therefore a dwelling for men, for women and children, as well as a stronghold. We can pick up fragments of the pitcher for water, of the jar made of a finer and less porous earthenware to hold oil; and, though the shapes of these vessels are not such as the Romans used, it is all but certain that the men who made them had learned their trade from the Roman potters. The present writer presumes to speak with some little authority on this point, as being himself not unacquainted practically with the potter's art.

Then there are women's and children's personal ornaments, baubles of blue and green glass; they came, we know, in the stream of Phœnician traffic; and there were smiths at work on the hill, for we find the clinkers of the forge here and there, and scraps of rusted iron innumerable; and the smiths seem to have been men of peace rather than of war, for while Senhor Sarmiento tells me he has found some sixteen bits for horses, he has obtained no single warlike weapon of iron—neither spearhead, nor arrow, nor sword; and millers ground their corn on the hill, for it is difficult to take two steps where the earth has been disturbed, without seeing the fragments of mill-stones; and there were artists—or perhaps, as with us at home, idlers only and amateurs in art—for there are rough

incised ornamentations on stones, and at least one rude representation of a human group.

So then, the problem is narrowing itself somewhat. We are agreed that it was a stronghold and a place of permanent abode; but for whom, and when? The when is partly answered by the fact that no single flint or stone implement or weapon has been discovered; but of iron, as we have seen, very many. The place then was occupied in the "Iron Age," as antiquaries have it, and if we may frame a new ethnological term, it was in the Later Pottery Age—an age when unglazed pottery with close, smooth texture was made—that is, after the Romans had come into the country; but almost certainly the dwellers here were neither Romans nor a Romanized people. Not only is there not a single inscription, but the character of the architecture is not at all of the kind used by the Romans; the stronghold being, indeed, of that type which Roman writers called an *Oppidum*, and describe as being used by the aboriginal tribes of Northern and Western Europe.

Again, the incised ornamentations on the stone slabs are most markedly non-Christian; and this is especially the case of one very conspicuous stone which the traveller will find on the very summit of the hill. A huge slab of granite, a foot or so in thickness, some seven feet in height and about nine in length, attracts the traveller's attention almost immediately. It is pierced near the bottom by a hole through which a boy could creep, and adorned with a complicated incised pattern of small circles and squares intertwined with much quaint artifice, and with straight and scroll-shaped lines. The work, though not strictly Runic, is more of that character than anything else; it is certainly pre-Christian, and the stone, from its size and importance, must clearly have been the work not of one man nor of several, but of many—probably of the whole tribe. It was, no doubt, connected with some religious rite.

It is obvious what a very important part this stone must play in the construction of any theory which the speculative tourist may form of the lost history of the ruins. I admit that it had its weight with me, and my two learned and ingenious companions, on the occasion of my first visit were, I know, as much occupied as myself in fitting this singular stone into the edifices of their respective theories, more so, apparently, even than myself, for as we descended the hill in silence, revolving each man the pros and cons of his own

hypothesis, they left to me the honour of discovering a rare Portuguese fern, *Cheiranthus fragrans*, growing among the boulders of the hill.

By the time we reached the bottom of the hill our respective theories were fully evolved and developed in all their bearings, and quite ready for publication. What then was our consternation, what was our bewilderment, what was the utter upsetting of everything in the shape of a theory when, arrived at a little roadside inn in the village of San Estevão at the bottom of the hill, we learned from a farmer there drinking a cup of wine, that the great stone was no "native of the rock," but had been carried thither by the enthusiastic Senhor Sarmento!

"But," we exclaimed, with the natural irritation and obstinacy of disappointed antiquarians, "the thing is palpably impossible; a road must have been made up the hillside on purpose!"

"A road *was* made," said the farmer, calmly.

"But," we insisted, "it would have taken fifty oxen to draw that enormous stone up!"

"Not so," said our farmer, "it took only forty-four."

The farmer further informed us that it had formerly stood in the porch of the parish church, and that Senhor Sarmento in his apparently misplaced archæological zeal, had insisted upon carrying up to the site of his excavations this huge slab of granite, which I believe must weigh fully ten or fifteen tons!

Our feelings of blank dismay may be imagined: fortunately there was no one to laugh at us but ourselves. Here was a story to match the similar misadventure of Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary," and scientific discomfiture quite as ludicrous as that which befel Mr. Pickwick. When should we ever have the heart to build up a theory again after the ground had thus been so completely cut from beneath our feet, and all the probabilities so stupendously violated?

The reader may guess that had the matter rested here, he would, perhaps, never have heard this story; but it turned out, fortunately for our archæological acumen, that the apparent blunder admitted of easy explanation. On my return from this expedition, I looked at Argote's well-known work upon Braga, published in the last century, and learned therefrom not without a feeling of relief, that the stone was standing in

his day on the hill itself. Senhor Sarmento has subsequently told me that he knows or knows of the parish priest who brought it down hill for the adornment of his church, and it was Senhor Sarmento, as the farmer had informed us, who, to the lasting honour of all archæologists, had caused the stone, which the peasantry had long known under the name of *Pedra Formosa* to be carried up to its original position.

Under these altered circumstances, I no longer hesitate to put forward my theory. Citania—it is convenient to have a name for a place, though it is probable that the ruins have no true title to this one *—was in my opinion a stronghold, built either by the Celtic or by the Celt-Iberian race, and that it was occupied during a long period, perhaps during many centuries, and until after the Romans were in possession of the country, through Roman times, and probably until and after the establishment of the Visigoths in Portugal. All this is proved, so far as proof is possible in such cases, first, by the different kinds of masonry shown in the walls, marking different periods of construction; that in the western portion of the ruins is of the kind known as Cyclopean, and here the stones are larger, the work coarser, the fittings and quoining less perfect, than in the presumably more recent portions; the immense quantity of potsherds, their character, the absence of flint implements, the presence of articles of bronze and iron, and lastly, the absence of Roman inscriptions and of Christian symbols. It was probably destroyed by the Visigoths, or we should have found some token of the presence of this Christian people; and that it was never occupied by the Moors is nearly certain, because there is no trace of their very characteristic handiwork. That it was not again occupied on the re-appearance of the Christians in the country is certain, because if it had been we should have had some historical record of the fact.

* The Roman historian, Valerius Maximus, mentions the town of Citania, and some antiquaries have fixed its site on this hill of San Romão, near Braga; the name Citania has consequently been given to the hill. It is not a popular name therefore, but an antiquary's name. Valerius Maximus fixes Citania on a mountain in Lusitania, and praises the bravery of its inhabitants; but there are more mountains than one in Portugal, and there is contention over Citania, as over the birthplace of Homer. Some six Portuguese antiquaries have chosen six different mountain sites for Citania, and a seventh—as good a man as any of them—confesses that he knows not where it was.

Now to account for the circular character of the buildings, with their low, thin walls, large doorways, and absence of embrasures—all which would have made them quite unfit for military defence—and for the curious fact of their being crowded together in such a way as makes it clear that no sane people would have ventured to stand an attack in them. I should account for all this by supposing that these well-roofed, circular towers were simply granaries for the corn produced in the fertile plain below ; that the place was a *depôt* used by the inhabitants wherein to store their produce, which otherwise would have been at the mercy of every marauding band from the surrounding hills. The low, circular turrets, with their walls uncemented, and therefore affording good ventilation, with their waterproof roofs, to keep out rain, and their stone pavements, to keep out vermin, would have been ideal granaries. The necessity of ventilation for grain storing would also perfectly account for the small size of the turrets and their complete isolation, while yet so closely crowded together. The square houses were probably the dwellings of the guardians of the *depôt*, who, no doubt, occupied their leisure in grinding the corn they guarded. None of the buildings, probably, were fortresses, for the hill itself, with its natural crenelations and battlements, is, as I have shown, an almost impregnable fortress.

The apparent remains are not numerous enough to have been a large centre of population ; but the place where the chief wealth of the district was preserved would, no doubt, be the main place of public resort. Here all the bargaining of the neighbourhood would have been done, all the buying and selling, all the petty traffic of a rude period carried on ; here, in the assurance of security, pedlars would have established their stores of foreign stuffs and toys ; here artificers would have built their workshops, blacksmiths set up their forges, the potter his wheel and his kiln—it would become, in fact, the bazaar of the district.

If all these surmises be correct, a wider exploration may be expected to reveal plentiful signs and tokens of the resorting together of men and of women ; ornaments for the women, weapons for the men, coins—a few have already been found by Senhor Sarmento, but I attach little weight to such discoveries, workmen are but too anxious to find coins for their employers, and in Portugal, spurious ones are only too

common. Those which have been found, however, quite support my theory.*

So much for the buried city of Citania, one of the most curious and interesting places of its kind in Portugal; the traveller who desires to reach it from the Bom Jesus, may do so in a delightful two hours' walk along the breezy ridges of the Falperra mountains, part of his road lying beneath the shade of trees, or else he may take a carriage to Braga and proceed thence by road towards Guimaraens; a league will bring him to the valley of the river Este, in which are situated the sulphurous baths of Taipas. Thence he can travel two miles further by road to San Estevão, the village at the foot of the hill of San Romão. However Citania be reached the journey is pleasant, and if archæology do not tempt the tourist, botany or entomology may. He may botanize advantageously on the hills: two rare ferns, *Cheiranthus fragrans*, already mentioned, and *Asplenium marinum* grow, the first abundantly and close to Citania itself; and the very site of the ruins is the haunt of a rare and beautiful species of butterfly, *Parnassius Apollo*, the only spot in all Portugal where I have seen it.

We return to the Caldas de Taipas, where the remains of the Roman baths still exist, and which is still much frequented by the modern Portuguese, for they inherit all the belief in the virtues of bathing both in the sea water and the waters of warm sulphur springs. The granite hills get loftier and barer of trees and more boulder-covered as we near Guimaraens, but the geologist who is tempted by their appearance to climb up their steep sides will find little to reward him. The boulders show no trace of having been "erratic," the *roches moutonnées* bear no traces on their surface of glacial action. The loose boulders, the "tors" on the hill tops, and the rocking-stones piled often one above the other in magnificent confusion, are in the case of the boulders, only the hard nuclei from which the surrounding softer parts have weathered off; the tors and cliffs are only points and ledges which time cannot eat away.

* One thing at Citania is puzzling—the great number of conical, or rather frustral stones found in the ruins. These stone pillars vary from a foot to three feet in height, and their proportions are about those of a common sugar loaf. They are seen whole or in pieces all over the hill. If such stones were found near a temple in India or Thibet, one would know to what to refer them. They may perhaps denote here too some species of nature worship. The sculptured stone to which I have referred seems to bear out this view.

Though architects do not condescend to class granite as a stone, and point to the poor architecture in districts where this formation is prevalent, they must allow that for the building of castles, of towers, and turrets, where strength and simplicity are the prevailing motives, there is no material like granite. Its very surface, its rough granulation, its sombre greyness, the massive proportions of its blocks—all this gives it an air of grandeur when worthily employed, which no other stone possesses.

In Guimaraens the traveller will have an excellent opportunity of judging whether this be so. Guimaraens is the oldest city of purely Portuguese origin in the kingdom. When the Leonese monarch sent his Viceroy, Count Henry of Burgundy, to rule in Portugal in the eleventh century, it was at Guimaraens that the Viceregal Court was held. Here the Count's son, the great King and Conqueror, Affonso Henriquez, the founder of the Portuguese Monarchy, was born, here he spent his early youth, and in the wild country round Guimaraens he first learned the art of war, and in his very boyhood became a trusted leader of his troops in their yearly forays against Moor and Spaniard.

Here, as was natural, the first great Christian fortress was built, and I think that a man might travel from the Northern frontier river Minho to the mouth of the Guadiana in the furthest south of Portugal, and find nowhere a nobler monument of a people destined from the very first to great fortunes, than this grand, granite-built castle of their earliest King.

The Castle is simple in its structure: a thick curtain wall heavily battlemented, and set in each of its angles with turrets, surrounds a level area from whose centre a huge square keep rises straight as an arrow from the living granite rock—the very earth-crust itself—on which its foundations are built; and so deft were the early masons, so tractable was the rugged granite in their hands, so perfectly squared and fitted-in is each enormous block, that looking down to-day from its giddy height the traveller wonders to think that eight centuries have not thrown the ashlar stones an inch beyond the plumb line that the first mason dropped. All that time has done is to deepen the grey of the stone, and to redden its surface here and there with a thin sheathing of lichen: each block is still in its place, every corner sharp, every chisel mark struck probably while our William the Conqueror was still on his throne, is as

fresh nearly as if it had touched the stone only yesterday. It is still not a ruin, though it has withstood the siege of human enemies as well as of time ; and it tells the story of the strong spirit of the race of men who built it far more eloquently than I have read it in any page of native chronicler or historian. The huge, pointed granite blocks, each taller than a man, which form the battlements, still stand erect and immovable, giving evidence of such immense power and energy in the very piling up to this height of these huge stones, that the coldest imagination cannot, I should suppose, fail to be affected by it, and to reach by a sort of intuition at the true meaning and history of this fortress. It is not the story of rapine, of wrong, of selfish isolation and oppression of the weak, so often told by the ruined feudal strongholds of Northern Europe, but that of a united and loyal people, free and warlike, under a congenial ruler, working out by the strong hand their independence against the oppressors of their liberty and their faith.

In evidence of what can be made of granite, treated in a more purely art spirit, there is in Guimaraens the belfry tower of Nossa Senhora d'Oliveira. This fine tower is one of a kind which is not rare in Portugal, and which, as a rule, the very 'Vandalism' of the Church restorers of the last two hundred years has respected. Under the evil art-influences which prevailed during this period, everything Gothic was denounced, and, where possible, destroyed. That which has saved so many a fine building in Northern countries—the poverty of the restorers—did not protect the fine art work of older times in Portugal. From about 1600 to 1750, or later, immense wealth was poured into the country from India and from South America. Much of it was spent in iconoclasm, and now in the larger and richer towns of the kingdom hardly a Gothic building remains. In Lisbon only one or two churches of a good period are to be found ; in Oporto but two, and those maimed of their beauties. But when the iconoclasts destroyed an old building, and built up in its stead a monstrous erection, in the later Renaissance style, or the Italian, or the pseudo-classical, or, worse than all, and commonest of all in Portugal, in that mixture of the classical and the *rococo* which I have christened the Jesuit style—when they set about doing this, it fortunately either happened that their funds ran short, or their destructive propensities a little failed them ; or, perhaps, the

love of the people for the old place wherein they and their forefathers had worshipped found a tongue in indignant remonstrance. Sometimes they would let an old arched doorway, with its deep romanesque mouldings, stand uninjured; sometimes it seemed a sacrilege even to them to destroy the elaborate tracery of a fine *flamboyant* window. Often they left the outside of some grand building, and only assailed the more exquisite work of the interior—as the white ants of tropical countries eat out the whole inside of valuable articles, and leave a thin outer crust, a mere hollow simulacrum, of that which they have consumed.

At Braga they have gone only so far with the Cathedral, and left much fine exterior work; at Guimaraens it is the same; while in both cases the traveller's expectations are completely disappointed when he enters the building to find the heavy, tasteless, Italianicised interior. In both these cases, however, and in many others, the cloisters are standing—though carefully whitewashed!—and at Guimaraens the typical granite belfry tower is wholly intact—a beautiful building, graceful and stately, and well worth dwelling upon for an instant. It is a square tower on the west of the church, so admirably proportioned, and with ornamentation in such true artistic subjection to its construction, that the least architectural tourist in the world must stop to admire it, and try to understand why it is so beautiful. Its height is divided by three horizontal string courses, and on the summit are set pinnacled crenellations. The upper string course, running along the second course of ashlar from the top, is set with gargoyles; the other two are plain. Between the two upper string courses is the belfry, containing a peal of eight bells, two showing through the double-pointed arched window openings on each side of the tower. Each corner of the tower is carved in a twisted cable ornament, running perpendicularly, and giving a singular air of finish and relief to the whole. This moulding is relieved by a carved grotesque head between the two upper string courses, and a gargoyle half way between the two lower ones. Later additions to the tower are an outrageous little conical spire, now whitewashed, and an ecclesiastical coat of arms between the two lower string courses, of a date not much later than the tower, and contemporary probably with the crenelated work on its summit.

Guimaraens is a delightful old town, full of rarely pictur-

esque "bits" for an artist—old "*Azimel*" windows, telling of Moorish influences; narrow streets, with the eaves of opposite houses all but meeting, overhead; colonnaded streets; old doorways, with queerly-carved mouldings; lights and shadows everywhere to delight a Rembrandt, and some of the street vistas terminating in a grand view of the mountain-side, white in places with the bloom of fruit-trees, green with waving patches of rye and clover among the grey boulders, and here and there the waters of rills and rivulets tumbling in foaming cascades down the steep hill-side.

Though Braga and Guimaraens are seemingly out of the world, it must not be supposed that the people of these cities are, either politically or socially, or even intellectually, behind-hand. In all Portuguese towns of any importance there is a greater or smaller circle who interest themselves keenly in politics, literature, and science. Booksellers' shops are particularly numerous; on their shelves are works in all languages, and even periodicals, French and English. When I was inquiring for a book at a shop in Braga, a gentleman walked in to buy Laplace's "*Mécanique Céleste*." I will undertake to say that this number of the *NEW QUARTERLY* will be obtainable in either of these towns within a week of its publication in London.

The Tourist might do worse than make Guimaraens his headquarters for a while. There is now at Guimaraens an excellent hotel—where there used to be only very bad ones—I forget its name, but it is in a square nearly opposite the church already described, and will be known to all drivers and others as the *Hospedaria Nova*, the New Inn. There are high roads from the city in all directions, all leading through lovely scenery, mostly mountainous, to interesting cities; and these roads are so uniformly good that there is not the slightest temptation to do what a driver in Ireland of old days once proposed to his fare when at last he had come to a tolerable mile of road, "Mayn't I drive your honour back over this last bit again, just for the delight of it?" There used to be, and for that matter still are, roads in Portugal which make this story intelligible, but in those about Guimaraens there is now a positive monotony of excellence.

In the narrow streets of Guimaraens—the very heart of the old Portugal—every surrounding might be supposed to be as remote as possible from England and anything English, and

yet it was, I remember, in this city, and when I was walking one morning very early through its back streets, that I was taken aback by hearing a sound, a human cry—in plain terms a street cry, and one proceeding from singularly leathern lungs—a sound which of all others I should least have expected to hear a thousand miles from London; for it was nothing more nor less than our old familiar Cockney cry of “*Fine Strawberries!*” one of the most melancholy sounds in nature. Not the keening at an Irish wake nor the moaning dirge of the Italian women, nor the monotonous song which our sailors sometimes sing in unison when they work at the capstan—though this last is most melancholy of them all—none of these singers seem to be penetrated with so intense a despondency as the London Costermonger who breaks the dreary silence of a July Sunday afternoon with the wailing cry of “*Fine Strawberries! . . . Hautboys!*” Is it the terrible falsehood he is telling to the world which touches his conscience and saddens his tone?

I do not know what the Guimaraens hawker was selling, for he did not come into my sight, he was a voice and nothing more. Certainly the words and meaning of his cry were not those of his London brother, but the sound was identical, and the wailing tone absolutely the same. The resemblance of street cries all over the world has no doubt often struck travellers as curious, but the explanation is obvious. When a man has to shout out a sentence many hundred times in a day, he comes by a sort of Darwinian process of selection to drop all but the most easily pronounced letters; he omits most of the consonants, and having little but the five vowels left, the changes he can ring upon them are naturally limited. There is a story told of the exasperation of Samuel Taylor Coleridge at an old clothesman who had preceded him up a long street uttering his monotonous half-confidential invitation of “*O’ Clo!*” down every area. “*Pray,*” said the philosopher, losing patience at last, “*why do you persist so offensively in saying ‘O’ clo!’*” You can say, “*Old Clothes!*” I suppose, as well as I can? Then why don’t you?” “*Sir,*” replied the Jew, in as good English as his own, “*I can say ‘Old Clothes!’ quite as easily as you can, but let me assure you that if you had to say the words as often in the day as I have, you would find it better to shorten them to ‘O’ Clo!’*”

But for the obvious explanation of the coincidence the en-

thusiastic ethnologist might like in this case to build up a theory of identity between the London and the Guimaraens costermonger. Be the explanation however what it may, the shock to one's senses by such a coincidence is apt to be startling, and one is reminded how curiously strong is the associative faculty with us.

In these days we are all fond of boasting to others and flattering ourselves that we have rubbed off our native prejudices—depatriotised ourselves—are thorough citizens of the world—calm, impartial philosophers, and so forth. Those of us who have lived much in foreign parts are but too prone to this form of conceit. Insular prejudices, our old-fashioned wholesome Philistinisms are all gone, we fancy; John Bullism in its more rampant forms is a thing we sneer at; and sometimes we get a surprise and a useful lesson. Some day some trifling incident, some associative trick of the memory shall show us what a mistake we labour under; and for a moment we feel the wholesome prejudices, the unreasonable insularity, the love of our old ways of life as strong in us as ever. This familiar street cry which I heard that day brought the London streets so vividly before me that if an exact diorama of Piccadilly as it appears on a hot Sunday afternoon had suddenly been unrolled before my eyes, I could not have had so lively an image and idea of it. The dusty elms and sycamores were pictured to me for the moment with most intense vividness, the tall, ugly houses, the long vista of a half-deserted street lit with the misty sunlight of a London summer day, and on the heavy air I almost seemed to hear the dull rumbling of the occasional cab or omnibus. I am a Cockney born and bred, and I see now that I need never pretend to be anything better.

I remember something of much the same sort happening to me when I was once caught in a dense fog in an Eastern city; and an Indian civilian told me that once it chanced to him to be of a pic-nic party at some remote hill station in India, when in the midst of the noise and the gaiety the party came across what they believed to be an English flower—nothing more sentimental than a dandelion, with three staring yellow blooms upon it. The effect upon every one there, my friend said, was quite remarkable. None of them had seen a dandelion for years, and though the botanist of the party assured them that this was no true dandelion at all, in fact, a plant of quite a different species—his remonstrance was of no

avail; the whole party remained silent for several instants, "and," added my friend, with a humour which rarely deserted him, and with, as I then thought, a touch of exaggeration, "*there were several ladies of the party!*"

Mr. Latouche will, from time to time, contribute a paper to the NEW QUARTERLY under the heading of "The Tourist in Portugal."

Each paper will be complete in itself.

The Academy and the Salon.

BY J. COMYNS CARR.

THE position of art in England, although full of promise for the future, is beset with present difficulties. The aroused vitality of the English school is sufficiently attested, not merely by the improved quality of its work, but by the rapidity with which it is outgrowing existing institutions of art; while, on the other hand, the evident failure of these institutions, and their manifest inability to fit themselves to the requirements of the time, suggest many difficult problems of reconstruction that must speedily be encountered. So long as English art was nearly stationary, the retrograde character of the Royal Academy was not universally recognized. A few men who have joined a keen practical insight into affairs to gifts purely artistic, have from the first perceived the extreme narrowness of its constitution, and the inherent weakness of its system, but their efforts at reform were not supported by any force of public opinion, and the Academy, instead of enlarging the sphere of its labours, found means to quiet the troublesome criticism of Barry by expulsion, and to keep Haydon always outside of its doors. All complaints against the Academy were, indeed, until quite recently, regarded as the expression of personal disappointment, and whether the institution were rightly discharging its functions or not, was deemed to be a question interesting only to artists, and by no means important to the public. But all this has been materially changed, and it is a singular fact, as showing the moral effect of a retrograde society upon the individuals composing it, that the only quarter in which the earlier view of the question still survives, is the Royal Academy itself. Institutions, like individuals, are naturally slow to leap to the conviction of their own incompetence, but the Academy, if we may judge by the utterances of its members, is not only

unconscious of defects, but wholly unaware that others are better informed. To read the annual speeches of Sir Francis Grant, it might be thought that the only class concerned with the doings of the society over which he presides, is the body of exhibiting artists, and the only question agitating their minds, the acceptance or rejection of pictures sent in to the annual exhibition.

But the most healthy symptom of the present enlivened interest in art lies precisely in the fact that it extends far beyond the circle of professional painters. Since the establishment of the schools of design, art administration has become a matter of national concern. It was nominally declared to be a matter of "national concern" when George III. signed the instrument which gave the Academy its foundation, but that body has always judged differently, and has repeatedly—albeit unsuccessfully—claimed to be a private society, independent of national control. At this time, however, the Academy no longer stands alone as an institution connected with the arts. By consistently refusing to enlarge the sphere of its duties, it has been compelled to witness the rise and progress of several other establishments devoted to kindred purposes, and by a strange irony of fate the society which has always denied that the nation had anything to do with such questions, is now surrounded by institutions which have been founded and supported out of the national resources. The National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and the National Schools of Design, have all arisen since the birth of the Royal Academy, and their existence has naturally exercised a powerful influence in educating public opinion. It is now well ascertained by experiment that the Government can intervene with good result in matters of art, and in defending its position it is no longer possible for the Academy to rely, as it once was able to do, upon the absolute ignorance and indifference of the public. For, with the responsibility of the South Kensington establishment upon its shoulders, the nation can be no longer indifferent to the higher interests of art education. There is no magical dividing line between the kind of instruction given by the schools of design and that offered in the schools of the Royal Academy, and it needs no argument to prove that the health and prosperity of the one institution must be largely dependent upon the efficiency of the other. In all kindred matters this principle is clearly

acknowledged. The nation has taken under its especial charge the question of elementary education, but it is not for that reason indifferent to the condition of the public schools or the universities. If it does not destroy the existing apparatus of higher education, it at least does not hesitate to legislate with a view to improvement, and yet the place occupied by the Academy in regard to art, is strictly analogous to that held by the universities in regard to general education. This view of the matter, however, does not commend itself to the Academy. There it is believed that the efforts made by the society on behalf of the public are purely benevolent, and that they should be accepted graciously and without inquiry. Apologists for its errors speak as if the sums accumulated from the annual exhibitions were private property, and they demand in the same breath that the Academy shall be allowed to command the prestige that belongs to a great national institution, and to enjoy the irresponsible independence of a mere trading concern. It is just at this point that the public has a right to intervene, and to demand that the Academy shall deliberately make choice between two characters that cannot be reconciled or associated. Either it holds the place of a benevolent picture-dealer who has chosen to open a school of design, or it is pledged by the very laws of its existence to support and control the higher interests of English art. The first position would at least be intelligible, and would accord well with the Academy's traditions and history. If precedent may be quoted in favour of incapacity, the defence of the society is complete, for there is a long record of negligence in the past to justify any amount of present or future inaction. But if the Academy, taking advantage of its anomalous constitution, and thus relying upon past incompetence, should think fit to throw in its lot with other private speculators in exhibitions, the duty of the nation will be very clear. Mere logic, apart from all questions of expediency, would then demand the existence of a national institution; and so soon as the Academy shall have asserted its independence, it will only remain for the Government to establish in its place another institution to discharge the various public functions connected with the higher interests of art.

It must be confessed that in some ways this result would be very desirable. The traditions of the Royal Academy are

so unfortunate, and its constitution so essentially inadequate, that any sufficient measure of reform would be very difficult to initiate or to carry through. By long usage the members of the Academy have accustomed themselves to regard all attempts at reform in the light of an unaccountable aggression, if not of a personal affront. They have never accustomed themselves to realize the fact that the public is interested in the efficiency of the society that affects to preside over the fortunes of English art; and the notion of public intervention in their affairs is still so far new to them, as to be regarded as an invasion of personal freedom. A single illustration will suffice to show how curiously this exploded view of the matter is perpetuated. If there is one thing clearly established by principle no less than by precedent, it is the right of Parliament to inquire into, and, if necessary, to control, the action of such a society. This has been asserted over and over again, and has never been successfully denied; and yet, when Sir Charles Dilke, a few weeks ago, drew attention to the Academy's neglect of its functions, those who undertook its defence absolutely reverted to the outworn principle of personal independence. Mr. Baillie Cochrane made a speech, which for archaic simplicity of reasoning might have been dated from the beginning of the century; and Mr. Cartwright, while also reverting to this view of the matter, proved even more conclusively, by other means, the feigned or real indifference of the Academy to the judgment of public opinion. Although he had given notice of his intention to move an amendment to Sir Charles Dilke's resolution, and may therefore be supposed to have deliberately undertaken to represent the views of the Academy itself, he came down to the House of Commons in absolute ignorance of the Academy's constitution, and attempted to defend its errors in conduct by an array of errors in fact of the most astounding character. That these blunders should have been allowed to pass unchallenged in the House of Commons is not very surprising. Save by the *Times* newspaper, the interests of art are nowhere treated with such proud indifference as in the House of Commons; and Mr. Cartwright was safer in blundering over the constitution of the Academy than he would have been in misquoting from the *Englishman* or in misrepresenting the dimensions of a main sewer. But the fact that the Academy had taken no care that he should be rightly informed is more significant. It proves the survival in

that body of a latent belief that the public has no concern with questions of art, and of a faith that the ignorance of the public may still be confidently relied on. Certainly it is not the fault, though it may possibly prove to be the misfortune, of the Academy, if this ignorance is gradually decreasing. By an entirely secretive system of management it has done its best to discourage and suppress all general interest in matters of art, and to foster a widespread ignorance of its government and constitution. For this reason the facts contained in Sir Charles Dilke's speech will probably be a revelation to a large number of persons who have hitherto unsuccessfully sought for information on the subject. Of the several attacks made in Parliament upon the Academy this is by far the most complete in its mastery of details, and therefore the one likely to be most useful in arousing public opinion to a sense of the national requirements.

It is to be observed, in regard to the national control of art questions, that many of the difficulties which used to present themselves no longer exist. At one time the Academy was entirely proof against Parliamentary criticism, because of the absolute inexperience of Parliament in all matters of art administration. The incompetence of the Academy has been recognized for long, but there has never until now been any other existing machinery by which to test its shortcomings, or to measure its capabilities. But now, when such machinery does exist under the direct control of the nation, there is no longer any ground for a merely tentative and timid criticism. If the Academy should choose to push matters to a crisis, by absolutely refusing to enter upon the work of reconstruction and reform, the duties attached to the Academy might very easily be taken over by the nation. Such a refusal would, in fact, present a very favourable opportunity for the establishment of a coherent and truly national system of art administration. It would be obviously of advantage if the elementary and the higher schools of design were ranged under a combined system of control; and it would also be a manifest improvement if the annual exhibition of English art were made truly national in its management. I do not mean by this that the Academy is incapable of reform, or that if it proves a willingness to interpret its duties in a larger sense, it should not be allowed to continue. The spirit of English progress in this, as in other matters, demands that existing institutions

should be utilized rather than destroyed, and that we should sacrifice a certain logic and proportion rather than attempt any labour of reconstruction not absolutely necessary. But if the Academy is allowed to continue, and is permitted to administer the large resources gained by the national exhibition, its alliance with the nation must be frankly and clearly asserted. There must be no doubt in the future as to its liability to national control or Parliamentary criticism, and no attempt to seek refuge in a pretended privacy and independence. That the Academy should have been allowed for so long to play fast and loose with the public, to assert its national character for the sake of gain, and deny it for the convenience of defence; to affect at one moment to be a body fully representative of English art, and at another to claim the independence that could only be claimed by a private trading speculation—all this is nothing short of a public scandal, creditable neither to the Academy nor to the nation. Whatever be the fate of the Academy, it is certain at least that this anomaly must come to an end; and the sooner the Royal Academicians realize that the position assumed by their society in this particular has been trivial and unworthy, the sooner are we likely to see some serious effort at reform. Until the Academy frankly accepts public responsibility, there can be no hope either of the right performance of present duties, or of the enlargement of the sphere of action. The uncertainty of its position paralyzes progress, and directly encourages stagnation; for it is only by avoiding attention as much as possible that an infirm society can hope to escape criticism. But if its relations with the nation were firmly established, the Academy might enter with confidence upon a great work of public usefulness, and its counsels might quickly secure for English art an amount of public consideration which, for lack of right advocacy, it has never yet received.

This is what the Academy may become; but how far it strays from the ideal at the present time may be judged by an examination of the manner in which it discharges any one of its various functions. As an educational body, as a fountain of honour, and as a society for the management of a national exhibition, the Academy is equally open to criticism. The insufficiency of the technical training offered to artists in England, its want of thoroughness and depth, must be obvious to any one who will compare the art of England with that of

France. Take the one branch of art where the science of the artist tells immediately and decisively upon the quality of the work produced, compare the sculpture of England with the sculpture of France, and it will not be difficult to decide between the educational resources of the two countries. Nor can the Academy claim the credit of having reared and nurtured all the talent that enriches the annual exhibitions at Burlington House. When Mr. Horsley ventured, quite recently, in speaking at a public dinner, upon the astounding assertion that the Royal Academy had educated every English artist of note, he was quickly and decisively corrected by his audience. Even the charitable mood that follows feasting could not tolerate such a statement as this; and it is astonishing how an artist with Mr. Horsley's means of information could have managed to keep himself in such complete ignorance of the real facts of his subject, or how he could suppose that his hearers would be equally bereft of information. It is not even true of the Royal Academicians, much less of the general body of English artists; and, as a proof of the speaker's inaccuracy, we need only point to two works in painting which give to the present exhibition its chief distinction, both executed by artists trained in foreign schools, as well as to the group in bronze that almost redeems the sculpture from insignificance, executed by a deceased artist, Mr. Alfred Stevens, who owed neither his education nor his fame to the care of the Royal Academy.

The mention of Stevens's name provokes consideration of the manner in the Academy discharges the second of its principal functions. The right distribution of official titles is, perhaps, not of supreme importance in itself, for time may be trusted to correct the faulty judgment of individuals; and whether a great artist enjoys official distinction, or is left to carve out his reputation for himself, matters less to the individual than to the institution which misses his support. But the failure of the Academy in this particular is very significant of its inability to represent with propriety the interests intrusted to its control. We cannot demand that the judgment of any body of men shall be infallible, but at least we have a right to expect that the taste of a society of artists shall not lag far behind the general verdict of artistic circles, and that where their judgment differs from the judgment of the public, it should rather be by disregard of what is merely popular, than

by neglect of the most serious and elevated art of the time. Unfortunately, this is far from being the case with the Royal Academy. For a certain time, when the sphere of English art was altogether limited, the failures of the Academy were comparatively insignificant, and it was difficult, even by the utmost perversity of judgment, not to include the most eminent men of the time; but in more modern days, when the enlargement of the artistic circle has brought the necessity of selection, the Academy has lost no time in proving its utter inability to secure the support of what is highest, and it has indeed scarcely succeeded in keeping pace with popular taste. It is now notorious that many of the most gifted artists have neither the chance nor the ambition of receiving academic distinction. Whatever the explanation that may be offered in individual cases—and it is quite immaterial whether such explanation is forthcoming or not—the fact remains that the Academy, while it encourages much that is worthless, entirely fails to represent much that is most serious and accomplished in contemporary English art. I have mentioned the name of Alfred Stevens, and no one who has had the opportunity of examining that artist's work can have any doubt that here, almost for the first time in the brief history of English art, was a sculptor of distinct and noble endowment, who might, if his genius had been rightly appreciated and made known, have done much to have revived the serious study of sculpture in England. The grand and simple beauty of the bronze group in the exhibition of this year forms perhaps the best comment upon the Academy's system; and the members of the Council may at least be credited with courage in affording this opportunity to the public of appreciating the genius of a man who was allowed to leave the world without even the offer of Academic honour. But there is no need to take examples among deceased artists, even when their loss to the nation is so recent as that of the sculptor of the Wellington Monument. Nor is it necessary to go over all the names of those whose gifts have grown to maturity without the help or the recognition of the Academy. I will only take the case of a painter who is probably more highly endowed with the combined gifts of lofty imagination and artistic sense than any that the English school has yet produced; and who, in respect to certain qualities of invention and design, would take an honourable place in any school of any time. It is no mere eccentricity of individual judgment that points to Mr. Burne Jones as an artist of whom England

has a right to feel proud. The supremacy of his genius is acknowledged even by individual members of the Academy itself, and in artistic circles outside of the Academy, by the men who are not pledged to support an outworn system, and to defend a failing institution, there is no room for debate upon the matter. I do not intend to imply what would be directly contrary to the fact, that Mr. Burne Jones has ever felt sufficient sympathy with the Academy to seek its honours. That is not material to the issue, nor is it very surprising, considering the composition of the elective constituency at Burlington House, that no occasion should have been taken to do homage to one who needs no official help to fame. What is significant in this case, which is taken as representative of others, is, that at the present time the Royal Academy fails to secure either the sympathy or the assistance of those who are making the most powerful efforts to elevate English art. We hear of rejected pictures: and here, too, there is matter for reflection; but at the moment I am speaking of a class of artists whose pictures have not been rejected, and who have now reached to a point in their art when they can much better afford to do without the Academy than the Academy can afford to dispense with their help and support.

And if we turn from what is omitted to what is actually done, the prospect is not much more encouraging. I have endeavoured elsewhere to show how entirely futile and unintelligent have been the recent attempts of the Academy to enlarge its constitution. The increase in the associateship, made without the slightest change in the principles of government, has been accepted in certain quarters as evidence of a desire for reform; whereas the most casual examination of the subject will suffice to prove that the change cannot materially affect the rotten system of administration which has sufficed to bring the Academy into discredit. But the enlargement of the elective constituency, although utterly trivial, and almost ludicrous, as a measure of reconstruction, at least gave to the members of the Academy an opportunity of showing how far their judgment in selection approached any respectable standard of artistic taste.

There is, perhaps, nothing to urge against the claims of any of the gentlemen who have recently been raised to the Associate rank; nor is it worth while to dwell upon the fact that in one case the Academy has selected as worthy of juvenile honours an artist who is only some forty years younger than

the Academy itself. But, in touching upon the merits of these elections, it must be remembered that the title of Associate, like that of Academician, is at present competitive, and therefore the question is not whether the successful candidates were worthy of some recognition, but whether they were the most worthy out of the list of those who might have been elected. And, looking at the matter from this point of view, perhaps the most striking thing about these elections is the evidence they afford of a hopeless provincialism in the taste that rules in the Academy. The result was greeted with a smile, not merely by one party, but by all parties. It was not so much flagrantly unjust as perversely droll. It proved a curious insensibility to the dominant currents of modern taste, and a humorous ignorance of the actual condition of art in England. It seemed to indicate rather the random decision of "the first man in the street" than the deliberate judgment of a body affecting to be aware of the movements of modern art; and it was almost too provincial, too entirely remote from contact with the situation, to provoke more than amusement. A single example will suffice to illustrate what has been said. Mr. G. A. Storey is a very tasteful artist. The scope of his art is not large, nor its triumphs brilliant, but he paints generally with some delicacy and feeling, and if the distinction of Associate were open to all, and there were no limit to the number of vacancies, he might fairly be regarded as worthy of a place. But when we compare the claims of Mr. Storey with those of other possible candidates, and remember that the Academy had the responsibility not merely of election, but of selection, the result becomes highly unsatisfactory from every point of view. Supposing that the Academy merely wished to confirm a popular verdict, as has been done on some previous occasions, Mr. Storey's claims certainly would not equal those of a painter like Mr. Fildes; and if it wished to do more, if it desired to govern its decision by a standard of artistic taste, there would certainly have been no hesitation between Mr. Storey and a painter like Mr. Albert Moore. I have taken Mr. Storey as an illustration, because his name is, to the general public, the best known of the group, but there would be less difficulty in regard to the other successful candidates in proving that the judgment of the Academy was equally irresponsible either to a purely popular or to a purely artistic standard. This election, in short, proves that the gentlemen

at Burlington House have been overtaken by the worst misfortune that can befall any public body—the misfortune of being no longer in accord with the dominant influences of the time. The vitality of the institution has been so far lowered and weakened that its action no longer responds to the pulse of modern thought, and its judgments, though delivered in Piccadilly, are in their essence and significance provincial.

But at the present time, when the public has been for weeks crowding the galleries of Burlington House, we may appropriately test the vitality of the institution by a reference to the manner in which the annual exhibition of English art is conducted. This is very far from the sole, or even the most important, function of a body holding the place occupied by the Royal Academy; but it is the one that most intimately interests the general public, who have not hitherto been led to consider with any attention the higher duties involved in the care of the national art. It is here also that we may best contrast the system adopted by the Royal Academy with that which prevails in France, for in the present rudimentary condition of art administration in England, it would be idle to enter upon a full comparison of the institutions of the two countries, and it would be needless to prove that we have still much to learn and the French much to teach. Since the debate upon Sir Charles Dilke's motion, critics of the Academy's proceedings have volunteered various suggestions by which it is supposed that the faults hitherto complained of might be removed. Regulations for the better conduct of the exhibition have been gratuitously offered to the Royal Academy, apparently in the innocent belief that by these small amendments of obvious abuses a bad system might be endowed with new vigour. But it is hopeless to expect of any society that it should effect a substantial reform in its ways when, by the very nature of its constitution, it is pledged to error; and if we seek either to understand or to remove the defects of the Academy, we must penetrate beyond its blunders to their causes. The deepest cause of dissatisfaction in regard to the management of the annual exhibition concerns not the faults of individuals, but the vices of the system that controls them. We are constantly assured in the face of just complaint, that the members of the Council honestly endeavour to deal fairly with the works submitted to them, and that the Hanging Committee is inspired with absolute impartiality in the

arrangement of the pictures upon the walls. Both these statements may be true, and both are certainly very insignificant. No amount of good-will can atone for incapacity, nor do the Academicians deserve any thanks for doing conscientiously and badly what under a different system might be done conscientiously and well. The radical vice of the present system lies in the fact that while the art of a nation, if it is healthy and vigorous, is constantly passing into new developments and venturing fresh experiment, the jury to which it has to appeal in the English Academy is fixed and unchanging. This jury is, in fact, composed of the members of the Council, who assume the duties and responsibilities of their office in order of rotation. In the larger body of forty-two members out of which the Council is formed, there is no chance of change save by death or retirement, and thus the possible variations in the character of the Council are limited by the narrow dimensions of the Academic body. Thus, perhaps, for a generation or more the artists of England may have to make their appeal to what is practically a fixed tribunal of taste. The new entries filling the places of those who have died come too rarely to leaven the character of the whole, and the judgments of this tribunal must, for this reason, be always far behind the prevailing standard of taste. It is sometimes urged as a defence of this exclusive character of the Royal Academy, that other academies are no larger, and the example of France is cited in proof of the assertion; but those who enter upon this line of defence are either very ignorant or very uncandid, for in citing the constitution of the Institute of France they leave altogether out of sight the all-important fact that the Institute does not govern the annual exhibition of the Salon, and that the members of the Institute do not compose the jury to whom French painters have to submit their works. The Salon in Paris is organized by the *Administration des Beaux Arts*, and it may be worth while to consider for a moment the official regulations by which it is controlled.

In adverting to the system that now prevails in France, there is no need to assume that all the regulations are perfect, or that they do not give rise to dissatisfaction and complaint. No human institutions, I suppose, are faultless, but there are degrees of good and evil that are worth considering, and we are not compelled to prove that the French system is the best in order to show that the English is the worst conceivable.

The composition of the jury for the admission of paintings to the exhibition of the present year may be chosen as an example of the methods adopted in Paris with a view to secure justice to the artists and to the public. This jury consists of twenty members, three-fourths of whom are chosen by election, and the remainder nominated by the Administration. The elective constituency comprises all artists who are either members of the Institute or decorated with the Legion of Honour, or who have obtained a medal or the "Prix du Salon" in any preceding exhibition; and the list of those who are thus qualified to vote occupies upwards of seventy pages of the printed catalogue. The number of those who actually took part in the election for the jury of painting was 246; and of the fifteen artists they selected, only five were members of the Institute. To these fifteen—including amongst them the names of Bonnat, Vollon, Fromentin, Henner, Breton, and Delaunay—the Administration added five others, including the President of the *Union Centrale des Arts Appliqués à l'Industrie*, and the Keeper of the Paintings in the National Museums. Can it be doubted that if the same method were adopted in England a similar result would be produced, or that if we had here a jury composed after the manner of the French a vast improvement would be effected?

But in order to bring about this salutary change, it would be necessary to strike at once at some of the privileges which the Academy holds most dear. No jury, however constituted; could deal fairly with the exhibiting artists, so long as the Royal Academicians are permitted to retain the right of flooding the galleries with their works, and of arrogating to themselves the best positions on the line. It is difficult to exaggerate the evil which attaches to this absurd privilege. The mere fact that valuable space is occupied by paintings absolutely worthless is bad enough, but this is as nothing compared to the degradation of public taste and of the reputation of the Academy, by the preference the Hanging Committee are compelled by their laws to give to the works of inferior or exhausted talent. It is quite time to speak plainly upon this matter, for the many courteous hints that have from year to year been thrown out by the press have been without effect. It is time to declare distinctly that the Academy makes itself ludicrous, not only in the eyes of persons of cultivated taste, but even of the general public, by the retention

of a rule monstrously unjust, and in the highest degree injurious to the interests of English art. If such a privilege has any foundation at all, it must rest upon the assumption that the artists who are thus permitted to force themselves upon public notice are the most highly gifted and the most cultivated of their time. The visitor is, in short, invited to study with particular attention the pictures which a body of artists has determined to be most worthy of notice; and in the pursuit of this object, in his conscientious endeavour to elevate his own taste to the ideal level of the taste of the Academy, what is it that he finds presented for his study? Does the Royal Academy in its corporate capacity seriously believe that public taste is to be elevated by the historic Dinner-Table, of Mr. Solomon Hart, R.A.—by the Supper-Table which, let us hope, is not historic, by Mr. Armitage, R. A.—or by the “Coming Down to Dinner” of Mr. Horsley, R.A.? Do the Academicians suppose that the visitor will learn what refinement in tone and colour is from Mr. Cope’s group of flaming portraits of themselves, or from Mr. Ward’s Portrait of a Lady, with a red parasol, in the last room? Some of these artists have done better things in other years, and the recollection of their past achievements ought to have saved them and to have saved the public from this humiliation. It ought to have suggested to those members of the Academy who can perceive the significance of the exposure that the time had come for the alteration of a system which has at last brought the Academy into ridicule. For there must be members of the Academy who perceive the evil as clearly as it is perceived by those outside the Academic rank, and who are surely prepared to work for its reform.. I have spoken of the baneful influence upon the public taste of thus putting forward with the stamp of official approval, works that on their own merits would scarcely gain admittance to the exhibition at all. But there is another result of more immediate harm which this privilege of the Academicians involves. If some of the works we have mentioned were the best that English art could produce, it would still be matter for grave consideration whether public taste should be directly invited to their study. But they are not the best—they are very far from being the best even of those sent for exhibition and placed upon the walls. If the votes of the Royal Academicians themselves were polled, it may be doubted whether

a majority of them would be found to declare that Mr. Ward's Portrait hung upon the line was equal in merit to Mr. Gregory's Portrait hung almost out of sight ; that Mr. Hart's Dinner-Table was to be compared for any qualities of art or nature to Mr. Tom Graham's " Market Stall ;" or that any one of the cherry-coloured faces in Mr. Cope's larger picture was worthy to be considered by the side of the grave and dignified portrait of Mr. Gellowski, also by Mr. Gregory, and also hung far enough from the line. These examples do not by any means exhaust the subject, either on one side or the other. Let anyone who is interested in English art, or let any friend of the Academy inclined to defend its system, pay a visit to the gallery of the Fine Art Society, in Bond Street. There he will find two landscapes by Mr. A. W. Hunt, works that whatever else they may suggest by way of criticism leave no doubt as to the artistic refinement, power, and serious purpose of their author. They both present results in colour and tone that could only be secured by keen insight, by earnest study, and long observation. After examining these pictures, let the visitor return to Burlington House, and try to discover why they have been rejected. Let him pause before the five portraits of the President, and see whether one of them could not have been spared to make room for one of these landscapes, and let him ask himself fairly if Mr. Frith might not have taken away one of his four precious examples to find place for the other. It may be said that this is an isolated example of injustice ; but that is not so. If it were so, it would be equally incapable of defence, and the only possible explanation would be equally humiliating. Again and again we are assured on behalf of the Academy that it is want of space alone which compels the rejection of works of merit, and when we remember the presence of works of no merit, the audacity of this defence is absolutely astounding. Want of space to hang these two moderate-sized landscapes by Mr. Hunt, when room can be found for five pictures by Sir Francis Grant, and five by Mr. Ward, for four by Mr. Frith, and three by Mr. Horsley, and when two of the best places in the large room are given over to pictures by Mr. Cope and Mr. Hart.

But it is pleasant to turn from these vexed questions of art administration, in order to consider the quality of the year's work, as shown in the exhibitions of Paris and London.

In both it would be possible to find occasion for a very discouraging view of the prospects of modern art; but if the two exhibitions are taken together, they will be found to present very remarkable signs of progress. The student who should judge of English art by the English sculpture in the Academy would take away the impression that it was scarcely worth while to argue questions of improved administration. English sculpture, in spite of the noble presence of Stevens's group in bronze, seems to be at the present moment almost without vitality or significance, and it would certainly be unfair to judge of the national art generally merely from a view of the rows of busts in the sculpture galleries. And it would be also unfair to estimate the prospects of French art by exclusive study of the paintings of the year. Painting, it is needless to say, does not occupy in France the hopeless position that sculpture occupies with us, but it falls as far below the level of French sculpture as our sculpture falls below the level of our painting. If we are to seek, then, for the signs of vitality in the art of the time, we must combine in our study the sculpture of the Salon and the painting of the Royal Academy. By this means we shall arrive at the conclusion that in both countries art is alive—that with all defects incident to a time of new birth and new experiment, there is still enough to prove an awakened interest in the things of beauty, and that the leaders of the new movement are not content merely to interpret the lighter truths of nature, but are seeking to base the scheme of their art upon a profound research of reality.

It is, perhaps, in the sculpture of the Salon that the signs of progress are most unmistakably marked. English painting, as I have already hinted, is not completely or fairly represented by the Academy; and in order to fit it for comparison with French sculpture, we must take into account the works of those whose names do not appear in the catalogue at Burlington House, but who are, nevertheless, the leaders of the school. It would be obviously unjust to measure the product of the two countries by a comparison merely of the Academy with the Salon, for while the latter is national in its character and fully representative of the national art, the former is under the control of a clique of artists, many of them of inferior talent; and is notoriously not representative of many of the higher elements of English painting. To leave out of view in our

consideration of contemporary art in England the works of men like Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Whistler, and Mr. Rossetti would therefore be as obviously unjust as to pass without notice three or four of the most gifted artists exhibiting in the Salon, and yet it is only by thus extending the limits of observation that English painting can be said to claim comparison with modern French sculpture.

The sculptor's success depends so directly upon a deep understanding not only of the facts of nature but of the laws by which these facts may be made beautiful in art, that any revival of the craft is to be treated as a very precious indication of progress. In no other branch of art is the insufficiency of the artist, or the failure of his theories, so quickly and decisively exposed. The mere realist and the mere sentimentalist, are here equally at fault, for sculpture imperatively demands the presence of intellectual purpose in the design; and is, on the other hand, altogether intolerant of the kind of effect that is secured by the emphasis of emotion, to the neglect of permanent truth of form and character. Its influence in determining the scope and the limit of artistic invention is therefore invaluable. Painting, studied by itself, is apt sometimes to encourage the belief that art may become partly independent of physical beauty, and that it can afford to neglect the simple and enduring realities of form and colour. Take, for example, one of the most popular pictures in the present Academy exhibition, "The Widower," of Mr. Fildes. This is undeniably strong work, free from any reproach of feeble sentimentalism, and entirely successful in the expression of a particular emotional truth; but where, it may be asked, are the pictorial qualities that will live beyond its sentiment? and in this pursuit of pathos what has become of the graceful lines and charm of colour that used to be thought indispensable to a picture? That these things are lost is not because the life depicted is humble, for artists like Walker and Millet have proved that the very humblest life has store of undiscovered beauties for art to render. They are lost because the sense of art is insecure, and because painting does not at once reveal the kind of artistic failure that is involved in their neglect. But now let us pass from Mr. Fildes's painting to the sculptured group of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt in the Salon. "*Après la Tempête*" also strives to present an incident of pathos. The widower with the sick child upon his knee is exchanged for an

aged peasant woman supporting the lifeless body of a youth who has been drowned. There is no lack of sympathetic power in this work, and after its different manner the expression of sentiment is as strong as in the picture of Mr. Fildes. But, in spite of its pathos, the group leaves no distinct or satisfying artistic impression, and we feel at once, what is not so obvious, but is equally true of Mr. Fildes' painting, that the claims of art have not been sufficiently considered or understood. The severe language of sculpture leaves no room for concealment. It does not reject the expression of grief, or, indeed, of any human emotion, but it decrees that the artist shall justify his choice of subject by the purely artistic beauty of the result. There is no subject which an artist may not interpret, and any rules that could be laid down by theory are certain to be violated by splendid exceptions in practice, but this freedom is not without corresponding obligations, and the painter or sculptor who chooses to express more than art demands must at least make sure that these demands are fully satisfied. A work of art may be something more than merely beautiful, but it may not be something less, and this fact neither Mr. Fildes nor Mdlle. Bernhardt has been careful to remember.

I have mentioned the clever group of the clever French actress, not as an example of the sculpture in the Salon, but merely to show the service of this particular branch of art in directing and correcting the aims of the artist. There are other examples that give a positive and not a negative illustration of the demands of beauty, and it may be questioned whether any exhibition for some years past has contained works of such true distinction as those of Dubois, Allar, Bardey, and Delaplanche. The peculiar interest of the modern revival in sculpture lies in the evidence it affords of a new and deeper study of the art of the Renaissance. When the spirit of Italian art had reached its final degradation in the achievements of Bernini, it seemed that the only possible chance of revival lay in a return to the study of the antique; and perhaps this was a just conception of the needs of the time. A perverted and debased style is incapable of recovering its own ideal, because it cannot realize the measure of its own failure, and at such a juncture the only chance of escape into a purer artistic atmosphere lies in a complete break with existing tradition, and a return to the study of earlier models. Herein

lies the real service to modern art of that renewed study of the antique heralded by Winckelmann, and expressed in practice by Canova, Flaxman, and Thorwalsden. It is not necessary to rank the merit of these artists very high in order to acknowledge the value of their efforts in giving to plastic art a period of rest and calm. If the simple strength and grandeur of the antique did not truly make itself felt in the works of any of them, the search for it was at least so far beneficial that it suppressed the theatric exaggeration of the preceding age. In this graceful imitation sculpture found time to recover its balance and to reconsider its capabilities and limitations. Under the careful study of another style, it learned to distinguish the brilliant vices of an artist like Bernini, and to reject the exaggeration of emotional expression, which he and others of the school had indulged. But now another movement has succeeded to this. In the latest development of the sculptor's art it is no longer the spirit of the antique but the spirit of the Renaissance itself that we see revived. If we take two of the principal works exhibited this year, "Le Courage Militaire" of Paul Dubois, in the Salon, and the "Valour and Cowardice" of Alfred Stevens, in the Academy, we shall recognize at once that the influence of Michael Angelo is a living force in modern art. It was obviously impossible that the splendid achievement of the Florentine sculptor, uniting, as it did, a perfected technical tradition and the mightiest individual genius that ever threw itself into art, should live without again and again attracting the study and devotion of the artists of succeeding generations. But at first the study was merely superficial, and its result a burlesque of style. The men who undertook to perpetuate the principles of his art, saw everything but his greatness, and imitated everything but his refinement. They recognized his command of action, but they missed his profound repose, and they thought to imitate the passionate intensity of his characterization by turbid and theatric gesture. It was not wonderful if such efforts brought sculpture to utter decay, nor is it surprising that after the empty violence of Bernini and his school the world should have welcomed the gentle but nerveless work of Canova, and the simple but unintellectual productions of Thorwalsden.

But it may be doubted whether the movement of the last century towards the antique was so vital as the more modern

return to the Renaissance. There was a pedantry in the classicism of the period to which we refer which seems to show that its real admiration was the decadence, and not the full life, of antique art. It never succeeded in securing any deep alliance with nature, and for this reason it remained to the last an artificial and fashionable product, sustained by no living force of its own. Since then, we have had a period in art during which nature has been diligently studied. The traces of style, of high intellectual conception, informing and controlling the artist's work, have been rare enough; but there has been abundant evidence of a conscientious research of truth, and a determination to base any future conquests of design upon a frank and penetrating realism. This pursuit of realism has ended in a new birth for art. It has attracted the energies of men who are gifted with intellectual power as well as with a love of nature; and to their efforts we owe the revival of a measure of style, as well as of greater veracity in expression. It is not a little remarkable that a considerable number of these men should show a common point of sympathy in their study of the work of Michael Angelo. If we take, in England, Burne Jones, Rossetti Poynter, and the late Alfred Stevens, we shall find that Michael Angelo's influence is expressed in the work of all; and if we turn to the modern sculpture of France, the living power of this name is again prominent and remarkable.

M. Paul Dubois has already been cited as a case in point; and his beautiful figure of "Courage" may further be taken to illustrate the possible association of imitative and original power. There is nothing pedantic in this return to the style of a great genius, and nothing feeble in the taste of the revival. What is due to outward influences is frankly enough expressed; but this is so subtly associated with other elements of individual creation, that the result, as a whole, has a perfected vitality. Indeed, of all the sculpture in the Salon, this is the most deeply penetrated with intellectual character. The physical attributes of "Courage" are not neglected, but they are completely informed and controlled by the deeper intellectual conception. The strong limbs, held in alert repose, are made to express the watchful and serious mood. This is also revealed in the face, and in the closed hand that rests upon the knee, the fingers tightly gathered together as if in unconscious sympathy with a process of inward thought. The whole figure has indeed that grand sculptural calm which is, in

the highest degree, suggestive of energy and possible action. There wants but a signal to set the strong limbs in motion ; and as we gaze at the graceful composition, we are fascinated by the thought of impending action, and yet satisfied by the present repose. M. Dubois has here mastered one of the most enduringly-difficult problems that life presents to the artist. He has combined the lighter with the deeper realities of his subject, has secured the sense of vivacity without neglect of the lasting truth of character, and has satisfied all the requirements of physical expression without violating the calm and dignity of sculptural silence and stillness.

We have selected this figure by M. Dubois because, apart from its individual qualities, it expresses, in the most forcible manner, the influence of the Florentine master. It would be easy to show that the spirit of the Renaissance has also penetrated the "Virgin" of M. Delaplanche, and the splendid bust of M. Guillaume ; that it informs the face of M. Allar's "Eve," whose strange and curious smile recalls the art of Lionardo ; and that it has given to M. Bardey that freedom of dramatic expression which he has thrown into "Le Barbier du Roi Midas." But it would be late in the day—and perhaps not very profitable at any time—to describe these works in full. The beauty of sculpture cannot easily be explained or interpreted, for if the work is fine, the intellectual conception is so closely bound up with physical beauty that the two are scarcely separable. No one, however, who has had the opportunity of examining the French sculpture in the Salon this year can have any doubt that here lies the best hope for the future of French art. To pass from the gardens of the Palace of Industry to the galleries is to exchange vitality for decadence, for in spite of a high average of technical training, French painters are not now concerned with very noble ambitions. It would be hard to recall any period in the history of art when artistic energy has been so entirely absorbed by trivial technical problems, or when there has been so little concern for the nobler conquests possible to painting. With the present remarkable progress in the department of sculpture, it is difficult to believe that this indifference to the intellectual qualities of painting can long continue. There have been times when a revolution in the painter's art in France has reacted upon the craft of the sculptor, and it remains to be seen whether the latter can now pay back the

earlier 'debt, and inform the painting of France with something of its own elevated and serious spirit. It is remarkable that the attempt has, in some sort, already been made, and in a manner that gives promise of a closer connection between the two branches of art in the future. Last year, the sculptor M. Falguière challenged criticism by his picture of "*Les Lutteurs*," and this year Paul Dubois, an artist of a very much higher order, has not merely contributed to the exhibition the beautiful example of sculpture already noticed, but has sent, besides, a portrait painting of his two sons, which for dignity and nobility of style, might be taken as a model to the modern school of French painters.

Between the sculpture of France and the painting of England there is one link of association. The sculpture-gallery of the Academy beside that of the Salon is ludicrous; but it happens this year to contain the work of an individual artist who is worthy to be ranked with the best of the French school. The late Alfred Stevens was an artist whose fame should be jealously guarded in England. He was little known during his life, and that was not altogether the fault of the public; but he has left behind him one finished work that places him at once in the very front rank of modern sculptors. It is venturing nothing in the way of criticism to say that the Wellington Monument, when it is complete, will give Stevens an unapproachable position in the English school. English sculpture has such a starved history, that mere supremacy implies but small honour, and it is better to say, and better to hope, that Stevens's noble achievement may serve as a point of departure for higher and more genuine effort in the future. In grandeur of intellectual conception it dwarfs every work in the exhibition. By the side of it, Mr. Leighton's "*Daphnephoria*," and even Mr. Poynter's "*Atalanta*," seem scarcely more than academic studies; and Mr. Millais's portraiture, strong and robust as it undoubtedly is, appears to be concerned only with the obvious and vulgar realities, when we turn from it to consider the profound and delicate characterization of these two figures. In the conception and arrangement of the group there is the most penetrating dramatic power combined with the highest artistic sense. The author has chosen such a mode of expressing the individuality of the two characters, and of marking their conflict, as exactly fits the opportunities of his design. He has found the contrast be-

tween Valour and Cowardice in the balance between repose and action, and it would be hard to conceive a nobler method of setting forth the imaginative realities of his subject, or of satisfying the needs of art. On the face of Valour, where sensuous power and beauty are penetrated almost to the point of sadness by profound intellectual experience, there is nevertheless a serenity that beautifully contrasts with the trouble and agitation in the face of Cowardice. The mighty form of this lower figure, crushed beneath the shield, with the head shot forward as though in a helpless desire of flight, is overmastered, not by superior physical strength, but by force of a splendid gravity and self-control. The deepest attribute of courage, its calm possession of all its forces, is brought boldly into conflict with the uninspired physical strength of Cowardice; and the artist, in giving this grand repose to the figure of Valour, has taken care at the same time to mark in the serious gaze of her face the sense, not of an absolute assurance of victory, but of a mind conscious of every peril and prepared for every fate. And if the imaginative grasp of the subject is complete, so also is the understanding of the artistic conditions by which such an idea may be best expressed. The composition of these two figures is almost architectural in the simplicity and strength of its lines, and the perfect balance of its parts. It impresses us as a noble structure even before its spiritual significance is felt; and the harmony and contrast of physical expression, the rapid action in the one figure set off against the absolute restfulness of the other, satisfy and delight the senses independently of the fitness of these qualities to render the imaginative realities of the subject. This is a merit of the highest order in a work of art, and very rarely secured by a modern artist. We should not want the secret of a design in order to appreciate its beauty, but when, by gradual penetration from one aspect of the work to another, that secret is finally understood, we should be able to return, as we may in the case of Stevens's sculpture, to the first impression, to find that the inner meaning adds a new value to beauty that seemed already satisfying and complete.

It is difficult, after the consideration of this noble group, to deal quite fairly with the other works in the exhibition. The superior intensity of its invention, and the greater mastery and refinement of its execution, serve as a severe comment even upon the best of the year's paintings; and yet the paint-

ing of the year is admittedly above the average, both in respect to choice of theme and quality of workmanship. But, on the other hand, we must not forget, that in the department of sculpture Mr. Stevens's work is almost an isolated example, by no means to be taken as representative of the works amidst which it is placed. Indeed, so far is this from being the case, that, if report speaks truly, the English sculptors are disposed to regard the "Valour and Cowardice" as a mere echo of the manner of Michael Angelo; and they are thus, on their own behalf, very anxious to assert a distinction which no one who can admire the work of Stevens would be other than eager to acknowledge. It matters little what comfortable phrase the academic sculptors may choose to indicate the separation between themselves and the author of the Wellington Monument. In any case, the separation is complete; and if it is any satisfaction to them, there can be no hesitation in admitting that their works are entirely free from the faintest suggestion of that Florentine influence which so nobly inspired Mr. Stevens.

There are probably to be found not a few English painters who would be prepared with a similar criticism upon the "Race of Atalanta," by Mr. Poynter. In this we have what must be reckoned the highest effort in the painting of the year. The picture does not present all the difficulties of elaborate compositions such as are to be found in the "Daphnephoria" of Mr. Leighton, but the motive of the work touches a deeper reality, and the beauty of the forms carries a stronger conviction of truth. The defect of Mr. Poynter's work lies in its incompleteness. The subject, and the scene chosen to express the subject, are not firmly grasped in a single conception, and it is not presented with a power equally sustained throughout. We feel that the author's study is stronger than his invention, that his control of individual form is more satisfying than the scheme by which these individual forms are combined into homogeneous design. It is, in short, a picture in the presence of which the spectator feels at liberty to choose one part and reject another, and this is so, not because the painter has been anywhere careless, but because the impulse of his invention has not been sufficiently strong to stamp itself upon the entire creation. And if we are to choose the figure that best justifies praise of Mr. Poynter's work, and best expresses his ideal, it will be the figure of Atalanta herself. In the form of Milanion a less

difficult problem is met with less success, and in the crowd of spectators who eagerly watch for the event of the contest, though the impression of movement and energy is rightly secured, the characterization is not sufficiently penetrating or refined to give dignity to separate face or form. But with *Atalanta* Mr. Poynter has done enough to reveal the very serious direction of his art. Here, at least, it may be seen how deep and intelligent has been his appreciation of the ideal of Michael Angelo, and how searching his endeavour to rediscover for himself the base of this ideal in nature. This is the strong feature of Mr. Poynter's art. He has not been content to accept without the testimony of his own research the lesson which even so divine a genius as Michael Angelo has to teach. He has taken the ideal of the Florentine painter back to nature, and has tried to find out for himself the facts upon which it was based; and so far as he has been able to do this successfully—so far, that is to say, as the figure with its beautiful action gives the sense of present life, and not merely of an image wrested from the invention of an earlier artist—his work, like that of Mr. Stevens and M. Dubois, bears the stamp of a genuine revival. In the figure of *Atalanta* he has approached very near to success. Here he has at least partly fathomed that mystery of repose in the midst of action which is the central secret of Michael Angelo's power. The sudden arrest of onward movement, and the new impulse to stoop and pick the golden apple from the ground, give, in their conflict, just the moment of repose that shuts within itself all the dramatic force of the situation, and Mr. Poynter has been able successfully to reveal the quick play of contending motive, and to seize the brief pause that marks the transition. To express this idea, Mr. Poynter has chosen an attitude of entire simplicity and truth. There may be faults of workmanship in the drawing of the figure, but the grace of the woman's gesture, with the one hand swiftly outstretched and the other held up in balance, has the inestimable artistic quality of appealing at once, without the help of the idea, to the sense of unforced reality. In the true spirit of ideal art, the painter has contrived to satisfy the imaginative demands of his subject by an expression that is at once so spontaneous and unconscious as to explain itself. In such a manner any running figure might stoop to pick an apple from the ground, and yet we feel that *Atalanta* herself

could scarcely carry out the dramatic intention of the myth in any nobler way.

To justify an assertion already made, that the deepest movement of modern art is associated with an awakened sense of the transcendent grandeur of Michael Angelo, we should have to pass from Mr. Poynter's picture to the consideration of the works of artists who are not exhibitors at the Academy. But it is with the Academy that we are now concerned. Nor should we be justified in attempting, by way of parenthesis, to estimate the labours of an artist like Mr. Burne Jones. In him the influence of Florentine art is combined with an original invention of the highest order. It cannot be long before his position is acknowledged as that of the very first of living painters; and if, therefore, we find that here, too, the genius of Michael Angelo is an active and potent force, we may be assured that the revival is no mere piece of artistic pedantry, taken up by a few artists more learned than original. Nor is there wanting in the Academy itself evidence of another kind to point to the same conclusion. Mr. Leighton's "Daphnephoria," one of the most learned and painstaking works in the exhibition, certainly bears no trace of this particular influence; but, in spite of all the merits of careful and considered design to be found in the "Daphnephoria," it can scarcely be reckoned a work of full and complete vitality. It is not a little remarkable that since Canova renewed the classic influence, nearly all art executed in supposed obedience to classic law has possessed something of a weak and feminine character. Canova himself, and our own Flaxman, may be reckoned as prominent exponents of this feminine classic, which seems to have reached its final expression in the art of Mr. Leighton. There is, of course, nothing in the classic ideal itself which should render it unfit to support and inspire a masculine invention; but the narrow interpretation given to that ideal has apparently hindered those artists who own its sway from bringing their work into close and deep contact with nature. Life, as we know it, refuses to be inclosed in the pedantic creed attributed by the learned to the artists of antiquity, and those who strive to live by this creed are compelled to derive their inspiration not directly from nature, but from the images of art. They are unable to re-establish for themselves, and by their own research, the grace of antique form. Nature offers more

than the ideal seems to demand, and therefore nature must be tutored, and its vivacity suppressed, before it can enter the sacred realm of art. The splendid energy of actual life must yield to the fancied need of an enervated repose, and its fulness of passion and character perish under the dominion of a passionless and abstract type. Thus the painter who is governed by the prevailing ideas of classic art, can scarcely escape from the reproach of feminine weakness. His perception—as in the case of Mr. Leighton—may be keenly sympathetic and refined by unsparing culture, but the result of his labours can scarcely be more than an affectionate reminiscence of an earlier style, enervated by all the limitations which a rigid ideal imposes. Herein, as it seems to us, lies the radical defect of an invention such as the “*Daphnephoria*.” It is refined and cultivated in every way that art can demand; but it misses the magic contact with nature without which art cannot hope for lasting vitality. It is not to be hinted, however, that this is the end of the classic ideal, or that it is incapable of a more robust and masculine revival. All that can be safely concluded is that such a revival cannot come of culture alone, however painstaking and learned its method; and further, it must be added that before antique grace can be made serviceable to modern art, there must come a wider and more liberal interpretation of the antique spirit. The prevailing interpretation, refined and limited on every side, rather tends to restrict than to elevate our conception of human life, and it is this restricted conception that has stamped itself upon the elegant and harmonious work of Mr. Leighton.

In the brief review of the Salon and the Academy, there has been no attempt to estimate, at their full worth, the contents of either. Much that is interesting, and not a little that is beautiful, in the exhibitions, both of Paris and London, has been passed without comment; and one large and important class of art—that which is founded upon precise and careful imitation of the immediate appearances of nature—has not been taken into consideration at all. We have tried only to trace some of the leading influences in modern style, and to indicate the chances of the future; and this may be done, if it may be done at all, more conveniently by the consideration of a few prominent examples than by detailed examination of all.

A Wit of the Last Generation.

BY C. ELLIOT BROWNE.

THE reputation of a great conversational wit is essentially ephemeral. Unlike the warrior or statesman, who lives in the history he has helped to make, or the great poet or prose writer, who goes down to posterity in his works, the memory of a famous wit, like that of a well-graced actor, lives only in the remembrance of those who witnessed his performances. As one by one his friends and intimates—the butts and foils and applauders of his humour—die away, the record of his brilliancy fades. A tradition of his feats may linger on into the next generation, but, alas! half his good things have been forgotten, and the other half probably spoiled in the telling. This is strikingly exemplified in the case of Joseph Jekyll, who during the first score years of the present century held high rank amongst the wits of the period. No man of his time made so many *mots*, or what, perhaps, is of more value as a test of contemporary estimation, had more fathered upon him. His epigrams and lampoons were the admiration of all Whig London, and divided public attention with the Tory *jeux d'esprit* of Canning and Frere. At Carlton House he held his own with Sheridan, Hare, and Fitzpatrick, and amongst the brilliant gatherings at Holland House, the wit who in his young days might have sat at the feet of George Selwyn, found foemen worthy of his steel in Sidney Smith, Luttrell, and Curran. And yet little more than thirty years after his death, this man, who in his time was quite a power in society, is almost utterly forgotten, for Jekyll, indeed, was a wit *pur et simple*, and unlike most of the members of the brilliant circle in which he lived, left but little reputation in literature or politics, to embalm his memory.

Jekyll's wit was scarcely of the typical English kind—like that of Quin and Foote, for example—in which there is always a dash of Sir Toby Belch and deep potations. His humour,

in its epigrammatic turn, and the verve and polish of its style, reminds one rather of the French *salons*, and would have been appreciated in the gifted circles who gathered about Madame du Deffand and Madame d'Epinay. In the art of piquant but delicate persiflage and sarcasm he is said to have had no superior and few rivals. The controversies and conversational tournaments of Jekyll's earlier days were not conducted with much refinement. Many of the sayings attributed to Thurlow and the forensic jokers of his time are coarse and brutal. Johnson flourished a tomahawk. Sheridan's humour often took the form of horse-play, and Wilkes and Horne Tooke, like Cobbett and O'Connell in later times, fought their battles with bludgeons. But Jekyll's pleasantry was for the most part good-tempered and gentlemanly, and quite as effective in its way as the robust raillery of Sidney Smith, or the dry and cynical causticity of Rogers. The wit of which Jekyll was a master requires an appreciative audience, and can only be developed in old and aristocratic societies. Byron, who during the few years of his London life lived much in the company of Jekyll, places him second only to Curran in conversational power. Speaking of the upper classes of his countrymen, he gave them the credit of being good and attentive listeners. "In what country," he said, "but England, could the epigrammatic repartees and *spirituel* anecdotes of a Jekyll have flourished? Place him at a French or German table, and this our English Attic bee could neither display his honey nor his sting." * Another poet, also, of a very different character—the gentle William Cowper—has left his testimony to the conversational charm of Jekyll. In a letter to Lady Hesketh, printed in Southey's memoir, he says, "I have twice seen and conversed with Mr. Jekyll. He is witty, intelligent, and agreeable beyond the common measure of men who are so."

The leading incidents of Jekyll's career may be summed up very shortly. He was born in 1752, and came of a good west-country family, which had already contributed one member to legal honours, in the person of Sir Joseph Jekyll, the eccentric Master of the Rolls of George I., who is styled by Pope—

. "That odd old Whig
Who never changed his principles or wig."

* Conversations with Lady Blessington.

Better known, perhaps, for his bequest of twenty thousand pounds towards paying off the national debt—a proceeding which the Lord Chancellor of that time compared to an attempt to dam up the centre arch of London Bridge by means of the famous peruke aforesaid. At an early age Jekyll was sent to Westminster School, and afterwards to Oxford, where he took his M.A. degree in 1777. The year after he was called to the Bar, practising in the King's Bench, and joining the western circuit, where he appears to have possessed considerable family influence.

Ten years later, in 1787, he entered Parliament as member for Calne, under the patronage of the distinguished family to whom the little Wiltshire borough has been indebted for so many brilliant representatives. Jekyll's connections and associations were all eminently Whig, and at this period—two years after the fall of his own short-lived administration—the Marquis of Lansdowne was a supporter of the policy of Pitt. His acceptance, therefore, of this nomination gave great offence to his friends and allies of the Fox party, and several of the writers of the "Rolliad" satires combined to lampoon him in a once well-known poem entitled, "Jekyll, a Political Eclogue," the chief authorship of which was attributed at the time to Lord John Townshend, but it is probable that it received some touches from the practised hands of Tickell and George Ellis. This satire, which is certainly one of the cleverest of the "Rolliad" series, commences—

"Jekyll, the wag of law, the scribbler's pride,
Calne to the senate sent when Townshend died.
So Lansdowne will'd. The old hoarse rook at rest,
A jackdaw phoenix chatters from his nest.
Statesman and lawyer now, with clashing cares
Th' important youth roams thro' the Temple squares;
Yet stays his step where with congenial play
The well-known fountain! whose restricted course
In low faint essays owns its shallow source.
There, to the tinkling jet, he tun'd his tongue,
While Lansdowne's fame and Lansdowne's fate he sung."

Even at this early period, Jekyll had acquired no small reputation as a wit. In this poem we find several malignant allusions to his supposed habit of preparing his jokes before-

hand. He is accused of keeping "a book of sarcasms ready made"—

"Tremendous book! thou motley magazine
Of stale severities and pilfered spleen!"

full of

" poisonous tribes,
Of embryo sneers, and animalcule gibes.
Here insect puns their feeble wings expand,
To speed in little flights their lord's command;
There, in their paper chrysalis, he sees
Specks of bon-mots and eggs of repartees.
In modern spirits, ancient wit he steeps;
If not its gloss, the reptile's venom keeps.
Thy quaintness, Dunning, but without thy sense,
And just enough of Bearcroft for offence."

The *Monthly Review*, then the great arbiter of literary distinction, remarked that the honour of this production was "generally given to a person of rank deservedly admired in the circle of his acquaintance, but to us it appears a piece of mosaic work, inlaid by different hands. Mr. Jekyll, however, needs not die of his wounds; as Dryden says—

"Half wits are fleas, so little and so light,
We scarce should know they live, but that they bite."

The flirtation of his patron with Toryism did not last long, and we soon find Jekyll a prominent member of the brilliant band of "Prince's friends," and a great favourite at Carlton House. In the affair of the Regency, he warmly espoused the cause of the Prince, who appointed him his Solicitor-General, and a member of his Council for the Duchy of Cornwall. In the House of Commons, Jekyll was noted as a fluent speaker, but never made much way politically. His most ambitious effort was a speech upon Ireland at the time of the rebellion, in which he maintained the right of the Irish to appeal to arms against oppression. Another speech of his against the ministerial finance made some noise, for he had the audacity to compare Pitt to Robespierre.

In 1795, Charles Abbot, afterwards Speaker, summed up Jekyll's parliamentary character, in his manuscript diary for that year, in no very flattering terms:—

"JEKYLL.—First-rate for convivial wit and pleasantry, and

admired by all; is a frequent speaker, but positively without weight, even in his own party; rancorous in language, feeble in argument, and empty of ideas, few people applaud his rising, and everybody is glad when he sits down."

This, however, is the language of a political enemy.

In 1803 he married the daughter of Col. Hans Sloane, the member for Lostwithiel, with whom he obtained a considerable fortune.

In 1816 Jekyll obtained a Mastership in Chancery, although known only at the Common Law bar, an appointment which caused greater fuss and scandal than any other act of Lord Eldon's long reign. The secret history of this affair came out when Mr. Twiss published the curious and interesting "Anecdote Books" of Lord Eldon, and is a good specimen of the court jobbery of those days. Lord Eldon writes:—

"I hesitated for weeks and months before I made the appointment. His most anxious and powerful well-wisher was the Prince Regent, who was very much attached to him, and with whom Jekyll had spent many convivial hours. The Prince, after having applied to me repeatedly at Carlton House without effect, and having often observed that a man of his sense and abilities would soon be able to learn his business, at length took the following step. He came alone to my door in Bedford Square. Upon the servant's going to the door, the Prince observed that, as the Chancellor had the gout, he knew he must be at home, and he therefore desired he might be shown up to the room where I was. My servants told him I was much too ill to be seen. He, however, pressed to be admitted, and, in spite of their repeated denials, ascended the staircase, and pointed first to one door and then to another, asking, 'Is that your master's room?'—they answering 'No,' until he came to the right one, upon which he walked in, and seated himself by my bedside. I was rather surprised to see his Royal Highness, and inquired his pleasure. He stated that he had come to request that I would appoint Jekyll to the vacant Mastership. I respectfully answered that I could not comply. He inquired why, and I told him simply because in my opinion Mr. Jekyll was totally unqualified to discharge the duties. He, however, repeated his request, and for a great length of time continued to urge, and I to refuse. His Highness at last suddenly threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming, 'How I do pity Lady Eldon!' 'Good God!' I said, 'what is the matter?' 'Oh, nothing,' answered the Prince, 'except that she never will see you again; for here I remain until you make Jekyll a Master in Chancery.' I was obliged at length to

give in—I could not help it. However,” adds his Lordship, “Jekyll got on capitally. He continued in office until age and in disposition obliged him to retire upon the usual pension. I met him in the street the day after his retirement, when, according to his usual manner, he addressed me with a joke: ‘Yesterday, Lord Chancellor, I was your Master; to-day, I am my own Master.’”

During the latter years of his life, Jekyll lived in considerable intimacy with Lady Blessington and the Gore House set, of whom indeed he may be regarded as the Nestor. Having long survived his early contemporaries, he was the last living link in the chain which connected the society of Johnson and Burke with that of D’Orsay and Disraeli. To the very last he was accustomed to dine at the table of the Inner Temple, of which he was for many years the Senior Benchet and Treasurer, “a little deaf, indeed,” said the *Quarterly Review* (1836), “and apparently rather weak upon his legs, but with all the elastic spirits, the teeming fancy, the fun, the frolic, the memory, and volubility of youth.” He died at his house in New Street, Spring Gardens, on the 8th of March, 1837.

With the exception of his poetical lampoons in the newspapers, Jekyll contributed but little to literature. His first literary venture appears to have been a periodical essay in the style of the *World*, entitled the *Savoir Vivre*. In 1779, Jekyll writes to a friend then staying at Orleans:—

“By this time I suppose it to be as well known at Orleans as it, no doubt, is at Otaheite, that No. 1 of the *Savoir Vivre* came out at Mr. Hookham’s, in Hanover Street, price three-pence, last Tuesday, and that No. 2 comes forth (*populo volente*) this present Tuesday that Davison and I wrote the first, and that little i supplied the second; that the King has it every morning; that 3000 impressions are sold.”

As only three numbers appeared, it does not seem to have found favour.

The next and most ambitious effort of his early life, seems to have been the editorship of “The Letters of Ignatius Sancho” (Lond.: 1782), to which he added a life of the author, written in the high-flown Johnsonese which was so much affected by the literary aspirants of the period. Ignatius Sancho was a fat middle-aged negro, who kept a chandler’s shop in Westminster, and found time, amidst all kinds of difficulties, to coquet with the muses. “I write,” says poor

Sancho, in one of his epistles, "to the ringing of the shop-door bell, betwixt serving, gossiping, and lying. Alas! what cramps to poor genius!" He was formerly a footman in the family of the Duke of Montagu, who, to quote his biographer, "enabled him and his wife to settle themselves in a shop of grocery in Charles Street, Westminster, where mutual and rigid industry decently maintained a numerous family of children, and where a life of domestic virtue engaged private patronage, and merited public imitation." Sancho was taken up by several notabilities of the time, amongst others by Garrick and Sterne, and the volume mainly consists of letters addressed to these patrons. How Jekyll came to interest himself in the publication of these vapid productions is not known. He was, perhaps, smitten with the prevalent and rather fashionable "blackmanity"—the term invented by Horace Walpole for the new philanthropy which half-a-century later culminated in the labours of Wilberforce and Clarkson. His only other separate publication was an account of the Temple Church, the restoration of which was in no small degree owing to his energy and taste.

At the bar Jekyll enjoyed considerable reputation as a clever and ready pleader; but he never obtained any of the great prizes of the profession, and was never looked upon as much of a lawyer. Lord Eldon, in the "Anecdote Book" before quoted, chuckles over an amusing instance of the light estimation in which his knowledge of constitutional law was held by his own party. Jekyll visited Paris several times during the early days of the Revolution, and had lived a good deal with some of its leaders. "One day, at dinner," says Lord Eldon, "I happened to sit next to Wilkes, and we were talking of one of the forms of government which the French had taken up. I spoke of it with disapprobation. Said Wilkes, 'They had it from my friend Jekyll, who told them it was the English Constitution.' Upon the western circuit, where he had family interest, his business was considerable. Writing from Launceston in 1804, he says, 'I have led every case of importance upon the circuit; in short, every one where the gift of the gab was in requisition. . . . I love the bustle of it. I love to speechify; my nerves are not affected; and my habitude is such that exertion of this kind only ends in hunger and sleep—a physical proof that it agrees constitutionally with the animal.'

Many of Jekyll's jokes have been chronicled in the books of legal *ana* ; but we shall give a few specimens :—

An accident once occurred at Lansdowne House, the ceiling having fallen suddenly and scattered a dinner-party. Jekyll had escaped dining there by a prior engagement to meet the judges. "I had been asked," he said, "'to Ruat Cœlum,' but dined instead with 'Fiat justitia.'"

When Lady Cork gave a party at which she wore an enormous plume, Jekyll said, "She was exactly a shuttlecock—all cork and feathers."

One of Jekyll's contemporaries at the Bar—Mr. Morgan—had such extremely long legs and arms, that he was always called "Frog-Morgan." In the course of an argument in court, he spoke of "our natural enemies, the French ;" and Jekyll, in reply, complimented him upon an expression so "personally appropriate"! But this has also been attributed to Erskine.

Erskine, who was always very fond of talking about himself, was once panegyrising his own humanity. "For instance," said he, "there is my dog ; I wish it to be happy in this life, and I wish it to be happy in the other. Like the Indian, I wish that wherever I may go, my faithful dog shall bear me company." "And a confoundedly *unlucky dog* he would be," muttered Jekyll.

An envious rival once imitated the style of his epigrams :

"As Jekyll was hastening with gown and with wig,
He happen'd to tread on a very small pig ;
Cried he, 'That's a *learned pig*, or I'm mistaken ;
For 'tis, you may see, an *Abridgment of Bacon*."

Erskine, when at the Bar, once complained to Jekyll that he had a pain in his bowels, for which he could get no relief. "I'll give you an infallible specific," said Jekyll. "Get made Attorney-General, my friend, and then you'll have no bowels at all."

This was a hit at Law—afterwards Lord Ellenborough—who, during his attorney-generalship prosecuted several of Jekyll's political friends. Jekyll attacked the government upon this subject in the House, and having applied to the law officers the epithet "tools," was answered by Law with great heat in a speech, which was paraphrased in the *True Briton* of a few days after.

"But soft, cried Sir Edward, a truce with your scandal
Prigs prate about tools they are unable to handle :

If you take us for tools, I would have you to know
 You shall serve us, at last, for a whetstone, friend Joe !

* * * *

Though of most kinds of tools you may venture to speak ill,
 Have a care how you meddle with edge tools, Joe Jekyll !
 And perhaps, after all, you had better dispose
 Of stale wit and invective, like lots of old clothes,
 If an Hebrew exists who will give you a shekel
 Of silver for all the bon-mots of Joe Jekyll."

A certain nobleman was expressing to Jekyll how much he was displeased that his head should have been handled so freely by the caricaturists : "I am as much surprised as your lordship that they should have been able to make so much out of it," was the reply.

Jekyll excelled in punning upon names. In a case which came before the King's Bench in 1804, a Mr. Skill had been cheated by a man of the name of Baird, whose principal witness rejoiced in the name of Tickle. Tickle was not a flippant witness ; but Mr. Garrow artfully drew the facts from him with such address that Jekyll said the serjeant had supplied Skill's want of judgment, had the secrets of the usurer *Baird*, and exerted his usual ingenuity to *Tickle* the witness.

Many of his jokes are, to be sure, of the kind disparagingly called funny ; but they are funny with a substratum in them of shrewd mother-wit, and tickle our sense of humour with something beside and far better than the mere verbal jangle of an ordinary punster's conceit. Take the following for instance :—

A brewer having been drowned in one of his own vats, "Alas ! poor fellow," said Jekyll, "floating on his watery bier !"

An Irish barrister, just arrived in England, had a bad habit of putting out his tongue. "I suppose," said Jekyll, "that he is trying to catch the English accent."

"I hear," said a friend, "that our friend Smith, the attorney, is dead, and leaves scarcely any effects." "It could scarcely be otherwise," said Jekyll ; "he had so very few *causes*."

An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Jekyll. "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir ?" "Sir," said Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger, or a scoundrel ; but I said you were 'little Else.'"

After the manner of the Elizabethan wits, he was often at the pains to give an epigrammatic setting to his puns. Bored with the long-winded speech of a prosy serjeant, he wrote upon a slip of paper—

“The serjeants are a grateful race;
 Their dress and language show it;
 Their purple garments come from *Tyre*—
 Their arguments go to it.”

In 1834, during a waltz at Hatfield House, Lord Grimston—afterwards Earl of Verulam—clumsily upset the aged Marchioness of Salisbury, upon which Jekyll wrote the following upon a leaf in his pocket-book:—

“Conservatives of Hatfield House
 Were surely *harum scarum*;
 What could reforming Whigs do worse
 Than knocking down ‘Old Sarum.’ ”

This is said to have been one of the earliest instances of the use of the word Conservative as an equivalent to a Tory.

An action was brought at Cardiff assizes by a rich plaintiff against a poor defendant, who was unable to pay counsel, when Abraham Moor, a barrister, of Exeter, volunteered to defend him, upon which Jekyll wrote the following:—

“Dives the Cardiff Bar retains,
 And counts their learned noses,
 Whilst the defendant Lazarus
 On Abraham’s breast reposes.”

On Garrow’s cross-questioning an old woman, trying to elicit from her that a tender had been made for some premises in dispute,

“Garrow, forbear! That tough old jade
 Can never prove a tender maid.”

Again, when a dispute arose between Lord Eldon and Sir Arthur Pigott about the correct pronunciation of the word *lien*, Lord Eldon calling the word *lion*, and Pigott maintaining that it was to be pronounced *lean*, Jekyll produced the following:—

“Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, why what do you mean
 By saying the Chancellor’s *lion* is *lean*?
 D’ye think that his kitchen’s so bad as all that,
 That nothing within it can ever get fat?”

This was an allusion to the Chancellor's parsimony.

Jekyll could be coarse and impertinent enough at times. A Welsh judge, notorious for his greed of office and his want of personal cleanliness, was once complaining of being neglected. "My dear sir," said Jekyll, in his most amiable tones, "you have asked the minister for almost everything else, why don't you ask him for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?"

Of Lord Kenyon's large and gloomy house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he said, "All the year through it is Lent in the kitchen and Passion Week in the parlour." Some one having mentioned that although the fire was very dull in the kitchen grate, the spits were always bright. "It is quite irrelevant," said Jekyll, "to talk about the spits, for nothing *turns* upon them."

Lord Kenyon was very careless in his dress; but once appeared at court in a lace waistcoat much the worse for wear, which it was alleged by the Bar had been purchased as a left-off garment from Lord Stormont's *valet de chambre*. Jekyll asserted that the Chief-Justice never used a pocket-handkerchief in his life, until he found one in the pocket of this waistcoat; which pocket-handkerchief he ought to have returned, as it was not included in the bargain for the waistcoat.

It was mentioned in Jekyll's company that the Russians during their stay in England (after the Peace) had eaten large quantities of tallow candles. "Ah," said he, "bad food for the liver, but good for the lights."

Jekyll, like Dr. Johnson, gloried in London. He was accustomed to say that if he were compelled to live in the country he would have the approach to his house paved like the streets of London, and hire a hackney coach to drive up and down all day long. It was either Jekyll or his friend James Smith who pronounced London "the best place in summer, and the only place in winter."

One of Jekyll's most impudent attempts to joke a jury out of a verdict is related by Lord Eldon, in the "Anecdote Book" before quoted. At the Exeter Assizes he defended several tailors, who were charged with making a riot for the purpose of forcing the masters to raise their wages. While he was examining a witness as to the number of tailors present at the alleged disturbance, the presiding judge—Lord Eldon him-

self—reminded him that three persons are legally sufficient to make a riot, whereupon the witty advocate rejoined, "Yes, my Lord, Hale and Hawkins lay down the law as your Lordship states it, and I rely on their authority; for if there must be three men to make a riot, it follows—these men being tailors—that there must be nine times three present, and unless the prosecution proves that there were twenty-seven joining in this breach of the peace, my clients are entitled to an acquittal." On Lord Eldon's inquiry whether he relied on common or statute law, Jekyll answered firmly, "My Lord, I rely on a well-known maxim, as old as Magna Charta, 'Nine tailors make a man.'"

When the Chelsea Waterworks were first opened, Jekyll propounded a whimsical plan for establishing a large and powerful organ, with organist and orchestra, in a chamber connected with the mains, so that families might be provided with music at will by merely turning on the taps. "But fancy," said he, "the inconvenience of a thaw after a long frost; imagine Judas Maccabeus bursting out from under the pavement at Charing Cross, the surprise of the hackney coachmen, and the labour of the Charlies to get him under!"

When Thellusson, of Suffolk was created an Irish peer by the title of Baron Rendlesham, great offence was taken by the Irish nobility, and Jekyll wrote the following *impromptu* :—

"Says Thellusson to Huskisson,
A real Peer I am!
Says Huskisson to Thellusson,
You're but a Rendle-sham."

Many of Jekyll's most piquant sayings are so entirely legal, and deal so much with the *technique* of the profession, that there is some difficulty in conveying to the lay reader a sense of their extreme neatness. Of the judicial promotions in 1818, Jekyll remarked that the fortunate lawyers came in by very different titles, viz.: Abbott, by *descent*; Best, by *intrusion*; Richardson, by *operation of law*; and Vaughan, by *prescription*. To understand this, it is necessary to remember that Abbott, afterwards Lord Tenterden, was the son of a country barber; that Best was supposed to owe his promotion entirely to his favour at court: and that Vaughan was the brother of Sir Henry Halford, the King's physician. The allusion to

Richardson was intended for a compliment, and was probably deserved.

Asked why he no longer spoke to a lawyer of the name of Peat, Jekyll said, "I choose to give up his acquaintance. I have common of turbary, and have a right to cut peat."

In the clever "*Asmodeus Papers*" which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, during the time it was edited by Campbell, there is an interesting notice of the old Jekyll:—

" 'Observe that old gentleman in the green carriage,' quoth the Devil, as we passed through the Park; 'he is J——, the wit of a former age. He has become deaf, in order not to hear the dull things of his successors. Poor J——! It is a curious sight, and full of interest, the spectacle of a superannuated jester! it is like the skeleton of a butterfly. Poor J——! I remember being behind his elbow some hundred or two years ago, when a tax was laid on hair powder and tea. J—— scratched off the following *improptu*—it was thought wonderful then—

'You tax your powder and you tax our tea,
You'll soon have no beaux left—not even *bo-hea*!'

'The wit,' said I, 'is certainly not of the most elevated order;' and thereupon the Devil and I fell into a long dispute about the nature of wit, in which, *selon la regle*, nothing was omitted—but wit itself!"

A characteristic glimpse of Jekyll occurs in the Berry correspondence. Writing to Jekyll to remind him of a promise to come to one of her Sunday evening receptions, Mrs. Berry says:—

"A passion of two hours and a half's duration (we will not say how many years ago) cannot possibly hope that its *vestigia* will help your memory to a sort of promise you gave the other day to come round on Sunday evening. This, then, is meant to refresh that memory. Would it could do as much for the charms that silenced you for two hours and a half of the last century!"

Moore, during his London life, associated a great deal with the circle in which Jekyll moved, and his Diary, edited by Earl Russell, contains many specimens of his table talk. A winter's day at Bowood, in 1823, gives the following:—

"After breakfast had a good deal of talk with Jekyll, who

quoted those lines written upon Parke, by a man who never wrote any verses before or since :—

‘ John Allen Parke
Came naked stark
From Scotland ;
But now has clothes,
And lives with beaux,
In England.’

Mentioned Lord Cranley having been caught up, curricule and all, by a crane, in Thames Street, and the verses to him which he (Jekyll) wrote on the occasion. Told of the actor saying by mistake—

‘ How sharper than a serpent’s thanks it is,
To have a *toothless* child.’

And old Parker who used always to say the ‘ coison’d pup,’ instead of the ‘ poison’d cup,’ and one night when he spoke it right the audience said, ‘ No, no !’ and called for the other rendering.

* * * * *

“ Jekyll told of some one remarking on the inaccuracy of the inscription on Lord Kenyon’s tomb, ‘ *Mors Janua vita* ;’ upon which Lord Ellenborough said, ‘ Don’t you know that that was by Kenyon’s express desire, as he left it in his will, that they should not go to the expense of a diphthong !’ ” He mentioned Rogers’s story of an old gentlemen when sleeping by the fire, being awakened by the clatter of the fire-irons all tumbling down, and saying, ‘ What, going to bed without one kiss ?’—taking it for the children. Talked of General Smith, a celebrated Nabob, who said, as an excuse for his bad shooting, that he had ‘ spoilt his hand by shooting peacocks with the Great Mogul.’ The same gentleman having written to put off some friends whom he had invited to visit his country seat, saying, ‘ I find my d ——d fellow of a steward has, in the meantime, sold the estate !’ ”

When Macartney returned from his fruitless embassy to China, Jekyll produced a humorous effusion, purporting to be “ A free translation of a Letter written by the Emperor of China to the Minister Plenipotentiary at his audience of leave three days after his Reception :—

“ When a King or a Queen
Send a great Mandarin,
And our footstool he humbly approaches,
He must come with prostration,
Or taste flagellation,
And must give us some whiskies and coaches.

These etiquettes settled,
 We're very much nettled
 If he does not present some repeaters,
 Magic-lanterns, or clocks ;
 And, in tiffany smocks,
 Ten ladies with exquisite features.

For great Mandarin,
 Were you wet to the skin,
 As you look very fallow and sickly ;
 Our physician, Chit Quong,
 Thinks you would not live long,
 So advises a change of air quickly.

This heat, we confess,
 We had rather suppress
 As strictly 'tis not diplomatic ;
 But then, you'll remember,
 Your month of November,—
 Which we call Hum Jung—is rheumatic.

The request of your traders,
 Those scurvy invaders—
 Was impudent, and we refuse it.
 To the King of the Isles
 We dismiss you with smiles ;
 And as for the *joke*, we'll excuse it.

Mandarin, you bow'd low,
 As ambassadors do,
 And you made some very fine speeches ;
 So, great Mandarin,
 We've sent you Nankin,
 For its novelty, made into breeches.

Now the sage Chinka Ti
 Has looked in the sky,
 And he thinks 'twill be very wet weather ;
 So, my friends and good fellows,
 As you've brought no umbrellas,
 You had best get home dry altogether."

Canning and some one else translated a portion of these lines into Latin verse ; and the word they chose to express the want of umbrellas was very happy—*vos in umbrelles video*. The translators sent across the House to Jekyll one night to beg for the rest of the verses ; and his answer was, "Tell them, if they want papers, they must move for them. We find it very hard to get them even so."

During the early years of the present century, when the epigram and the parody were still real and effective weapons of political warfare, Jekyll's facile pen was ever at the service of his party, and much of his best work lies buried fathoms deep in the daily newspapers of the time. The genius of Canning and Frere has conferred a reputation upon the Tory satire of the period which has tended to 'depreciate unjustly the essays of the opposite party in this kind of literature. It would be quite possible, we think, to collect a volume of the Whig satires and lampoons, which would rival in literary merit the famous "Poetry of the Antijacobin"; and of such a book Jekyll's share would by no means be the least.

One of his best things in this way is a poem entitled, "The Tears of the Cruets," published in the *Morning Chronicle* some time in 1806, when Pitt was meditating his tax upon salt. It is too long for quotation in these pages, but we give the commencement:—

"Two sulky Salt-cellars contrived to meet
A pensive Pepper-pot in Downing Street;
And these conven'd, in factious consultation,
The motley crewets of administration.
Old Melville's *mustard-pot* refused to come,
Haggis and trotters kept him safe at home.
Pitt's peevish *vinegar* made no delay,
Nor the smooth, tasteless oil of Castlereagh.
The sugar-castor Wilberforce supplied,
And preached like Pollux by his *Castor's* side."

And the conclusion also has some capital hits:—

"Finance's pettifogging, pickling plan,
May strike at *Onions*, and excuse Kian;
While stamps and annual license must be got
For all who relish garlick and chalot.
Poor Barto Valle! melancholy Burgess!
Victims of Pitt, of Huskisson, and Sturges!
Ah, look not sour, for Pitt, serene and placid,
May tax sour looks—that universal acid.
Ah! drop no tear, for Billy won't relax,
And tears are *salt*, and liable to tax.
So wail'd the crewets, till the meeting closed.
This resolution Salt at last propos'd,
That Vinegar and he should jointly sport
A new *sauce piquante* for the 'Tenth Report.'"

A new version of "God Save the King," about the time of the battle of Austerlitz :—

"From Pepper Arden's law,
From Bonaparte's paw,
God save the King !
From war and want of bread,
From Portland stone and lead,
From Bogy Grenville's head,
God save the King !

From Billy Pitt's device,
Dundas, and Scotch advice,
God shield the King !
From Wyndham's sophistry,
Pybus' poetry,
And from Lord Hawkesbury,
God save the King !

O Lord our God arise ;
Send us some new allies,
That we may treat !
And should their amities
End in new perfidies,
Get back our subsidies,
That we may eat ! "

In 1811, when the late John Wilson Croker was made Secretary of the Admiralty, there appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* a rancorous attack upon him under the title of a "Prayer attributed to the New S-cr-t-ry of the Adm-lty," which was attributed to Jekyll at the time—and is certainly very much in his style.

"Thou goddess of impudence ! my frontless fair,
Till now propitious to thy vot'ry's pray'r,
Say, what new object, what more gifted toy,
Averts my goddess from her fav'rite boy ?
Has she sought Erin's shore, in vain, to find
Another C—k—r suited to her mind,
And idly search to swell her *brazen* store,
With one such pranksome, titt'ring booby more ?
Or seeks she in Duneddin's keener air,
What knight of iron features waits her there ?
Return, my daring guide ! Let nought detain
My constant charmer from her sinking swain—

Whether you teach smooth Castlereagh the art
 To play the rough-hewn, stubborn, patriot's part,
 Or sing soft lullabies in Canning's ear,
 Of England's murmurs for her *lost* Premier ;
 Or pause, with Epidourion eye, to trace
 The bridegroom blush on Duigenan's dubious face,
 And tell, like Milton, through superior light,
 'Of things *invisible to mortal sight*.'
 Or archly hint to flound'ring Dennis Browne,
 The House applaud him, while they cough him down ;
 Or whisper Coleridge, how sublime he goes,
 Stalking on stilts of *too* poetic prose,
 Yoking his *Alexandrines* at command,
 To speed a *sightless Courier* through the land :
 Or, grating jargon harsh, bid northern Boyle,
 Grind English in the *Lismahago* style ;
 Or bid vain Owenson, in nature's spite,
 Some tinsel tale of tawdry bombast write,
 And murd'ring grammar, sense, and truth, lay claim,
 To all the splendour of an Edgeworth's fame :

and with the reprehensible personality of these times he alludes to Croker's low origin—

"Heav'ns, to look back upon that humble day,
 When I and father walked the Dublin quay,
 Myself his scribe, and all my scribeship *then*,
 To note how many casks were gaug'd, and when ;
 What kegs held twenty gallons, what held ten.
Then doomed to crawl unknown o'er life's low stage, or,
 Like father, be an honest growling gauger ;
 Now ! kegs, casks, hogsheads, puncheons, pipes, forgot,
 What am I ? Impudence ! What am I not ?"

Such were the amenities of political life in the days of the Regency.

Jekyll was a very prolific letter writer, and several collections of his correspondence are known to be in existence. From one of these series, addressed to an intimate friend in America, and hitherto unpublished, we give a few extracts which will serve to give the reader a taste of his quality :—

FROM WINCHESTER, 1780.

"An aurora appeared here on the evening that the Gazette and myself arrived, so we persuaded the militia that Government had produced it in honour of defeating Don Juan de Lingara."

BLANCHARD'S BALLOON, 1785.

"I heard our mob declare they would duck Blanchard if his balloon failed, though the spectacle was gratis, *quoad* their worships. Ascension or transfiguration are the only alternatives for an experimentalist."

FROM DORCHESTER ASSIZES, 1787.

"We hung a promising youth at Sarum, who had strangled his child, poisoned his wife by popping arsenic into dumplings, and who was convicted on the testimony of his mistress, whom he had offended by a dose of verdigrease during her pregnancy."

THEATRICAL COSTUME IN 1787.

"Nat. lost his wig from the barber's at Sarum, who said he was afraid to cry it, as it might offend the bar. The barber went to ye playhouse to inquire, as he suspected the mimes had purloined the Caxon to play Tamerlane in the old costume. Fancy Tamerlane in a barrister's wig!

ON LORD ALVANLEY, 1803.

"On Tuesday I left Stoneham for the assize at Winton, where Pepper performed to crowded houses three days. His manner and action are not like Garrick's, nor his eye, nor his nose, nor anything that is his, as the Decalogue has it. But it is a happy combination of the style of Mr. Punch and his merry family, and that of a sedate, dignified and interesting personage you must have seen at Astley's, under the name of Mr. Merryman."

EXETER IN 1804.

"In three days we go into the wilds of Cornwall, and even here the manners and dialect differ from civilized Europe. An Exeter establishment might advertise, with M. du Mitard in Chancery Lane: N.B.—No English spoken here."

SERJEANT LENS.

"Serjeant Lens was, as usual, opposed to me in a cause where a surgeon sued for fees due for curing a cataract. The serjeant had described the malady, and not very anatomically, and Counsellor Pearminger observed he had proved at least the *opacity* of the *Lens*."

ERSKINE IN 1809.

"*Entre nous*, I have been vexed at the sort of undignified career he has of late been running—a bed at Will's Coffee House, Lincoln's Inn, brandy-and-water in the coffee-room at night, and political harangues to all the odd sort of people who frequent such a place."

FROM SALISBURY, 1791.

"The following melancholy effusion flowed spontaneously on hearing they had shaved the convicts.

"Scalps are the trophies of the brave,
On Lake Ontario's border,
But convict scalps by common law,
Make wigs for the Recorder.

"Had Barrington in former times,
At Bristol taken post,
Daines Barrington had won the wig,
His luckless namesake lost.

"But now 'tis said when convicts sail,
The minister pretends,
T' appropriate their heads of hair,
As unclaimed dividends."

TOWN TALK IN 1772.

"The dowager is defunct—the order for the mourning will come out on Tuesday, some say, for six months—the King sat up the last night with his mother—piety—the thirty-nine artifices are voted a bore by the Commons—a war with Denmark—read the new edition of Lord Molesworth's Account of the Danish Revolution—old but curious. No more subscriptions to the Panthy—all tribes to go in for their five shillings. Lord Villiers is going to marry Lord Hertford's daughter, Mr. De Grey Lord Boston's. Prince Ernest William knows two and three are five—sweet sensible boy! who would not wish to be a king's son? Sam (Isted?) has a queue and is everywhere. Seven men hanged on Wednesday—all Christians. Chief lounges, the turtle soup houses, Christie's, Langford's, the Park, and Tavistock Street, etc."

THE FLY.

"Poore says that he acquits me of all authorship in the 'Fly,' for that, though it hath all my dulness and want of taste, it lacketh my pertness and malevolence; he adds that my first effort at popularity was in publishing, by the papers, that the ingenious Mr. J—— was not dead, whereas the public till then was ignorant that the ingenious Mr. J—— was alive."

LORD LYTTLETON'S REGATTA, 1775.

"The regatta was well planned by my Lord Lyttleton, but, like all English fêtes, ill-conducted, and the beau-monde, like all English fête-makers, wet to the skin by the showers. I wish I dared

hazard the word *Fête-ality*. Lord Lyttleton set out the next morning for Hayley with nine peripatetic Venuses. Precious youth ! ”

TOUR MAKING.

“ I came to France to make myself a Frenchman, not a telescope, and believe with Sir John Fielding that travel of the common tourist's sort is ‘ all my eye. ’ ”

LADY CRAVEN, 1781.

“ You probably saw the damnation of the Baron. Lady Craven has published her execrable comedy with a prologue by R. B. Sheridan, Esq., and an epilogue by Mr. Jekyll. Her reasons for publication were merely requests from friends and the misrepresentation of the piece at Drury Lane. ”

This refers to the “ Miniature Picture ” of Lady Craven, afterwards Margravine of Anspach, a very insipid production, and withdrawn after three representations. The epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Abington, is a very characteristic effusion, and is worth giving as the play is now very seldom to be met with. In the conception of the ladies' parliament Jekyll has anticipated much of the late pleasantry upon the subject.

“ The men, like tyrants of the Turkish kind,
Have long our sex's energy confined
In full dress black, and bows, and solemn stalk
Have long monopolized the Prologue's walk.
But still the flippant Epilogue was ours.
It asked, for gay support, the female powers,
It asked a flirting air, coquet and free,
And so to murder it, they fixed on me.
Much they mistake my talents ; I was born
To tell in sobs and sighs, some tale forlorn,
To wet my handkerchief with Juliet's woes,
Or tune to Shore's despair my tragic nose.
Yes, gentlemen, in education's spite,
You still shall find that we can read and write,
Like you, can swell a debt or a debate,
Can quit the card-table to steer the State,
And bid our Belle Assemblée's rhetoric flow
To drown your dull declaimers at Soho.
Methinks e'en now I hear my sex's tongues,
The sweet, smart melody of female lungs !
The storm of question, the division calm,
With ‘ hear her ! hear her ! ’ Mrs. Speaker, ma'am !

'Oh, order ! order ! Kates and Susans rise,
And Margaret moves, and Tabitha replies.
Look to the camp—Cobheath and Warley Common
Supplied, at least, for ev'ry tent a woman !

* * * * *

Look to the stage, to-night's example draws
A female dramatist to grace the cause.
So fade the triumphs of presumptuous man !
And would you, ladies, but complete my plan,
Here should ye sign some patriot petition
To mend our constitutional condition.
The men invade our rights ; the mimic elves
'Lisp and nickname God's creatures ' like ourselves ;
Rouge more than we do, simper, flounce, and fret,
And they 'coquet,' good Gods, how they coquet !
They, too, are coy ; and, monstrous to relate,
Theirs is the coyness in a tête-à-tête.
Yes, ladies ! yes, I could ' a tale unfold,'
Would harrow up your—cushions were it told ;
Part your ' combined curls and frieze ' pomatum
At griefs and grievances, as I could state 'em.
But ' such eternal blazon must not ' speak ;
Besides, the house adjourns some day next week.
This fair ' Committee ' shall detail the rest,
Then let the monsters, if they dare, ' protest.' "

In his life of Lady Blessington, Dr. Beattie has printed several of Jekyll's letters to her ladyship. Although written by an octogenarian pen they abound in the graceful old-world gallantry, which reminds one of the days of brocades and pig-tails. Here is a letter written from Romsey to Lady Blessington in 1833 :—

"The French Admiral Mackau, squalled horribly at Cherbourg when he found himself invaded by a squadron of *Cowes*. They have swamped the pretty town of Southampton with a new pier, though they had Lord Ashton, an old Irish *peer*, residing there, whom they might have repaired for the purpose. Sidney Smith was asked what penalty the Court of Aldermen could inflict on Don- Key for bringing them into contempt by his late escapade ? He said, 'Melted butter with his turbot for a twelvemonth instead of lobster sauce.'

"I was asked gravely if quinine was invented by Dr. Quin ?

"I am a fatal visitor to Dowager Peeveness, for while I was lunching with Lady Ellenborough a rogue descended her area for silver

forks. A toady of old Lady Cork, and—whom she half maintains—complained to me of her treatment, ‘I have,’ she said, ‘a very long chin, and the barbarous countess often shakes me by it.’ It seemed without remedy, as neither the paroxysm nor chin could be shortened.

“The zephyrs and landscape agree with me better than I expected. But the mind begins to stagnate as you will suspect by these *Matinées du Chateau*. But gratitude and affection are in full bloom, and totally yours,
“J. J.”

Of his shorter *billets* the following are good specimens:—

“A thousand thanks for the delightful little books. I return one and cherish the other.

“Fortune is a lavish jade. She might have contented herself in bestowing beauty; but she grew extravagant and threw talents and taste into the bargain!
“J. J.”

“You would have seen me long before now, but the horrible east wind, a fortnight ago, encored an interlude of the gout. It was not severe, but the weather is still so cold, that I cling to my household gods though entirely recovered.

Vive la Vaccine. Beauty should

‘Make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of Fate.’

“J. J.”

In these days of reprints it is a pity that some one does not disinter and republish the best of Jekyll’s *vers de société*, and pleasant squibs. Wit has been compared to family plate which is melted afresh and remodelled according to the fashion of each succeeding generation. Jekyll’s wit is not in the fashion of our day, and the conditions of the society which produced him are now rapidly passing away. The function of the epigram, as a weapon of party warfare, is well-nigh forgotten, and St. Beuve tells us that the present age has lost the art of conversation. The generation that has suffered this deprivation and invented post-cards would scarcely tolerate the *tours de force* and “set pieces” of the old conversational fireworks. A collection of Jekyll’s verse, independently of their literary merit and the historical value which attaches to many of them, would possess somewhat of the interest with which we view a collection of fossils.

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BY CLEMENTINA BLACK.

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MR. SLADE'S FAMOUS CHESS-PLAYING AUTOMATON.

This extraordinary piece of mechanism may be inspected from ten to four daily. Persons desiring to test the Automaton's powers are invited to play against it, at a charge of one shilling per game.

THIS announcement, conveyed to the public through the medium of scarlet and black posters, had for some months attracted a good deal of the public's attention. Chance passers-by, who would otherwise have paid little regard to the new and mechanical inventions, laid down their sixpences for admission, and stood grouped round the automaton's chess table in full expectation of being able to discern the trick by which it was moved. The five minutes which such a passer-by had mentally allotted to his visit would lengthen into tens and twenties as he gradually became interested in the conflict before him. As one player after another retired discomfited, the spectator would become more and more convinced of his own ability to outdo the automaton, until at last he paid his shilling and took his seat, full of hope, at the table. The automaton would then be wound up by means of a large key applied below its left arm, and the game would begin. Occasionally—very occasionally—the visitor succeeded in wresting a hard-won victory, but, as a rule, the automaton was more than a

match for its human antagonist, and, as but few men have the strength of mind to desist after losing a first game, the conquered player was pretty certain to demand a second, to the loss of his own time and the great increase of Mr. Slade's shillings.

At five minutes to four Mr. Slade announced that no further game would be begun, and the visitors one by one departed. Mr. Slade then carefully locked the door of admission, and applied the large key to the automaton's ribs as before. The whole of the figure's left side would then swing slowly forward, a human foot, clad in a grey worsted stocking, would cautiously emerge, and a slightly-built, very lean young man, in waistcoat and shirt sleeves, would come forth, shaking himself and stretching his limbs. Spectators were carefully excluded from this explanation of the marvel, but to an intelligent spectator the second marvel would scarcely have been less than the first, for man and model were, to all appearance, so nearly of the same size, that it seemed they must have been fitted together as one straw hat fits into another. But the human frame is very compressible; I myself knew a young lady of five feet ten who could pack herself in, and shut herself down, in a tin trunk that looked about capable of containing a Skye terrier.

The figure was closed again, shutting with a sharp snap, and the two men went out by a door leading into Mr. Slade's private office. From this office opened a smaller one, in which Mr. Slade's clerk was supposed to spend his days, and in which, as a matter of fact, he kept his coat, his boots, and his dinner. By four o'clock this clerk of Mr. Slade's generally looked somewhat pale and exhausted, and fell upon his dinner without many words. His spirits returned as his hunger left him, and he was accustomed to leave Buckingham Rooms at a little before five in quite a cheerful frame of mind, and to lounge slowly homewards to his lodgings in a world-forgotten little square in the rear of Regent Street. He lived there quite alone, saying little, seldom receiving visitors, and paying his rent every week, like a very paragon of lodgers. His landlady, a thrifty widow with three little boys, had often been heard to declare over a friendly cup of tea that "our Mr. Bannerman" was the most satisfactory gentleman whom, to use her own idiom, she had ever "done for." Yet, since even the most satisfactory of gentlemen cannot be perfect, she

generally added that she could wish Mr. Bannerman's looks did more credit to his keep.

The shortness of Mr. Bannerman's business hours left him long leisure mornings and evenings, which he by no means spent in idleness. The room in which he worked and ate was strewn with odd little instruments, chips of wood, and rough pencil sketches. A deal easel, grey with use and age, leaned as if exhausted in one corner, and near it two or three small canvases, with their backs towards the spectator. A table stood close beneath the window to catch as much light as would consent to fall upon it, and under the table lay a well-worn japanned paint-box. There were three chairs in the room, but there was seldom one available for use. Palettes, books, papers, and stray pocket-handkerchiefs, lay in a confusion which, if not artistic, was certainly artist-like. In this room Mr. Bannerman spent his spare hours, cutting little pictures on wood for a present living, and painting larger pictures on canvas for future fame. As he sat bending over his engraving blocks, which were to provide the illustrations for a children's magazine, his thoughts would wander away to a glorious future. He pictured a time when the name of Sydney Bannerman, R.A., should stand, printed in capitals, in the Academy catalogue, and when Mrs. Sydney Bannerman should look over his shoulder and say, "That face is perfect."

For he by no means contemplated remaining an automaton all his life. His connection with the automaton had been on his part entirely unpremeditated. He had known Mr. Slade in earlier times, and had beaten him at chess while he himself was but a lad at school. Afterwards, when he had come to London and was making a hard fight for a living, Mr. Slade, had chanced upon him, and confided to him, under strict promise of secrecy, his idea for a chess-playing automaton. Sydney was boy enough to enjoy the fun of the notion, and was besides in the doubly disagreeable position of being very poor, and of having a special reason for desiring to be richer. This special reason, to state it in its shortest form, was Miss Edith Bentley. Edith's family and Sydney's had been neighbours in the little midland town where he had spent his boyhood, and the attachment which he had first declared at a very juvenile Christmas party had lasted with unusual constancy into his manhood. New strength had been added to it by Edith's coming, on her father's death, to live in London. For

the last year she, her mother and sister, had now been settled in Camden Town, and Sydney had free leave to spend there as many Sunday afternoons and evenings as he chose. Mrs. Bentley shook her head and sighed when an engagement was spoken of, but she never hinted that Sydney came too often or gave his attention too exclusively to Edith. She did, indeed, say in a mild way to Edith that she thought she might have looked a little higher, and that painting pictures was not much of a living. To which saying her daughter listened with outward meekness and inward denial, and things went on as before.

Naturally, Sydney had never suffered a word of the automaton to escape him. He had contented himself with saying that he had taken work in an office for the present, and the feminine household accepted that general statement as sufficient. His secrecy was exposed on one occasion to a pretty severe trial. One morning, when in his character of automaton he had just defeated an elderly gentleman, he raised his eyes from the board, and saw on the outer rim of his very limited field of vision the bonnet of Mrs. Bentley. He scarcely suppressed a gasp as Edith moved forward to the table—Edith, who had played with him hundreds of times, and knew his favourite openings by heart! He controlled himself by a strong effort and played the game through, if not with all his usual skill, yet with skill enough to win it. To his great relief she stood up, and he heard her say to her mother, "How I should like Sydney to see this!"

The next time they met she began upon the subject at once. Had he seen that wonderful automaton? And did he know it was actually Mr. Slade, who used to come to Muddlebridge, who made it?—Yes, he knew that. Edith was much interested.

"Oh, why didn't you tell us? I should have gone to see it long ago if I had known. And it really is very wonderful. Do you know it beat me quite easily. I wonder whether it could beat you. I should like you to try—perhaps you have thought?"

"Yes," said Sydney, not finding any other answer ready.

"And did you win?"

"Why—no—it was a drawn game."

For some time after that conversation Sydney was in dread

lest she should pay a second visit, but she never came, and the dread gradually wore away.

His prospects were beginning to brighten. Mr. Slade paid him well; he had a new engagement, to share in the illustration of an artistic magazine; and he had nearly finished two very promising little pictures, which were to try their luck, a few weeks hence, at a well-known gallery.

It was mid-spring according to the calendar, late winter according to the weather, when Sydney had been wearing out a very long day, almost unoccupied in his imprisonment. The automaton was exhibited in a very small, square room, which was quite devoid of any other object of interest; the rain dripped with persistent monotony upon the roof, and Sydney, closing his eyes, tired still from his last night's work, fell almost asleep. About three o'clock, however, two men strolled in, and he roused himself for the game. The taller, younger of the two, sat down; Mr. Slade wound up the automaton and went back into his office, and the game began. Sydney found that he had an opponent worthy of his best skill, and gave his full attention to the task. His adversary, also, evidently put forth all his power, and sat absorbed, never moving his eyes from the squares, one elbow on the table, the other hand on his knee. His companion leaned a little over his shoulder, looking on. There was perfect silence in the room. Sydney had just opened an unexpected check by discovery, and sat, awaiting the second player's move, when suddenly he saw a hand come stealthily forward across the shoulder of his intent antagonist and withdraw a thick pocket-book from the breast-pocket of his coat. Sydney's first impulse was to call out; an instant of recollection stopped him. But what should he do? He scrutinized the features of the thief as far as he could see them beneath his hat. He thought—he hoped—he should know him again.

The player lifted his head from his hand, let his fingers fall upon a knight, and answered by a move, which at once covered his own king, and left open an attack upon Sydney's queen. At the same moment the second man moved a little back, and Sydney saw the pocket-book slipped adroitly within his coat. He again suppressed an exclamation, and played a move almost at random.

"Hm!" said his rival, looking round at the man behind him, in evident surprise that an automaton should make oversights.

The other took his right hand from the chair back, and said, "Well, I must go. You have beguiled me into wasting too much time already. You must tell me the result next time I see you."

"Very well," answered the player, with a nod. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," returned the other, and walked calmly out of the room with the pocket-book inside his coat.

Sydney fumed inwardly with a hot indignation, which he was obliged to restrain. His unconscious adversary hastened to seize the offered advantage, but Sydney was so much pre-occupied that he scarcely perceived the loss to which he was exposing himself. He debated whether he should speak and throw himself upon the injured man's generosity. Then it occurred to him that the whole thing might be a hoax got up expressly to test the automaton's humanity. He kept silence once more, and tried to give his attention to the game. But, practised though he was, he was too much disturbed to play with his usual skill, and his opponent gained an almost easy victory. As he rose from the table the winner approached the figure, examined it, felt it, and seemed to measure it with his eye. Sydney was accustomed to such scrutiny, but in his present troubled and excited state he found it unspeakably irritating. At last the player moved away, and Sydney heard him asking questions of the man who took the sixpences for admission.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings which struggled together in his mind. A mingled sense of humiliation at his own helpless position, of anger at the thief's success, and annoyance at the victim's calm unconsciousness was strong within him, but not strong enough to shut out a sense of ludicrousness that brightened his eyes and curled his lips in spite of himself. And there was no possibility of escape from his odious confinement until Mr. Slade should come and release him at four o'clock—too late for any chance of following and warning the loser. Never had any half-hour seemed so long. At last, when he had begun to think Mr. Slade must have forgotten him, and to form unpleasant visions of remaining shut up all night, he heard the leisurely step approaching, and, a moment later, the locking of the door. Then the figure was unfastened, and Sydney sprang forth with an alacrity that quite startled Mr. Slade, exclaim-

ing with an energy scarcely less startling, "Good heavens, what a time you have been!"

"Time!" said Mr. Slade, "I don't know what you mean. It's not three minutes past yet."

He looked anxiously into Sydney's face as he spoke with a half-formed fear lest too much chess-playing had turned his brain.

"There's been a man robbed here," said Sydney, breathless.

It was Mr. Slade's turn to exclaim now—

"Robbed! Man! Here!"

Sydney explained, describing the scene dramatically.

"Here he sat, with his elbow on the table; there was my queen, here was the other fellow, leaning over like this. Then, all at once, I saw his hand come down and slip the pocket-book out of the other man's breast pocket. I was so startled, it's a mercy I didn't call out."

"It is a mercy," said Mr. Slade.

"But it made me lose my game though. I don't know how I played it at all. And then to see that fellow put away the pocket-book, and go quietly out of the room, and not be able to stop him. I wonder how I stood it."

And he relieved his feelings by an emphatic stamp of his shoeless foot, which had not been possible while inside the figure. Mr. Slade looked very grave, and seemed to be considering the subject.

"Well," said Sydney, after a moment or two.

"Well," said Mr. Slade, moving forward to close the side of the figure.

"What am I to do?" asked Sydney.

"Nothing," answered Mr. Slade.

"Nothing! Why, his pocket-book may have been ever so valuable."

"Yes; but then again, you know, it mayn't. Besides, you can't do anything; you don't know the man, and if you did, you can't explain how you saw it."

Sydney was silent a moment. What Mr. Slade had said was perfectly true, but his impulse refused to be so easily satisfied.

"It's all very well," he said, at last, "but I can't look on and see a man's money stolen before my eyes, without wanting to get it back for him."

"How do you know it was money?" asked Mr. Slade.

Again Sydney was silenced. He went away into the inner office, and began to put on his boots. Mr. Slade sat down before his own writing-table, and Sydney saw him apparently measuring its length with an ivory paper-cutter. A few minutes later, when he was finishing the last of the sandwiches which formed his dinner, Mr. Slade came in and said rather hurriedly, "Oh, I say, Bannerman, about that man, you know; do you mean to do anything?"

"I shall try to find him out and warn him, certainly," said Sydney.

"Well, perhaps it's as well; only do be careful. Recollect I should be ruined—simply ruined—if it came to be known that—you see?"

"I see."

"Then, do be careful. Promise me not to say a word that would lead any one to guess *how* you saw him."

"Of course I don't mean to," said Sydney; "I can promise that with a very clear conscience."

"Well," said Mr. Slade, but in a tone of relief this time, and he went back to his own office.

Sydney stood up and took his hat to go.

"You'll mind now," Mr. Slade called after him, as he passed into the automaton's room.

"Oh, yes, I'll mind," answered Sydney, stooping to unlock the outer door.

He went home, resolved to take measures for the discovery of the theft, but unable to decide what those measures should be. He saw no means of ascertaining so much as the name of the man who had been robbed. He turned and returned the question in his mind, without coming nearer to a decision, and left the consideration at last with a resolve to wait and see.

The voice of a newspaper boy, next morning, suggested the purchase of a *Times* on the chance of finding in it an advertisement for the lost property. Glancing down the second column of the first page he did indeed find the following announcement:—

"Lost or stolen, yesterday afternoon, between Buckingham Rooms, Strand, and Temple Bar, a pocket-book, containing Bank of England, and London and Western Counties Bank notes to the amount of £280, besides private and business

memoranda, useless to all but the owner. Any person giving information which may lead to the recovery of the same, will be handsomely rewarded. Apply to Messrs. Fuller and James, 250, Parliament Street."

Sydney, on reading this, hastily put together the engraving tools with which he had been busy, and started for Parliament Street. By walking quickly he would have ample time to get back to the Strand before ten. He had not much considered what he should say when he arrived. He had started with the simple notion of putting right the wrong which he had witnessed, and had not reflected that there might be difficulties in the execution of his plan.

He reached No. 250, Parliament Street, and found the names of Fuller and James third in rank among the many brass name-plates on its doorway. Going in, he asked for Mr. Fuller, and was told that Mr. Fuller did not come till eleven, but that perhaps Mr. James could see him. Mr. James, on inquiry, could see him, if he would step this way.

Mr. James was sitting at a writing-table, with a pile of letters before him, and an open letter in his hand. He looked up with a worried face and eyes that looked as if they had not slept. Sydney at once recognized his opponent of yesterday.

"I saw an advertisement in the *Times*," he began.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. James, eagerly.

"I think I can give you a little information," said Sydney, perceiving for the first time the difficulty of his task.

Mr. James looked expectant. Sydney went on—

"You see—the fact is—you were walking with a gentleman yesterday afternoon, were you not?"

"That was before the money was stolen," answered Mr. James, coldly, evidently disappointed.

Sydney found that it required some courage to bring out his next words.

"Well, he stole your money."

Mr. James started, laid the open letter out of his hand, and looked Sydney full in the face, with a slowly deepening colour upon his own.

"What makes you suppose that?"

"I don't suppose it; I know it."

"How do you know it?" asked Mr. James, with the same fixed gaze.

"I know he did," repeated Sydney.

Mr. James tapped his fingers impatiently upon the table.

"I suppose you can tell me how you know it."

Sydney felt thoroughly uncomfortable, and heartily repented the honesty of purpose which had brought him thither. He looked down and could find no reply.

"Well?" said Mr. James.

"I saw him," said Sydney, in desperation; adding mentally, "He shan't get a word out of me beyond that."

"You saw him!" returned Mr. James. "Where did you see him?"

"I am not at liberty to say," answered Sydney, doggedly.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. James.

Sydney thought the tone was one of distrust, and added, after a moment's pause—

"It was in your breast-pocket, I saw him take it out."

Mr. James gave another slight start, and seemed in doubt.

"Can't you give me a few particulars?" he asked, at last.

"No, I can't," said Sydney. "He did take it, and I saw him. I can't say any more."

"Oh, this is nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. James.

"I can't help that," returned Sydney, not altogether pleased at the exclamation. "I have given you my warning; you can do as you like about using it."

Mr. James stood up, and walked about the room. After a turn or two he stopped short, and said—

"It's perfectly preposterous! A man in that position! And, besides, it's impossible; I know I had it when I went into Buckingham Rooms, and he went away before I came out."

"Well—" said Sydney, and there stopped.

Mr. James looked at him curiously. Sydney felt the impossibility of explaining his position almost maddening. He, too, stood up, and put his hand upon his hat.

"Surely, you can tell me a little more," said Mr. James.

"No, I can't," said Sydney.

"You needn't be afraid it shall do you any harm."

"I am not afraid of that; but I am not at liberty to say anything more."

"It doesn't seem a very worthy thing to take away a man's character in that way, without any grounds," said Mr. James,

looking hard at his visitor, and seeing a change come into his face as he looked.

"No," said Sydney, "I suppose it doesn't, but I can't help that. I'd tell you if I could."

"Hm!" said Mr. James, exactly as he had said "hm" when the automaton made that false move yesterday. Then, "Of course we should be glad to give a very handsome reward to any one—"

"I don't want any reward," interrupted Sydney, "I can't look on and see a man robbed and not tell him of it.. However—I'll say good morning."

"Stay a moment," said Mr. James, quite humbly. "I really am very much obliged to you for coming. Would you mind giving me your address?"

"Not at all," said Sydney, laying down his hat, and feeling in his pocket for a pencil. Mr. James gave him a sheet of paper, and he wrote the address.

"Thank you—thank you very much," said Mr. James, as he took it. "And if you should feel disposed to let us know any more, you know—"

"I shall not," answered Sydney, decidedly. "It is not my own affair, or I would make no secret of it. I know it looks queer; but I can assure you I am speaking the plain truth."

His face, as he said it, spoke for him better than his words.

"Well," said Mr. James, in a friendlier tone; "I'm much obliged to you for your trouble, at any rate."

Then he opened the door, and Sydney went. He walked to the Strand, conscious that he had not exactly made a triumph of the scene. He felt a little sore at the distrustful reception given to his good intentions, and philosophized as he walked on the ingratitude of mankind.

The persistent rain of the last week had broken at last, and the damp streets were full of people who had been hitherto kept indoors. The automaton, too, came in for a larger share of visitors, and Sydney had not time to brood over his wrongs. When he went home he had to work hard at a rather important illustration that needed all his attention. By the next morning the whole affair had faded into secondary importance, and his thoughts ran in their usual channel—from pictures to Edith, and from Edith again to pictures.

To-day was again clear and fine, and as he walked home-

ward, after his work was done, he felt, like Sir Ralph the Rover, "the cheering power of spring." His thoughts went back to primrose gatherings in the damp woods round Muddlebridge, and the London streets were glorified by a vision of Edith in goloshes, carrying a large basket of anemones.

Arriving at his lodgings, he let himself in, and was striding upstairs, when his landlady's head peeped forth from beneath the staircase, and his landlady's voice asked, "Is that you, Mr. Bannerman?"

"Yes, Mrs. Stokes."

Mrs. Stokes appeared at full length, and coming close to the step on which he stood, so that her face came very near his, as he leaned over the handrail, said, "Oh, Mr. Bannerman! I didn't think it of you, I didn't, indeed."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Sydney.

Mrs. Stokes shook her head and sighed; then dropping her voice to an awful whisper of reproachful surprise, said, "There's been a policeman here after you, and he's going to call again at a quarter to five."

Sydney uttered an exclamation, the exact sense of which escaped Mrs. Stokes. "Did he say what he wanted?"

"It was something about a summons," said the landlady in the same impressive whisper.

Sydney went up to his room with a step quite unlike the boyish spring—two stairs at a time—with which he had begun his ascent. A summons! He wondered what it could mean.

He was not kept long in uncertainty. He had scarcely seated himself, when Mrs. Stokes announced, "He's called again, Mr. Bannerman," and the policeman walked in. His errand was soon explained. The man whom Sydney had accused was to be tried next day for the theft, and Sydney was summoned to appear as a witness against him. He remonstrated.

"But it's quite impossible. I have a most important engagement to-morrow morning."

The policeman couldn't help that, but was very sure Sydney would have to attend, engagement or no engagement.

"Will it last long?" Sydney asked, being quite ignorant of the manners and customs of a police court.

The policeman couldn't say, it was rather a 'eavy charge. With that Sydney had to be satisfied. He took care to

explain to Mrs. Stokes that he was only summoned as a witness, but he saw that his explanation scarcely shook her opinion that to be summoned before a magistrate at all was a stain upon his character as a man and a lodger. He found his usual industry quite disturbed, and it was only by an effort that he forced himself to chip away at the block of that important illustration. But he was destined to be disturbed once more. Mrs. Stokes brought him a letter which her eldest boy had discovered in the letter-box. It was directed in an unknown hand, and had no postmark. He opened it expecting to find some communication inviting him to the purchase of somebody's superfine lead-pencils, instead of which, it contained two ten-pound notes, folded in a half-sheet of paper. Upon the paper were two lines of writing:—"Stick to your resolution of saying no more and you shall find it to your advantage."

Sydney was astonished and indignant. "At least," he thought, "the production of this will show that my tale was true."

He quailed a little at the thought of having to tell Mr. Slade that he must absent himself from his automaton duties. Mr. Slade, however, received the information with a resigned, "I told you so" sort of air, and proceeded at once to write a notice that the machinery of the automaton was out of order.

"I daresay it won't injure us much, after all," he said laying down his pen, with a smile at his own well-turned sentences. "But let me impress upon you, Sydney, to be careful. Do remember how much is at stake, and do not be led into saying anything that may compromise us."

"I won't, indeed," Sydney answered, half amused, and half touched at the earnestness that showed itself in the use of the name by which Mr. Slade had known him in his boyhood.

He went away quite realizing that a very disagreeable experience lay before him, but bracing himself up with the consideration that nothing worse could happen to him than a severe and irritating cross-examination. "And I'll try to remember," he said to himself, "that the more I lose my temper the better pleased they'll be."

He reached the court and found it a dingy room, not very large, and decidedly ill-lighted. The magistrate sat on a narrow raised platform, running along the end of the room, his clerk and a few reporters at a table below, and at a

still lower table two or three lawyers. On one side was the dock, on the other a witness box, like a half-grown pulpit. A shabby, drunken-looking old man stood in the dock, against whom a policeman was giving evidence. The rest of the room was provided with benches for the accommodation of the public, represented by about a dozen loungers, none of whom appeared to take any interest in what was going forward. Sydney seated himself modestly on a backward seat, and found, to his great embarrassment, that everybody turned round to look at him. The interest in him was soon satisfied, and he looked about for Mr. James, whom he presently discovered, sitting on a front bench, and whispering to a man beside him. The man turned his face in Sydney's direction and Sydney recognized the thief. He felt justly indignant, and wished he had left Mr. James to endure his loss.

The case of the drunken man was soon at an end, and he was taken away through a little side door. Then the magistrate's clerk read a charge against William Harvey, of having robbed Alfred James of a pocket-book, containing £280. There was a little stir—as if before a sermon—Sydney thought. Then a lawyer stood up, and after clearing his throat, began to state the case. He said it was a very remarkable case—one of the most remarkable in his experience. The prisoner was a gentleman of good position—he might almost say, of distinguished position, and the prosecutor was junior partner in the well-known and eminently respectable firm of Fuller and James. On the afternoon of the day in question, the prosecutor travelled from Westminster Bridge to Charing Cross, in company with the prisoner, and afterwards went with him to the Exhibition of Mechanical Inventions, in the Strand. They passed some time in inspecting the various objects of interest, and the prosecutor played a game of chess against the well-known and ingenious automaton there exhibited, the prisoner staying long enough to see the game virtually decided, and then leaving. On arriving at the Bank, near Temple Bar, where he was to deposit his money, the prosecutor found that his pocket-book was missing. He put the matter at once into the hands of the police, and also inserted an advertisement in the *Times*, offering a large reward for any information. Early the next morning a young man called upon him and stated that he had seen the prisoner withdraw the pocket-book from the breast pocket of the prosecutor's coat, which was, indeed,

the place where it had been. In answer to the prosecutor's questions, he refused to say when or where he saw this occur, declaring that he was not at liberty to give any further particulars. It had thereupon been thought advisable to bring the present charge, but the prosecutor wished it to be distinctly understood that he believed Mr. Harvey entirely incapable of committing the crime laid to his charge, and that the chief object in taking this step was to give Mr. Harvey the opportunity of clearing his character from the baseless accusations brought against him. He would now say no more, but call the prosecutor, Mr. Alfred James.

Sydney listened to this address, at first, with calm attention, but presently with hot, personal indignation. That wise resolution of keeping his temper was quite forgotten, and he felt a wild desire to rise and say—

"You fools, I was in the automaton."

Mr. James gave his evidence, which was already familiar to Sydney. It was quickly at an end, and then the usher called loudly for Sydney Bannerman. He stood up and found a spice of anger decidedly assisted his self-possession.

"Before I give my evidence, I wish to make a statement," said Sydney.

The magistrate nodded.

"This letter was sent to me last night. I will hand it to you, sir, if you please. I think it will show that I had some foundation for what I told Mr. James."

The letter was read, but did not seem to produce so strong an impression in Sydney's favour as he had expected. The magistrate asked whether Mr. James knew the numbers of his lost notes. He did not, but had marked his initials and a date upon several of the Bank of England notes. The two produced by Sydney were handed to him, and he at once pointed out a little inscription, "A. J., 2. 4., 74," upon one of them.

"We may now hear the evidence, I think," said the magistrate.

The lawyer stood up once more, shuffled his papers, and cleared his throat. He began by observing that he had not expected to have to deal with a witness who possessed not only information concerning the missing property, but also a portion of the property itself. He went on to ask whether Sydney called upon Mr. James at his office in Parliament Street, on the morning of the day named.

Sydney answered that he did.

"Why did you call upon him?"

"I had seen an advertisement in the *Times*, from which I learned that Mr. James was the person who had been robbed of a pocket-book the Monday before."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that I had seen that pocket-book taken by the man whom I now know to be Mr. Harvey."

"Very well; now was that a true statement?"

Sydney felt a twitch of indignation run to his finger ends, but he answered quietly—

"Perfectly true."

"I may understand you to say, then, that you saw the prisoner, Mr. Harvey, steal a pocket-book from the person of the prosecutor?"

"Yes, from his breast pocket."

"You swear that?"

"Certainly."

"Are you quite certain as to the identity of the parties?"

"Quite certain."

"And you saw this occurrence on the afternoon of Monday, the 4th?"

"Yes."

"Now, will you kindly tell us where you were when you saw this?"

Sydney's fingers closed a little tighter upon the edge of the witness-box, and he looked down.

"I decline to answer that question."

The questioner looked at the magistrate, who said, hurriedly,—

"But a witness cannot decline to answer, unless, indeed, he would criminate himself by answering. Will this answer criminate you?"

"No, certainly not," answered Sydney, almost laughing.

"Then you must answer."

"And what if I don't answer?"

"Then I shall commit you for contempt — contempt of court."

Sydney flushed crimson, with the sudden flush that comes sometimes to faces naturally pale, and the next moment was paler than before.

"Then you must commit me," he said, "for I can't answer."

"You had better consider a moment," interposed the lawyer.

"It is quite useless for me to consider," answered Sydney, addressing himself rather to the magistrate. "As far as I am concerned, any one might know where I was, but the knowledge would injure another person. If you insist upon my answering, I suppose I must go to prison."

"You certainly must," replied the magistrate.

Mr. James here spoke a word or two to his lawyer, who thereupon said, "May I be allowed to put the question to the witness once more, so that he may have an opportunity of reconsidering his determination?"

The magistrate nodded.

"Then I ask you, Sydney Bannerman, will you answer this question, where were you on the afternoon of last Monday?"

Sydney shook his head, and felt as if it might be possible that he was going to faint. The lawyer again cleared his throat, and sat down; Mr. James looked worried; and Mr. Harvey kept his eyes fixed upon the ground. There was a minute's complete silence. Then the magistrate, in a voice that seemed to Sydney to come from a long way off, said: "I commit you for contempt of court," and also "I remand this case until next Wednesday."

There seemed to be a trifling stir among the audience; other words were spoken, Sydney scarcely knew what; and he was led away through the little side door which had swallowed up the drunken man. He found himself in a bare-looking cell, where half-a-dozen or so of prisoners were sitting on a bench, while two or three policemen stood at ease against the opposite wall.

Sydney's conductor spoke a few words to one of these, who looked at Sydney and nodded.

"If you'd like to have a cab, and go at once, instead of waiting for the van, you can, you know," said the policeman. "Contempt of court, you see, it ain't like some things."

Sydney certainly did like, and a cab was fetched accordingly. The policeman who accompanied him was disposed to be talkative, but Sydney sat silent, feeling, for the presents only a passive kind of despair, and a faint wonder what would

happen to him next. It seemed to him that he was a long time in the cab, but, as in a dream, he could not even approximately have guessed how long. At last it stopped, and he felt the first sharp pang, as he stepped under the gloomy archway, and heard the gate close behind him. The pang gave way presently to the dull nightmare oppression that had held him before. He moved and spoke as they bade him, or questioned him, and had, through all that happened, a sense of almost immeasurable lapse of time. He was led into a little cell, which was very bare, very strong, and very clean. There he was left, and sitting down on the edge of the narrow bed, began slowly to become conscious of himself as a reality, not a dream. He began to think, and his thoughts were even harder to bear than his surroundings.

He thought how Mr. Slade would look for him to come back in the afternoon, and he would not come, and Mr. Slade would wonder what had become of him. And after a time, Edith would look for his coming, and would not know what kept him away, or perhaps she would know, and that would be worse. And his engraving would not be forthcoming at the publishing office. And Mrs. Stokes would shake her head over him for ever; and down at Muddlebridge, the old neighbours would talk about him as they walked home from church.

All of these thoughts followed one another, one by one, as he sat there, with his head bent, and his hands laid together. All of them were bitter, but perhaps the idea of his engraving lying unfinished and unattainable was the bitterest. And then his two pictures, waiting for one final revision, what would become of them? What would Mrs. Stokes do with his many scattered belongings that lay in her now untenanted rooms?

Then he became suddenly indignant, and wondered why he had submitted passively to the wrong that had been done him. Why had he not denounced Mr. Harvey in words which his conscience could not resist. Mr. James, too, must have known, must have seen, that he was telling the truth. He could not believe that circumstances alone could have been thus unjust. They had all been against him; the magistrate had treated him as an impostor, if not even as himself the thief; his own spontaneous warning had been used as a groundwork for persecution; he had been insulted, accused by insinuation, wronged beyond measure. There must be

some great fault in the law to render such flagrant injustice possible.

And what was to become of him? He would be kept here, shut out from the world as surely by the walls of his cell as if they were the walls of his grave. And what would be left for him, even if they let him go after a year or so? A year or so! The definitely conceived measure seemed a longer eternity than the uncertain "ever." It would be almost worse to go out into the old life again then, than to give up at once, and be hidden away for ever. No, if they did let him free, he would never go back to the old life, with the prison disgrace hanging on him like a badge. Thus he said to himself in his first unreasonable anger, finding it hard, as a well-intentioned man naturally does, to believe that he had not been wilfully misinterpreted.

Then he thought, with an intense longing, of the streets outside, the rattle of carts, the shouts of omnibus conductors, the many faces, the free motion, the full life; and here—stillness, emptiness, loneliness, made stiller and emptier by the ceaseless chirping of a sparrow outside, whom no strength of desire could silence. Very slowly the long day drew itself to a close, and the bitterest experience of Sydney's life had spent its first sharpness of novelty.

The next day was better—when once he had got through that first overwhelming rush of recollection that followed upon awaking. Either time or natural reaction made his morning thoughts much calmer and more reasonable. He began to perceive that, hard as his position was, it was not exactly any one's fault, but rather the result of an almost humanly mischievous coincidence of circumstances. He went back over his own conduct, trying to discover the weak point which had exposed him to consequences so disastrous. He saw plainly enough the equivocal appearance of his behaviour to Mr. James, but he could not suggest to himself any other line of action which would have been likely to answer better. Similarly, though he perceived how damaging to the truth of his story his refusal to answer must have seemed, he was very sure he did right so to refuse. The only means by which he could have escaped from all these troubles would have been by simply holding his tongue, and leaving the police to trace Mr. James's pocket-book if they could. "And I wish I had," said Sydney to himself, as he sat meditating in his prison, but

he knew, as he said it, that to do so would have been impossible to him.

The only really doubtful point was that question of acting automaton at all. There had been a certain element of deception in that, but until to-day it had never occurred to him to accuse himself of any moral blameworthiness in the matter. Did it follow, as a necessary consequence, that what was secret was in some measure dishonest? Had he really swerved some little from the absolute line of right, and brought this evil upon himself by undertaking an occupation to which he dared not own? He was not quite sure, but he made a very firm resolve that whenever he escaped from his present durance he would be an automaton no longer, but work patiently at any humble form of artistic labour by which he could earn his bread. Of course, his engagement with "the Artist" was broken off without chance of renewal. It will be seen that he no longer entertained yesterday's desperate intention of hiding his disgraced life in an unknown grave. He still felt that a great and almost wholly undeserved misfortune had fallen upon him, but he was resolved to bear it and make the best of it.

The next day was less painful, but more tedious, and the other days followed one another in the same prison routine, which would scarcely be less tedious in description than Sydney found it in experience. He walked in the yard for half an hour every day, in company with a dozen or so of other prisoners, while two or three warders looked on from a distance, like drill-sergeants, and stopped every attempt at intercommunication. The rest of his time was spent in solitude and meditation, which meditation had a tendency to glide unnoticed into heavy slumber. Two events, however, broke this monotony a little. The first was a visit from the prison chaplain, a young man who was hardly older than himself, and seemed scarcely to know how to regard him. At first Sydney was inclined to be very reserved in his answers, but the evident nervousness of the chaplain inspired a more friendly attitude, and at an offer to lend him some books Sydney's face brightened into the first smile it had worn since he entered the prison. He asked for a Bible, which was accordingly brought to him the same evening, and comforted his loneliness much. On the whole, that visit soothed his feelings a good deal by showing him that the chaplain did not look upon him exactly as he would have done upon a pickpocket.

The second incident was 'a visit from Mr. Slade, who was looking quite pale and agitated. A warder was present, but Mr. Slade's feelings were not to be suppressed by the presence of a whole staff of warders. He exclaimed at once,—

"How ill you look, Sydney! And how thin! My dear boy, this is dreadful—simply dreadful."

"Ah!" said Sydney, a little overwhelmed.

"I never thought of this—never. But I have written to the magistrate, and asked him to give me an interview—in private, you understand—and we shall see, we shall see. You must keep up your spirits, you know. We shall soon get you out of this."

"But you can't take away the disgrace of it, Mr. Slade."

"Disgrace! Where's the disgrace? You acted splendidly, Sydney—splendidly. I don't know that I could have done it myself. And you needn't trouble about your engraving; I went to the office, and I told them—ha! ha!—I told them you were confined to your room."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Slade, very much," said Sydney, relieved from one of his heaviest anxieties.

"No, no, not at all; it's the other way. Now is there anything I can do for you—outside now?"

"There's——." Sydney stopped, with a sudden feeling that this was no place for Edith's name. "There's nothing, thank you. At least, if you would pay Mrs. Stokes her week's rent, please, and there's that kitten of mine—it was given to me—I should like it taken care of."

"I will see to that this very evening. Nothing else?"

Sydney paused a moment, and then added, not without an effort,—

"Was it—in the papers, you know?"

"Yes—I'm afraid—in fact, I know it was," Mr. Slade answered.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Sydney, and covered his eyes with his hand.

"No, don't, don't do that," exclaimed Mr. Slade. "You really mustn't give way, you know. It isn't as if you had done anything really wrong. You're not convicted of anything, you know—not at all."

"There is some comfort in that, no doubt," said Sydney, in his usual tone again. "I'm very glad to have seen you, Mr.

Slade. It's very good of you to come, though of course it isn't exactly pleasant to see one's friends in this way."

"Never mind; it won't be for long. We shall laugh over it together some of these days."

Sydney could not yet look forward to such a time, he only sighed. A moment after, the sigh gave place to a smile, as he said,—

"I suppose the machinery hasn't got right yet?"

"No, no. It's a great drawback—makes the exhibition very empty. Ah, dear me! and a week ago none of this had happened. A week ago, you know, Bannerman."

A week ago! It seemed to Sydney that he had died and been born again since then.

He went back from that interview with Mr. Slade much more hopeful. If only he could get let free, and keep his engagement with "the Artist."

On Wednesday, the seventh day of his imprisonment, a change came. He was taken back to the court once more and kept waiting in the cell behind it for the greater part of the morning.

When he was at last brought into court, he was surprised to see it almost empty, and the few remaining people hastening to leave.

The magistrate also was absent. Sydney wondered what it meant. The last of the spectators was scarcely gone when the magistrate returned and took his seat, with an unmagisterial expression of amusement playing about the corners of his mouth and eyes. He glanced round, and Sydney was called for.

"You were asked last week," the magistrate began, "to tell us where you were on a certain afternoon, and you decline to answer."

"Yes," said Sydney, noticing a change of tone, and fancying the old man looked at him with a kind of interest.

"I received a communication which led me to believe you would no longer decline to answer, if the court were cleared of idle listeners. We have had recourse to a little ruse to get rid of them, and I will now put another question to you. Were you not inside a certain figure, known as a chess-playing automaton, and exhibited at Buckingham Rooms?"

Sydney smiled, hesitated, and looked at Mr. Slade.

"Mr. Slade gives you leave to speak."

"Yes, I was," answered Sydney at once.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. James.

He was silenced, and Sydney repeated, in full detail, the manner of the theft. Some other evidence which had been obtained by the police was then given, as to the after proceedings of Mr. Harvey, and the whereabouts of the lost money. This evidence, taken in conjunction with Sydney's, was conclusive, and he was committed for trial.

It may be well to say here that, at his trial, the prisoner pleaded guilty, thus rendering unnecessary the repetition of Sydney's testimony, and saving the much endangered secret of the automaton.

"You are discharged, of course," said the magistrate to Sydney. "I am very sorry you should have been exposed to this week's imprisonment at all, especially as I consider you have behaved very well—remarkably well, in fact, though perhaps not quite wisely; but it was the only course open to me under the circumstances."

Sydney bowed, and murmured a confused "Thank you."

Mr. Slade drew Sydney's arm through his as they went out of court, and explained to him the magistrate's "little ruse."

"As soon as the last case was finished, he asked whether anybody had any applications to make, and they thought it was all over. So then, to make them surer still, he got up and went away. And of course everybody thought there was no more to come, and off they went. It was his own idea, when I called upon him; wasn't it capital?"

Sydney's answer was prevented by a touch on the shoulder from Mr. James, who had followed him, and who now said, "I owe you a heavy debt, Mr. Bannerman; will you accept my very sincere apologies?"

"There's no need," said Sydney, somewhat incoherently.

"May I come and see you this afternoon?" asked Mr. James.

Of course Sydney could not say "No," and he went home to his lodgings with the prospect of a visit from Mr. James before him, which did not quite please him.

Mrs. Stokes was very glad to see him, but, oh! so shocked and distressed! "and dear, dear! to think of his getting into such trouble to be sure!"

Sydney let her talk, hoping that the subject would wear

itself out if its course were not interrupted, and sat down to his engraving, feeling very much as if the last six days had been a prolonged bad dream.

In the afternoon Mr. James came. Sydney expected some suggestion of compensation, from which he would have drawn back at once, but Mr. James went to work more delicately. He came, he said, to express the very deep regret which he and his partner felt at the pain and trouble they had caused him; and they wished to know if there was any means of publicly declaring the injustice they had done him.

No, Sydney thanked him, but there was no way. "The disgrace of that week's imprisonment will cling to me as long as I live."

"Don't say that," said Mr. James. "If I thought that, I could not forgive myself. But I don't think it is so. May I ask what your plans are? Do you purpose—are you continuing with Mr. Slade?"

"No," said Sydney; then he spoke of his engravings and his pictures—"And no doubt I shall do well enough."

Mr. James lifted the two canvases from the floor, and looked earnestly at the pictures. He praised both.

"And these are going to the Suffolk Street gallery?"

"If they will admit them."

Mr. James looked again. "I like this one extremely; I should like to have it myself. Is it still for sale?"

"Not to you," said Sydney. "I can't take compensation in that form."

Mr. James was silent a moment. Sydney replaced his pictures with their faces to the wall. Turning back, he saw that Mr. James looked quite disconsolate, and felt at once more kindly inclined towards him.

"You must not think that I am ungrateful to you and Mr. Fuller," he said, "but I can't—I really can't—have a reward given me for doing what every honest man would have done; you must see that yourself." Then, with a sudden change of tone, "There is one thing."

"Yes," said Mr. James, eagerly.

"There's—there's a family whom I have been intimate with—I shouldn't like *them* to think—— If you would call and tell them—one scarcely can tell such a thing properly oneself."

Mr. James quite brightened. "I will—I will at once."

Your story shall not lose in the telling. What's the address?"

Sydney gave it him, and had scarcely time to finish his thanks before Mr. James was on his way to Camden Town.

Mrs. Bentley and her daughters were evidently surprised at his coming, grew rather stiff at Sydney's name, and thawed completely when they had heard his story.

Edith, however, was angry, and scolded Mr. James in a surprising manner. He ought to have known that Sydney was telling the truth—anybody could always see that. People ought to think twice before they sent innocent people to prison.

"Edith!" said her mother.

But Edith was not to be stopped; there were tears of indignation in her eyes and a perfect storm of indignation in her breast.

"Poor fellow! what he must have suffered all those days! And nobody will know! Sending away the people like that! They had plenty to see them send him!"

"What can I do?" said poor Mr. James.

"Write to the *Times*," said Edith.

"Edith!" said Mrs. Bentley again.

"And so I will," said Mr. James.

So he did, and Edith showed Sydney the letter next day.

There is little more to tell. Sydney is not an R.A. yet, but he has sold both his pictures, and has commissions for more, so that Mrs. Bentley no longer shakes her head over him, even, though he has become so far emboldened as to begin his sentences with, "When we are married, Edith."

As for the automaton, Mr. Slade has taken it on his travels and it is now exhibiting with great success in New York.

Current Literature and Current Criticism.

THE quarter has not been remarkable in the sense of book-producing, but it has produced one book which will make the literary year memorable. "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, by George Otto Trevelyan," the historian's nephew, has been received with enthusiasm by the critics and the public, such as has not greeted any book within our remembrance for a very long time. We were a little surprised by the very keen curiosity and interest which the book awakened, because Lord Macaulay was not widely known, as a man, and there were no notions abroad about him which lent him any unusual interest. That he had extraordinary talents, that they had received extraordinary recognition, and that he had been a prosperous man who preferred a secluded life, was the sum of the general idea of Macaulay, whom one had hardly begun to call by his unnecessary title when he died. On the appearance of this book, the first thing that everyone heard was that it was charmingly written, that the nephew of the prince of historians had proved himself the prince of biographers, having steered through the difficulties, arising from his own political position, which beset him in the execution of his task with the utmost adroitness; and the next thing was that the "Life" revealed Macaulay in a totally unexpected light.

The book is one of the most fascinating biographies which has ever been written. Its home pictures of the excellent, fanatical, narrow, unsympathizing, but conscientious father of "Tom" and his sisters; of the dear and clear-sighted mother, so loyal to her husband, but so conscious that Tom was not exactly after the Clapham pattern, and whose difficulty in "seeing fair" between the two cannot have been inconsiderable; of the fearfully clever but not disagreeable boy's childhood, and the omnivorous reading which he stuck to all through his life, are delightfully drawn. The hearty high spirits, perpetual fun, and the extraordinary strong and

exclusive family affections which governed Macaulay's life—he never seems to have had a notion of marrying, and his nephew does not indicate, however discreetly, the most infinitesimal *affaire du cœur*—render him a most attractive person to read about; and his whole history adds to the admiration of the writer, which has always been a general sentiment, a kindly retrospective liking for the man, which, we fancy, was very far from general. His letters to his sisters are not only delightful as revelations of his sentiments and opinions on public affairs and public men, and as evidence of his extreme tenderness and tenacity of affection, of his unfailing humour, and good humour, and his keen enjoyment of his intellectual faculties; they are models, not likely to find many imitators, of intimate family union, unbroken by lapse of years and change of circumstances. One is reminded by them of the discussion on letters from brothers, between Fanny Price and Mary Crawford, in “Mansfield Park,” by Miss Austen, whose books were special favourites, the people in them being perfectly real to him and his sisters, and mentioned in their correspondence with mutually understood seriousness and significance. The arbitrariness, self-assertion, and, in fact, intellectual bumptiousness, which have always been ascribed to Macaulay by public men who knew him, but more freely by persons who did not know him—the characteristics which were so admirably summed up in Lord Melbourne's well-known saying about Macaulay's “cock-sureness”—appear in a different and much-softened light in the “Life and Letters,” and it is nothing short of astonishing to find certain critics capable of citing his charmingly full and funny descriptions of the compliments paid him, and of the evidence of his importance which he receives on all sides, as testimony to his vanity and egotism! The man is writing to the sister who loves and admires him infinitely, upon the subject which is incomparably dear and delightful to her! Macaulay's quarrels and dislikes always have an amusing side, and there is nothing which he has written for which we feel more grateful than for what the *Spectator* calls his “diagnosis of Lord Brougham.” This remarkable utterance, which the same journal places on “the high level of great historical judgments,” is recorded in Margaret Macaulay's “Journal,” in 1831:—

“November 27.—I am just returned from a long walk, during which the conversation turned entirely on one subject. After a little previous

talk about a certain great personage, I asked Tom when the present coolness between them began. He said: 'Nothing could exceed my respect and admiration for him in early days. I saw at that time private letters in which he spoke highly of my articles, and of me as the most rising man of the time. After a while, however, I began to remark that he became extremely cold to me, hardly ever spoke to me on circuit, and treated me with marked slight. If I were talking to a man, if he wished to speak to him on politics or anything else that was not in any sense a private matter, he always drew him away from me, instead of addressing us both. When my article on Hallam came out, he complained to Jeffery that I took up too much of the Review; and when my first article on Mill appeared, he foamed with rage, and was very angry with Jeffery for having printed it.' 'But,' said I, 'the Mills are friends of his, and he naturally did not like them to be attacked.' 'On the contrary,' said Tom, 'he had attacked them fiercely himself; but he thought I had made a hit, and was angry accordingly. When a friend of mine defended my articles to him, he said, 'I know nothing of the articles. I have not read Macaulay's articles.' What can be imagined more absurd than his keeping up an angry correspondence with Jeffery about articles he has never read? Well, the next thing was that Jeffery, who was about to give up the editorship, asked me if I would take it. I said that I would gladly do so if they would remove the head-quarters of the Review to London. Jeffery wrote to him about it. He disapproved of it so strongly that the plan was given up. The truth was that he felt that his power over the Review diminished as mine increased, and he saw that he would have very little indeed if I were editor. I then came into Parliament. I do not complain that he should have preferred Denman's claims to mine, and that he should have blamed Lord Lansdowne for not considering him. I went to take my seat. As I turned from the table at which I had been taking the oaths, he stood as near to me as you do now, and he cut me dead. We never spoke in the House, excepting once, that I can remember, when a few words passed between us in the lobby. I have sat close to him when many men of whom I knew nothing have introduced themselves to me to shake hands, and congratulate me after making a speech, and he has never said a single word. I know that it is jealousy, because I am not the first man whom he has used in this way. During the debate on the Catholic claims he was so enraged because Lord Plunket had made a very splendid display, and because the Catholics had chosen Sir Francis Burdett instead of him to bring the Bill forward, that he threw every difficulty in its way. Sir Francis once said to him: 'Really, Mr. ———, you are so jealous that it is impossible to act with you.' I never will serve in an Administration of which he is the head. On that I have most firmly made up my mind. I do not believe that it is in his nature to be a month in office without caballing against his colleagues. He is, next to the King, the most popular man in England. There is no other man whose entrance into any town in the kingdom would be so certain to be with huzzaing and taking off of horses. At the same time he is in a very ticklish situation, for he has no real friends. Jeffery, Sydney Smith, Mackintosh, all speak to him

as I now speak to you. I was talking to Sydney Smith of him the other day, and said that, great as I felt his faults to be, I must allow him a real desire to raise the lower orders, and do good by education, and those methods upon which his heart has been always set. Sydney would not allow this, or any other merit. Now if those who are called his friends feel towards him, as they all do, angry and sore at his overbearing, arrogant, and neglectful conduct, when those reactions in public feeling, which must come, arrive, he will have nothing to return upon, no place of refuge, no band of such tried friends as Fox and Canning had to support him. You will see that he will soon place himself in a false position before the public. His popularity will go down, and he will find himself alone. Mr. Pitt, it is true, did not study to strengthen himself by friendships; but this was not from jealousy. I do not love the man, but I believe he was quite superior to that. It was from a solitary pride he had. I heard at Holland House the other day that Sir Philip Francis said that, though he hated Pitt, he must confess there was something fine in seeing how he maintained his post by himself. 'The lion walks alone,' he said. 'The jackals herd together.'

We think the *Spectator* puts a too finely philosophical point upon this instance of Macaulay's capacity as a good hater, in ascribing it, and subsequently his aversion to Lord Ellenborough, to the soundness of his Whig principles, which caused him "to hate most the sort of faults which made a man prefer his private interests to the interests of the public, whether they were or were not the sort of faults which brought him into collision with himself." Macaulay hated Brougham as Macaulay, not as a model Whig. We can understand that even so admirable and omniscient a talker as Macaulay would sometimes become wearisome; we can appreciate the charm of his "brilliant flashes of silence," but it seems to us that as between him and his social rival, Sydney Smith, we should grow tired much sooner of the latter. In the long run, no boredom can equal that inflicted by an habitual jester.

The "Life and Letters" have been so eagerly welcomed and so exhaustively criticised, that there remains nothing to say about them, except that they inspire one with a strong retrospective regard for the man who was so amiable, and good, and happy, and with wonder that ever there should have been so peacefully prosperous a life—in which the only failure made room and time for the fulness of success; for had Macaulay succeeded at the Bar, he could not have been what he afterwards became. What fun there was in him, from the time when he offered Hannah More a glass of "old spirits,"

because Robinson Crusoe affected that refreshment, to the time, not long before his death, when he so keenly appreciated the notion of its being a Yankee's idea of a sublime sight to behold Macaulay standing by the grave of Wordsworth! What honesty, too, and kindliness, though his sympathies were not broad or various; what marvellous vivacity, and indefatigable industry; what power of enjoyment, according to his own ideas of it, and what a singular simplicity! He writes to his sister about the unexampled cheque he has just received from Mr. Longman, and the superfluous wealth which the unprecedented success of his History implies, and then tells her how he "took an omnibus" to some place whither he was going. He seems to have been very acquiescent for a man of such great mind, to have had a strong and happy vein of the common-place in him; he never worried himself about the unthinkable, or wanted to know the unknowable, but "went for" facts, and polished them like gems. There has been a revival of comment and criticism concerning his style, almost unanimous, indeed, except in one or two plainly spiteful instances. Professing the warmest admiration of that unrivalled style, we venture to express a private feeling about it. It clogs if one takes very much of it at a time: it is emphatically a style which can "be tasted in a sip."

The critics have put forth all their strength in their comments upon this work, which has been *the* book of the season, and is not likely to be surpassed in interest for some time to come. The reviews are very characteristic in most cases. The *Spectator* analyzes Macaulay's character and summarizes his literary work in two masterly articles, with a keen relish for the historian's humour, and a clear view of his "class intellect." The following is, to our perception, the truest of all the deductions which have been drawn from Macaulay's writings about Macaulay's mind:—

"Macaulay's *intellect* always seems to us to work more like the intellect of a class or a party than that of an individual. It crystallizes according to given laws. The brilliant periods roll themselves out like the periods of a public manifesto. There is always something in his modes of exposition and in the illustrations and arguments he employs, which reminds you that you are not dealing so much with the opinion of an individual as with the mode of thought of a set. The points are very apt to be avoided or even ignored which it would occur only to an individual to determine,—it is only the larger points which draw on the loyalty of a party or of a class of thinkers on which we find the deci-

sion so luminous and striking. And it is the same even in relation to the imaginative illustration, which is one of the most attractive elements of Macaulay's style. Look closely into the brilliant pictures which he draws—always constructed out of so rich a store of accurate information, that ordinary writers would parade it at full length, instead of packing it into an allusion or a pictorial touch,—and you will find that the picture is not painted as a painter would paint it, with any marked individual centre to its interest, and all the accessories more or less vague, but as a vivid classifier of the most important effects would conceive it, and, as a political class, therefore, would desire to recollect it. His finest passages are passages full of imaginative colouring, but when he is not writing of what he personally saw, it is of the imaginative colouring of types that they are full, rather than of that which distinguishes individuals. His most lively pictures are pictures of characteristics rather than of persons,—illustrations of the days of 'servitude without loyalty and sensuality without love,' of the days of 'the fierce domination of sects and factions ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge;' and even in relation to individuals, his portraits are rather illustrations of the more general qualities of their character than of the features from which you could restore most adequately their individuality of manner. Compare Macaulay with Carlyle, and you will find in the one a painter of general characteristics, with individual illustrations which make the characteristics seem for a moment like what the eye sees; while you find in the other what the eye sees, together with hints of general characteristics—which seem for a moment far more generally instructive than on close examination you find them to be. Macaulay bodies forth a lesson or an instructive commentary on events in brilliant colours, Carlyle paints a scene which may sometimes be exceedingly different from the truth, but which is indelibly printed on the memory in its minutest details. It is curious, too, that this class-intellect of Macaulay's—this rapid faculty of observation for all the characteristics which go to make up the impressions of large masses of men—belonged to him from almost his earliest youth."

The subject is treated in the *Academy* at considerable length by the well-qualified pen of Lord Houghton, who lends charming touches of personal experience and recollection to the Holland House episodes, which form so important and delightful a feature in the book. This is by far the most interesting and remarkable of the reviews, too numerous for mention; and it will be a valuable constituent of the next collected volume of Lord Houghton's essays. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is not over-gracious to Mr. Trevelyan; we rate the merits of his two volumes higher than as "an honest attempt at genuine biography;" and we think that if Mr. Trevelyan had done what the *Pall Mall* regrets he has not, i.e., "attempted something like a general summary of what Lord

Macaulay really thought about government, and society, and politics; in what direction we were advancing; how much, if anything, that was valuable we have left behind us; what were the more dangerous, and what the more hopeful, symptoms of modern democratic progress"—he would simply have spoilt his book. There is a general admission on the part of the critics that the revelation of Macaulay's strong family affections, kindly nature, and amiability in all the relations of life, came upon the reading world as a surprise; but that revelation has been welcomed in every instance save one. The *Athenæum* is not to be mollified towards Macaulay, and finds it intolerable that in his private letters concerning his public life, written to the sisters who were clever enough to deserve such letters, but also womanly enough to care more about "Tom" than all the other great people put together, he dwells upon the theme which only would be welcome to those to whom his letters were addressed.

"He narrates his own share in the transactions of the day, and occasionally flings an epithet of scorn at Croker, Sadler, or O'Connell. But of the men who, far more than he, endured the heat of that long and sultry day of strife, he says hardly a word. It was not jealousy or rivalry, but indifference to the personal fortunes and feats of others in the wordy fray. When Lord Grey intimates to him that he would like to give him office, he dwells on all he himself thought and said on the occasion naturally enough, but thenceforth the accomplished and eloquent head of the Whig party disappears, and we hear of him no more. The names of Plunket, Lyndhurst, Wellesley, Ellenborough, never interrupt the continuity of self-portraiture, and, for all that can be gathered from his diaries and correspondence during the Reform campaigns, debaters like Peel, Stanley, Graham, Shiel, Russell, and Mackintosh might have never been. A similar observation applies to the later epoch when the conflict of opinion was about the Corn Laws. From first to last Macaulay never mentions the existence of the Manchester League, or wastes half a pen-full of ink on the name or fame of Cobden, Bright, or Villiers. It is all Macaulay, and nothing but Macaulay."

If his letters had been essays upon his contemporaries, a critic of this way of thinking would have been struck by the affectation of such a style of private correspondence, and convinced that the letters were written with a private wink to the recipients, for the benefit of the public of the future. Macaulay is such a monster of egotism that the *Athenæum* records the following surprising instance of that great fact: "He stayed in India the appointed time of five years. Other people sick-

ened, grew languid, died ; he was above all that sort of thing." He is no critic, "praise and censure are equally over-done." Not only is he cruel and unjust as a critic, but he is intentionally dishonest. His attack on Wallis was not made for the reason assigned by Macaulay, but because the successor of Mackintosh "refused to make gods and heroes of the chief actors in the Revolution of 1683." He was detestably rude, and neglected even titled persons when he wanted to talk. At Bowood, for instance, his conduct shocks the *Athenæum* critic, who draws the following terrible picture :—

"Lord Lansdowne may not have had much time to spare just then, of a morning, to listen to his exertations on politics, polemics, literature, and the fine arts ; but, under the circumstances, any one else would have laid himself out to be agreeable to his hostess, and to the eldest son of the house, Lord Henry, who was then at home, and anxious to pay him special attention. That sort of thing probably never occurred to him. He had been born into the world to expatiate, and expatiate he would.

"Austin and Macaulay happened to get upon college topics one morning at breakfast. When the meal was finished, they drew their chairs to either end of the chimney-piece, and talked at each other across the hearth-rug, as if they were in a first-floor room in the Old Court of Trinity. The whole company, ladies, artists, politicians, and diners-out formed a silent circle round the two Cantabs, and, with a short break for lunch, they never stirred till the bell warned them that it was time to dress for dinner."

Perhaps "Lord Henry" may have preferred such a mode of making himself agreeable on Macaulay's part to the kind of thing which one cannot help associating with the demeanour of Mr. Collins in "Pride and Prejudice ;" and quite evidently the noble host and hostess had nothing to complain of in a guest who could enchain the attention of a country house full of people for the trying period of a whole afternoon. The funny stories of Macaulay's childhood, which have made all the world laugh, win from this critic only the hard comment, that they exhibit "his ingrained love of pomp in talking ;" and Macaulay's professional career is dismissed thus :—"He persisted for a time in going circuit, where he was not a favourite, and got scarcely anything to do. The seniors soon discovered that he knew nothing of pleading or evidence, and the juniors, whom he frequently set down as ill-informed, regarded him as an intolerable prig and bore." That Macaulay's father became poor, and that Macaulay himself became rich, seem to be facts

equally meriting contemptuous mention. As a politician, he was "an admirable writing and speaking machine, serviceable for the purposes of his party, when duly wound up, and certain to ring out the sweet chimes desired;" and the "Windsor Castle" episode, so humorously treated in his letters, and so absurdly magnified at the time, is condemned with the sledge-hammer force which might fairly be used in execrating a crime of the deepest dye. For our own part, we have never been able to perceive an impropriety, a solecism, or a blunder in the fact that Macaulay, while on a visit to the Queen, dated his address to the electors of Edinburgh from the residence of his hostess. He was a well-bred man enough to do so, as a matter of course; he was much too clever a man to suppose that any purpose could be served, could indeed be other than defeated, by his resorting to so petty a device. As a matter of fact, it never occurred to him that he could be suspected of such a stupid meanness; and as this fact is distinctly proved by his letters, it is impossible to exonerate the critic who ignores it from at least unjustifiable prejudice. Still more unjustifiable is the comment of the *Athenæum* critic upon the unflagging industry of Lord Macaulay up to the time of his death; and upon that death itself:—

"The pecuniary profits from the sale (of the *History*) outran all the calculations of author or publisher, and it would have been strange indeed if he had not continued to collect, arrange, and digest his materials for the volumes that were to follow, so long as health and vigour lasted. But the wine of life was spent, and, *re infecta*, he was destined to fall asleep amid his unfinished labours."

In comparison with these severe strictures there is nothing surprising in finding Macaulay's "History of England" briefly dismissed as his "bulkiest and most ambitious work." The absurdity of this entirely neutralizes its malice.

When the *Saturday Review* means to be gracious, it carries out its virtuous intentions with peculiar neatness, and when it says a pretty thing it says it with a careful prettiness. We have never been with the *Saturday* more thoroughly than in its appreciation of Lord Albemarle's "Fifty Years of my Life," and its cleverly turned compliment to the book, founded upon Lord Plunket's cleverly turned jest on the distinction between "personal" and "real." "We have never," says the *Saturday Review*, "read any autobiographical memoir with a better

claim to be called both 'personal' and 'real,' so long as those adjectives may be used as implying nothing more than a vivacity which never gives offence, and a truthfulness which is never dull." The Earl of Albemarle's memoir is a thoroughly delightful book; without, indeed, claims to literary distinction, strictly so defined, but with all the charm which attaches to interesting facts and memorable experiences, related with perfect frankness, simplicity, and humour. The book is like the pleasantest possible talk of a man who, not passing for a good talker, never becomes a bore—talk which is instinct with that rare quality, real good-nature, knowledge of life, cheerfulness, a delightful sense of humour, amiability of the active sort, and it is completely expressive of the not-to-be-analyzed combination which is conveyed by the phrase, "a perfect gentleman." As a family chronicle,—because it records the story of a brave, true race, of which, since it has been English, England has been proud,—as a personal narrative, because it reveals an active, useful, brave, loyal, unstained life, and does so with the most complete absence of affectation within our knowledge of books and their writers,—as a contribution to the historical annals of the century, of the kind which will lend light and colour to the more intricate details with which the skilful historian adorns and brightens up his severer labours,—we hold this work to be of singular value. The stir and military life, the travel and adventure, which occupy its earlier portions, merit that odd form of praise which, contradictory of all experience as it is, is undoubtedly the most popular and effective—"they are as interesting as a romance"; and the later portions we confess to regarding as still more interesting, though we may be preparing for ourselves the terrible imputation of snobbishness, by certain critics who seem to think that Lord Albemarle intrudes upon the domain of literature, since he has the disqualification of being a "lord," and that, having passed a considerable portion of the fifty years he has undertaken to chronicle in more or less constant contact with royal personages, he gives them too large a share of his attention. If Lord Albemarle regarded and represented the people among whom he lived as Mr. Greville regarded and represented them, he might tell the world as much about the vice and vulgarity, the blockheadism and the blackguardism of princes as he liked; but these memoirs are at the opposite pole of feeling, opinion, and judgment, from

those of his cynical contemporary, as George Keppel was from "Gruncher." He hardly tells us anything about the royal princes which does not tend to make us think better of them. He certainly disliked George the Fourth; but he uses no abusive language concerning him, and he tells one story of him which may fairly moderate the retrospective disgust which he inspires. The unfortunate Queen fares better at his hands than at those of any writer above the party passion of a pamphleteer of the time; and if there were no other charm in his reminiscences, we should welcome them for the novel and pleasant portrait they draw for us of the Princess Charlotte, with whom George Keppel played as a child, and corresponded as a schoolboy, and of whom he retains a fresh and affectionate remembrance, after all these years. How keen his remembrance of the "Hope of England" must have been when he entered the service of the young Queen whose parents' marriage was a direct result of the Princess Charlotte's death. What a bright, naturally sensible, charming girl the Princess was! The *Athenæum* sneers openly at the royal young lady's spelling, which was not bad for her rank, and her time; and covertly at her thrift, which was positively good for both. It is a little hard, too, upon Lord Albemarle for inaccuracy, objecting that young Keppel must have had very unusual powers of vision if he could see the Princess's coach turn into Warwick Street, "which is round a corner," from St. James's Street. As a matter of fact, he could have seen it from the corner of St. James's Street, which he does not particularize; but of course the sentence means that he followed the coach with his eyes until it turned. What are the other statements which have caused the critic to "elevate his eyebrows," he does not explain. It is enough to hint to the presumptuous peer who intrudes on literature,—he was nobody when he wrote his first book,—that he,—well, let us say romances,—one really cannot be troubled to particularize.

The *Times* gives rather an abstract than a review of this delightful book, but the reviewer adds a few words of appreciation, which such a man as these memoirs reveal will prize. "Few men have seen so much of men and manners in so many parts of the world; and to none has it been given to relate the impressions of so busy a life in so gentle and cheery a spirit. There is not a single root of bitterness in these volumes from beginning to end, and when we lay down the

retrospect of fifty years we are sorry to part with so genial and generous a companion." The *Pall Mall Gazette* dwells with vivacious sympathetic glee on the boyhood, school days, and early career of George Keppel, but says his description of Dr. Fisher (nicknamed by Princess Charlotte "the great U. P.," because he always said "bish-up") is a caricature, and denies that the overtures which were made to Lords Grey and Granville after the death of Mr. Perceval were insidious." "Why insidious?" asks the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "These overtures were perfectly sincere, and the rejection of them was strongly condemned by many members of the Whig party." This is the one point on which Lord Albemarle writes with some want of clearness, and with prejudice; but it touches an incident in the family history which must be held to abate its unreasonableness. We are tempted to reproduce here one of the letters which the Princess Charlotte wrote to her boy-friend. It deserves a place of honour in the collection of royal letter writers' *chef d'œuvres*, and is, in fact, the serious side of the famous Micawber philosophy of life. The letter was written while the small boy was fagging at Westminster School, and the circumstances may easily be divined.

"MY DEAR KEPPEL,—You know me well enough to suppose that I never will refuse you a thing when there is no harm in it. But though I send you the money, still I must give you a little reprimand. You will, I hope, dear boy, love me as well, though I do sometimes find fault with you. You will, if you go on asking for money, and spending it in so quick a manner, get such a habit of it that when you grow up you will be a very extravagant man and get into dept (*sic*). Your grand-mamma de Clifford allows me £10 a month, but though I spend it, I take care never to go further than my sum will allow. Now, dear George, if you do the same you never will want for money. Say you have a guinea; well then, never go beyond it, and in time you will save up. That is the way everybody does, and so never get into dept.

"If you will call at Warwick-house, my porter, Mr. Moore, will give you half a guinea. If you use that well, and give me an exact account how you spend it, I will give you something more. I wish you was here. Write to me often, and believe that no one loves you better than I do, nor will be more happy to help you in all your troubles than I. We have very fair weather, and your mamma is here and is pretty well. Gramma de Clifford sends her love to you, and I remain, dear George, your very sincere and affectionate

"CHARLOTTE."

The fragment, written by Lord Althorp (Earl Spencer), and prefixed by the late Sir Denis le Marchant to his Memoir of that distinguished nobleman, is a remarkable docu-

ment. Written in a calm and deliberate spirit of self-communing and self-examination, it exhibits a serene mind, a true method of thought, and the most impartial judgment possible; and it seems to us to furnish material for accounting for the extraordinary influence which Lord Althorp wielded,—which puzzles the critics generally,—and a key to the four years' political career (for the previous six-and-twenty were mere M.P.-ship), which, as the *Saturday Review* says, “has secured to Lord Althorp a place in history.” The “combination of high moral qualities with plain common sense” is the note of the fragment which has not excited so much comment as we should have expected. In a careful and highly-finished review of the Memoir, the *Saturday Review* says “Lord Althorp had not a spark of genius; he was a very bad speaker, and his range of knowledge and accomplishments was narrow; but he was clear-headed, straightforward, and intellectually as well as morally honest.” He intended to write his own Recollections. How great a loss it is to the world, that either he did not carry out that intention, or that the manuscript has been somehow lost or destroyed, the fragment which exists, and which was written after his retirement from public life, ten years previous to his death, amply indicates. Here is what the man without a spark of genius intended to do, and the manner in which he proposed to do it. After stating that he purposes to add literary occupation to his former pursuits, he says:—

“The difficulty I have to overcome is, that there are no subjects on which I can fancy that I possess more information than other people. No original composition of mine, therefore, on any literary, political, or historical topic, could instruct others or satisfy myself; and, secondly, I have no habit of composition, I have no practice in putting sentences together; and even, therefore, if I did possess the requisite information, I should not be able to convey it in a way which would induce the public to read what I had written. But I have lived—at least it appears to me—in times which must hereafter be most important in the history of England. I have been, more or less actively, engaged in politics more than thirty years. Even before I was engaged myself, I passed my boyhood at the Admiralty, during my father's brilliant administration of the Naval department. I was acquainted with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, and ever since their deaths I have been on the most intimate terms with all the leaders of the Whig party. I therefore think that in putting on paper my own recollections of my past life, notwithstanding the defects in my style of writing, and the want of general information, which may fre-

quently appear in this composition, I am doing that which will be interesting to posterity. My intention is to write down literally my own recollections. I have kept no memoranda to which I could refer; and though I shall make use of my father's correspondence which he preserved, and of the few letters which I have preserved myself, where I think it desirable to do so; yet the main part, and almost the whole of this work, will consist of what I remember myself. I probably, therefore, shall frequently be inaccurate as to dates; sometimes, even, but not often, my recollection may deceive me as to facts themselves; and it may also sometimes happen that I may confound the impression which the event made upon me at a subsequent period with that which it made upon me at the time when it occurred. But, in the main, the information which I shall give will be authentic: it will be the testimony of an eye-witness, and I am determined it shall be honest. I intend to state, without any reserve, my opinion of the characters and motives of those whose actions will be brought under view; and among others, I shall most unreservedly state my opinion of myself, and above all, the motives, so far as I know them, which have operated on my conduct. In doing this, I shall endeavour to divest myself of all partiality; and I hope that the temper of my mind is such, that I am not likely to put a worse construction upon the motives of others than their apparent conduct requires. I shall begin with my earliest recollections. These, of course, will apply to a period of my life which can be but little interesting; but even this may be useful, as it will lead to a better appreciation of my own character, and may, perhaps, point out why it has been that a man without education, and possessed of such very slender natural abilities, should have risen to such high eminence as I have, and should have possessed the power which, up to the period of my quitting the House of Commons, it was my fate to enjoy."

Has not the world lost, by the frustration of such a design, a prize among books?

The *Athenæum* draws an unflattering sketch of Earl Spencer during his long period of comparative, indeed we may call it positive, insignificance: "His opinions were decided, his resolution dogged, and his purpose plain; but neither his opinions, his resolution, nor his purpose had any considerable influence on Parliament or on society. The great majority of the House treated him as a well-meaning bore, whose education has obviously been much neglected, whose clothes had apparently been made in some country town, who was doubtless an excellent chairman of quarter sessions, but whom nobody would think of staying away from dinner to hear boggling and blundering over his reasons for backing some impossible motion." The reviewer does not go so far as Sir Denis le Marchant goes in

recognizing the great value of Lord Althorp's services, when Lord Grey having positively assured him that, unless he became Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, it would be useless to attempt a Whig Government, he yielded, and took office, much against his will, and maintains that he was never more than a third-rate politician, who did the troublesome and difficult work which had to be done when the Reform Bill was in progress, better than a first-rate statesman with all the irritability of genius could have done it. His biographer describes forcibly the enormous work which had to be done in connection with the Reform Bill; how Lord John Russell broke down, but Lord Althorp never flagged; how manfully he did his duty while in office, and how unfeignedly thankful and delighted he was to "go out." All that the memoir reveals of his private life is creditable, some of it is affecting, especially his abiding grief for the death of his wife, and his public life is connected with one of the most important events of the century. With all this the book is rather droll, and the admirable *resumé* of its contents in the *Saturday Review* is much more attractive. The latter is one of the best written and best proportioned critical papers we have read for a long time, and it places before one mind's eye a photographic likeness of the plain, good, sensible man, who loved shorthorns and hated power, and who was one of the most consistent men who ever lived. "In his case," says the *Saturday Review*, "the boy was father of the man." A letter to his father, written at seven years old, shows the same tastes which he retained in his maturer years, and illustrates his faculty of coming to the point in his statements:—

"DEAR PAPA,—I went to Brington Hill this morning, and caught four rabbits, and there was a good many people; and I did not know who they were all. We threw off at ten o'clock—Tartar and Bowler and Punch and Turpin did very well, but Jenny's puppy did not do well, for she cried at the bushes—Fanny did very well too. I rode upon Castlebar, and Ned Corns was behind. John Townshend and James walked by me, and I went a gallop, and had good sport. When you come back there is to be a race in which you are to run, and so shall John Townshend, and Jack Corns, and Peter. I am to ride on Ginger, and you shall ride on Cowlip; I got three horses at the races at Northampton, and yours is a very good one. You have been a long time away, so no more. "JACK SPENCER, Viscount Althorp."

The following observation is very just and clear-sighted: "Probably the chief drawback to the happiness of his life,

except the loss of his wife, had been the political success which made him eminent and useful."

Travel books are fewer in number and of less remarkable interest this quarter than last, and the few which demand attention have been but sparingly discussed by the reviews. Neither do the judgments passed upon them exhibit much diversity of opinion. Dr. Livingstone had such a faculty for taking the interest out of the subjects he treated, and the picturesqueness out of the scenes which he described; he was so inarticulate, though at the same time voluminous, that his revelations of the interior of Africa inspired his readers, determined to dig knowledge out of the mine, however hard it might prove to get at, with respect rather than admiration. Again, the late Dr. Andersson, who was an excellent, brave, and unlucky African traveller, wrote almost intolerably ill. Indeed, the best written books on Africa are those in whose veracity we feel the least confidence, so that one generally opens a volume of this kind with a conviction that it will be either dull or doubtful. Mr. d'Anvers' translation of "To the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi" is neither. The journey was made seven years ago; but seven years mean little in Africa, and the freshness of the narrative remains unimpaired. A translation from German into English, made by a Frenchman, is rather a roundabout way for a book to reach us by; but the translation is very well done, only that we do not generally talk of "the chase of the elephant." This little slip, however, is, if not the only one, the most remarkable, and the style of the original has no doubt been much improved by the vivacity of Mr. d'Anvers. In true German style, which always reminds one of Mrs. Gilpin, who, "though on pleasure she was bent, still had a frugal mind," Mr. Mohr and his companion, a well-known mining engineer, combined the purposes of sport and science. The book is remarkably interesting, though the author did not break any positively new ground, and written in a style which, though lively, is quite unexaggerated, it gives us a much modified idea of the dangers and difficulties of African travel even seven years ago. Mr. Mohr has a profound belief in the virtue of patience, rates it above courage, except, we suppose, where lions are the immediate difficulty on hand; and treats fever, drought, and tsetze-fly with unusual toleration. He thinks sickness may be avoided by the

aid of common sense and well-selected camping ground ; that water is being found in almost every direction ; that the desert in the dry season is not so much a phenomenon to grumble at as a district to avoid, which applies equally to the tsetze country. The lion stories are charming, and sound accurate, and the author conveys an extraordinary picture of the swarming brute life of the great continent, in which men seem to remain at their lowest, while the beasts attain their highest development. His description of the Zambesi and the surrounding country conveys a more vivid impression of the beauty and diversity of the scenery than we have hitherto derived from books on the same subject. The great river was coming down in flood when he attained the chief object of his journey. Above the famous falls numerous islands, rich with the splendid growths of the tropics, rise from the broad breast of the Zambesi, and so fine is the scenery of its winding banks that one admires, almost as much as one is capable of admiring, before one beholds the spectacle which made even the black members of his camp recognize its beauty and grandeur. He measured the veils of spray which hang over the falls, and which they saw from a distance of eight miles, and made their height 1055 feet.

Mr. Hinchliff's "Over the Sea and Far Away" is a very clever and interesting book, and we agree that its superficiality is not to be counted as a fault, considering that the President of the Alpine Club covered 36,000 miles of sea in one year, to say nothing of his wanderings to the interior from the seaboard. For readers who, like ourselves, take inexhaustible delight in the idea of the great forests of South America, the book will have a peculiar charm. Captain Burton's "Highlands of the Brazil" did indeed introduce us to the beauties and delights of Petropolis ; but he is so harsh, absolute, and unsympathetic a writer, that it is always pleasant to find any subject of which he has treated, touched up by the taste and fancy of other travellers. When Mr. Hinchliff tells of the flower paradise which Don Pedro has made for himself, three thousand feet above his capital city, and of such portions of the gorgeous forests as still remain undestroyed ; and of his voyage through the Straits of Magellan, along the forest-clad shores with their fringe of water-plants and evergreens, and the snow mountains in the background,

the dryness of the air rendering the atmosphere so clear, that the splendid panorama is visible for an immense distance, he makes a successful appeal to his readers' imagination. We see the ocean teeming with fish, and the bluffs and islands swarming with sea-birds. A flock of huge sea-gulls started with the steamer which conveyed Mr. Hinchliff from San Francisco to Yokohama, and only abandoned it when it was near to land. It is satisfactory to learn, on the authority of the President of the Alpine Club, that there are some mountains which never can be ascended, even by Captain Lawson! He draws the line at the recently-invaded peaks of the Caucasus, and acknowledges that the giant mountains, Tupangato and Acongagua, upon which he gazed from the plains of Chili, are probably out of human reach. Mr. Hinchliff's is certainly the liveliest work of travel of the quarter; but the political aspects of the day lend more serious significance to Lieut.-Col. N. Prejevalsky's "Mongolia, the Tangut Country, and the Solitudes of Northern Tibet." This work, which is one of the least picturesque we have ever read, is much indebted for the favourable reception and the ready belief with which it has been welcomed by the critics and by the public, to the Introduction and Notes with which Colonel Yule has enriched Mr. Delmar Morgan's translation of it from the Russian. Everything that is doing in Central Asia, and especially by Russia, is interesting at present; but we should hesitate to accept a Russian account of the complete *status quo*, almost as much as French readers hesitate to accept German portraits of the German or any other empire. We "want to know," like Rosa Dartle, in Dickens's "David Copperfield," and in a spirit not very unlike hers, what Russia means with regard to China; and we accept rather reluctantly Colonel Prejevalsky's contemptuous estimate of the strength of the Celestial Empire. Of the Chinese, the Mongols, and even the redoubtable Tangani themselves, he draws a pitiable picture, and does not hesitate to declare his belief that a small, real army, well-disciplined and resolute, could make short work of the sovereignty and the system of the Flowery Land. The *Athenæum* opines that he is probably mistaken, but does not explain the grounds of that opinion, while it declares the book, as a narrative of travel in regions, some of which have never been trodden by a European foot, to be of sterling value. Colonel Prejevalsky laboured under the disadvantage of an insufficient

supply of money, and the difficulty of having no competent Mongol interpreter; but, considering these disadvantages, he achieved very important results during his three years' travel over 7,400 miles. His translator introduces him as having been educated at the public school of Smolensk, and finishing his studies at the Academy of the Staff Corps. The expedition recorded in this interesting book is the second feat of travel he has performed, and he is at present preparing for a third, hoping this time to penetrate to Lob-nor, and possibly from that quarter into Tibet. Among much that is absolutely new respecting the remote region which he explored, Colonel Prejevalsky relates some facts and describes some customs which are quite commonplaces of our knowledge about Tibet, and relates them all with an equal air of novelty. For instance, the existence of the "obo," which is only the cairn transferred to Central Asia—whence it was presumably borrowed—and the ubiquitous, monotonous sentence, in which the devotion of Lamaism sums itself up—"Om mani padni hom." "We tried in vain to discover its meaning," says the author, evidently unaware that there has been accepted, by general consent, the translation of it into "Oh, the jewel in the lotus," as an adequate variation of Klaproth's interpretation, "Oh, precious lotus!" which was not considered satisfactory. This is about the nearest we shall ever get to it, doubtless, and it contains at least a thinkable meaning. The Russian traveller does not present Mongolia and the Mongols in any pleasanter light than that in which Mr. Michie placed them before us, twelve years ago, in one of the earliest of the books of travel which dealt with this strange, wild country, in which life seems to have so little to render it desirable. He tells a curious legend about the looked-for resurrection of Chinghiz—or, as we usually write the name, Genghiz Khan—a legend which is another proof added to the number we can all cite, of the universality of the desire of the hearts of all nations, and the reluctance of mankind to believe in the finality of death:—

"The Mongols assert that the ashes of Chinghiz Khan rest in a temple in Southern Ordos, in the Koshung (banner) of Vang, 130 miles to the south of Lake Tabasun-nor. Here the body of the great warrior is laid in two coffins, one of silver, the other of wood, placed in a yellow silken tent in the centre of the temple. Here, too, beside the coffin, lie the arms of Chinghiz Khan. Some six miles from the chief temple another smaller shrine has been built, in which are buried twenty of his nearest relatives. On his death-bed he told them that he would

rise again after the lapse of not more than 1000 years, and not less than 800. In Chinghiz Khan's tomb lies the figure of a man apparently asleep, although no mortal can account for this phenomenon. Every evening a roasted sheep or horse is placed near the dead man, and by the morning it is all devoured. The Mongols reckon that 650 years have elapsed since his death, leaving 150 to 350 years more before his coming resurrection. The same people assert, that on the very day of the accomplishment of this miracle, some hero will be born in China, with whom Chinghiz Khan will do battle, subdue him, and lead his people from Ordos to what is now called the land of the Kalkas, the native country of the Mongols. He could not discover the name of the temple where Chinghiz Khan is said to be buried. The Mongols, for some reason or other, would not divulge it. Great numbers of pilgrims annually visit it."

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which gives an admirable summary of the results of Colonel Prejevalsky's journey, comments upon the omission of supporting him in such an enterprise very justly:—

"We in England are frequently charged with a deficient appreciation of the value and importance of such labours, and, above all, of a deficiency in State support; and it is commonly assumed that the Russian Government is much wiser in this direction. But it is obvious from the above details that sometimes a good deal is left, even in Russia, to individual enterprise or the love of science and adventure. In this field we need fear no comparisons. 'Our countryman, Mr. Ney Elias,' as Colonel Yule, in some 'Introductory Remarks,' reminds us, 'who has shown a remarkable combination of a traveller's best gifts, with a singular modesty in their display, has carried a new line of observations along the vast diagonal of Mongolia from the gate at Kalgan to the Russian frontier on the Altai, through Ulias-sutai and Kobdo, a distance of upwards of 2000 miles; and Dr. Bushell and Mr. Grosvenor have also passed the wall at Kalgan to visit Dolon-nor, and Shangtu, the now desolate site of the Summer Palace of the great Kublai.' These were all personal enterprises, without any aid from Government, and without even the probability in view, which no doubt attended Colonel Prejevalsky, of official recognition and reward for success. Considering how much, indeed, England and Russia are both interested in all that improves their knowledge of the regions between the southern borders of Siberia and Eastern Turkestan, including Mongolia, Tartary, and Tibet, and the great centres of trade and caravan routes across the vast space from Peking to Yarkand, where they converge, it may well be matter of surprise that the latter should have allowed so much energy and enterprise to have been exposed to total failure for want of efficient equipment."

Colonel Gordon's handsome volume of travel, entitled "The Roof of the World," with its numerous and finely-executed drawings, is quite an *article de luxe*. The journey which it

describes is one which we have followed of late, in imagination, in the good company of several eminent travellers, Thompson, Shaw, Hayward, Henderson, and Bellew; and Colonel Gordon offers his pleasant volume, with its picturesque title, to illustrate their writings and their doings, giving us sketches of life and scenery which have never before been pictured. These are in some instances strikingly beautiful, and in others very comic. We have heard so much of late respecting the yâk, that we feel grateful to Colonel Gordon for giving us pictures in which that stolid, useful, steady-going animal figures with a great deal of individuality, with which indeed, he invests all the animals he draws in a remarkable degree.

Mrs. Rattray's "Country Life in Syria," perhaps, ought not to be called a travel book, because it describes residence rather than locomotion; but it deserves mention as one of the pleasant books of the season which has been a little overlooked. The *Nonconformist* gives the book well-merited praise for some qualities not so common as they might be with advantage in books of this class—viz., simplicity, absence of affectation, and the power of conveying a large amount of useful information in a small space, and calls its readers' attention to Mrs. Rattray's description of the plague of locusts, in the Anti-Lebanon. Mr. Curley, in his "Nebraska," has said nothing more terrible than the following:—

"Looking out of our windows towards Mount Hermon, the locusts present the appearance of a dense fall of snow, in large yellow flakes, as far as the eye can reach. In all directions you see the same moving mass, and at all hours of the day. Every evening, the town-crier proclaims from the house-tops, 'You men, women, and children of Muallaka, you are ordered to quit your ordinary occupations, and go forth to drive away the locusts to-morrow, all day; he who disobeys shall sit twenty-four hours in prison, and eat one hundred rods.' There are numerous varieties of locusts in the East. The kind now ravaging the land is of the *Acridium peregrinum* species. The Arabs who eat them stew them in butter. Perhaps the cooking process renders them wholesome; I observe numbers of dead hens lying by the roadside, which appear to have fallen victims to the greediness with which they devoured the locusts. The swarm is flying westward with undeviating regularity. Myriads of them burrow under the soft, newly-ploughed ground, and lay eggs there. The natives plough their vineyards in spring and their cornfields in autumn. The mountains for miles round Muallaka are covered with vines, which form the sole property of a large majority of the inhabitants. In about forty days the locusts' eggs hatch, and myriads of wingless larvæ march steadily

forwards, always in one direction, consuming every green thing in their path. In a month their wings are developed and they fly, *en masse*, passing slowly on, and leaving behind them not famine alone, but too often pestilence, either cholera or the bubonic plague. Upon this latter point opinions differ; but there seems to be no doubt that the atmosphere is corrupted where locusts have appeared in unusual numbers."

Generously and amusingly treated by (presumably) the same pen, Mr. Young's "Five Weeks in Greece" also finds honourable mention in the *Nonconformist*, which remarks especially upon the author's testimony to the general absence of drunkenness among the Greeks. How much that really is to say for a people perhaps only the dwellers in the British Isles can fully appreciate; sobriety is certainly a quality which might cover a greater number of sins than those with which Mr. James Foster Young charges the Greeks. We agree with the *Nonconformist* that "few persons have ever employed five weeks of travel to better purpose than Mr. Young, and very few could tell us so well as he has done what is to be seen in modern Greece, and how it all appears." Naturally, Mr. Young is censured by some of the critics for superficiality of judgment, but this is hardly reasonable. He passed five weeks, not five years, in Greece, whither he went in the character of an intelligent tourist, not of a Grote or a Schliemann, and he gives us the results of his tour after a fashion which we could wish to find more frequently adopted. Of course, Mr. Young was disappointed at the absence of the national costume at Athens, which he fondly imagined he should behold (a delusion carefully kept up by the gentlemen who contribute imaginary sketches to the illustrated newspapers), but he was compensated at Sparta. Here is a pleasant sketch, which is a fair sample of the writer's easy style:—

"Here, at Sparta, cheap jewellery seemed much in vogue, and pedlars with the correct trays, so dear to the hearts of English servant-girls, abounded, from one of whom we bought a ring for twenty *lepta* (about twopence) by way of a keepsake. All the men looked very spruce and clean in their spotless white shirts and kilts fresh from the wash, and, like the Spartans of old, are evidently rather vain of their 'get-up.' As we saw them that day, clean shaved and with their hair fresh from the barber's hands, they seemed fitting representatives of those three hundred Spartans who amazed Xerxes at Thermopylæ by coolly combing out their hair on the approach of his troops, as Demaratus, the exiled King of Sparta, told him their custom was in the hour of danger. Like all Greek peasants, the Spartans spend most of their spare cash on their dress, a suit of which

can cost anything between £10 and £40. It lasts them, however several years, and, all things considered, is a cheap investment. The most expensive of all is stiff with gold-braiding, fancifully embroidered on the best black broadcloth that can be had; but this 'extra superfine article' is chiefly confined to the Albanians I think; we never saw it, at least, among the poor peasant Greeks."

Mr. Young has many of the qualifications of a *raconteur* of tourist experience; among them these: he sees everything, and he does not grumble. We could have wished him to be a little more impressed, perhaps, by the fact that one can go from Smyrna to Ephesus by a special train; but he takes it as coolly as the Metropolitan District.

We have seldom read a more appreciative and, so to speak, harmonious review than that in the *Times* of Mr. Campbell's "Circular Notes," which was one of the early books of the quarter. It has the very tone of the book itself, free, yet quaint, gossiping and familiar, yet full of point and observation. "Now," says the reviewer, "we are off round the world on a vagrant tour with a very pleasant fellow for our companion, who has eyes and ears for all that is to be seen or heard." A pleasanter companion than Mr. Campbell it would indeed be difficult to find, but we sometimes wish, while reading his book, that we were listening rather than reading, for the rapidity and even oddity of the style render it occasionally bewildering. One hardly knows where one is, and as to remembering exactly where one has left off, it is not to be done. The *Times* review is very like a race, and the book is still more so. It cannot be denied that "My Circular Notes" is open to the charges of want of refinement and offences against taste which have been brought against it by the critics with surprising unanimity; but on the other hand, portions of the book are extremely interesting, instructive, and good. The *Pall Mall Gazette* justly comments on the excellence of the author's description of Oregon, of which he says it is "an earthly paradise waiting to be peopled"—it is of importance that English people should well and truly know all about that particular State—and we are disposed to add to that commendation that, having read a very large proportion of the great number of books descriptive of Japan, and of the wonderful revolution which is taking place there, we regard Mr. Campbell's "Notes" as entitled to a prominent place among them. He has observed closely, and described with graphic humour.

Mr. Campbell went from Liverpool to Boston, and thence to San Francisco. One of the many clever sayings which stud the book is *à propos* of the route—he records as his general impression of American travel that a man in a Pullman car knows as much about it as a man in a Cunard steamer knows of life in the Atlantic. He visited the Great Cascade range—going as far as Puget Sound to have a better view of Mount Baker and Mount Rainier—then crossed the Pacific from San Francisco to Yokohama. Here comes in the appreciative criticism of the *Pull Mall Gazette* :—

“Japan and the Japanese occupy the greater part of the book, and to our mind this is the most interesting portion of it. Mr. Campbell sees Japan at the critical period of the sudden leap from old institutions to new—from feudalism to the nineteenth century. The Daimios from feudal princes have become country gentlemen. Their fortified castles are razed, their armed retainers dispersed, some of them turned into compositors for the *Japan Gazette*, though still to be recognized by their fine manners.

“The religion of Buddha is abolished, his temples desecrated or destroyed. Those who wish to see any remains of old Japan must make haste; a week there brings more changes than a year does in the most progressive of European States. How the system will work is a problem to be solved by time only. Mr. Campbell is disposed to a favourable view; he sees nothing to regret in the change of religion; he cleverly calls Buddha ‘the apotheosis of absence of mind,’ and writes—

“‘So far as I can find out, there is neither beginning nor end in this system of Buddhist cosmogony, devoid of theology, and ending in endless repose. It seems pure materialism. As tending to promote virtue and discourage vice, this is a grand philosophy in principle. Practically, it seems to have degenerated into a tax on industry for the support of idleness. A practical age abolished monasteries in Italy; an echo of the deeds of the West rang through Japan; Buddha gave place to Shinto, and Buddhist priests burned temples to preserve them from desecration. There was no persecution. The passive mood became active, and the working world passed the stone images, and left them where I saw them, out in the cold. The taxpayers had enough to do in paying for all the new-fangled activities which danced into being when the change took place; the rice-farmer has to tighten his girdle and work harder than ever, to build factories, telegraphs, railroads, ships, and steamboats, and to pay soldiers to thrash the Chinese. He has no cash to spare for priests, and monks, and nuns, and privileged temples; so priests are forgotten, and the images of Buddha have no worshippers on these Japanese hills’ (vol. i., pp. 303, 304).

“Mr. Campbell found the curiosity-shops overflowing with armour, weapons, and rich robes from the castles of the Daimios, and bronzes, pictures, lacquer, enamels, pottery, and china from the temples—

articles all highly prized a few years ago, now to be bought for a few shillings. What a time for dealers in curiosities! We fancy the appearance of 'My Circular Notes' will set the whole trade in a ferment; but they must make haste, or there will be nothing left; the specimens, so precious in the eyes of our collectors, are being swept away like rubbish.

"In one respect the Japanese are unaltered; they still happily retain their good manners and consideration for others. Our author gives a droll account of an upset while sitting painting in a *jinriksha*, when his materials flew in every direction. The watching crowd, far from deriding him, gathered them up, and rendered him every assistance."

Mr. Campbell had the good fortune to effect a successful observation of the transit of Venus at Yeddo, after which he travelled three hundred miles through the interior of Japan, being, to the best of our belief, the first foreigner who has ever performed such an exploit. He went on foot, walked about fifteen miles a day, stopping when he pleased to geologize, sketch, or rest. His "Notes" on China and Java are less novel than those on Japan, and few visitors to Ceylon have given us a less pleasant notion of Ceylon as it is in reality—the Ceylon which is not "Serendib," but very much the contrary. He hurries us off to Suez, but on the voyage writes "a horribly slow paper," according to his own estimate of it, on geology and glaciers, which is, according to ours, quite a relief to the rush of the book. We wish it were possible to say as much for the taste as for the interest of "Circular Notes;" but it is not.

Mr. Augustus Hare is an accomplished book-maker. We do not mean by this assertion to challenge his right to the approbation and general favour with which his works have been received; because book-making is a fine and useful art, and proficiency in it is by no means to be despised. Our supply of reading would indeed be limited if only the writers of books who draw upon their own resources were accepted with complacency. The question in the case of book-makers is of the more or less acknowledgment which they are bound to make of the writers or compilers from whose stores they select the pieces for their own mosaic work. Mr. Augustus Hare, in his "Cities of Northern and Central Italy," has undoubtedly erred on the side of reserve in this important particular, and we are altogether of the opinion of the *Saturday Review* in the literary scandal which has been one of the small

events of the quarter. So distinct an infringement of the *bienséances littéraires* as that of which the *Saturday Review* complains has seldom been committed. "On examining his book" ("Cities of Northern and Central Italy"), says the complainant—

"We find that among the passages which Mr. Hare, according to his custom, copies from other writers, there are many extracts, sometimes of great length, taken from our own columns. These passages have been copied without our leave or knowledge; and to this breach of ordinary courtesy Mr. Hare has added another breach, by making no acknowledgment of the source from which they are taken. Instead of so doing, Mr. Hare, with an impertinence which we should not have looked for in any one claiming the name of scholar or gentleman, has added the name of a writer by whom they have not been acknowledged, and to whom Mr. Hare has therefore no right to attribute them. So flagrant a breach of the rules according to which literary intercourse is usually carried on, puts Mr. Hare, as far as his present book is concerned, out of the pale of the society whose laws he has broken."

Mr. Hare has since, but tardily, expressed his regret for having alluded to the distinguished writer on whose conventional *incognito* he had thus intruded; and we hope his penitence will be lasting, and that he will be more discreet in future, neither borrowing without acknowledgment, nor breaking the wholesome rules of journalism. His book is interesting, a further extension, as the *Nonconformist* says, "of art into the literature of guide-books," in which he has already proved himself a proficient: but it is pretentious; and we join with the *Athenæum* in its protest against the author's contemptuous treatment of Mr. Murray's "Guide-book to Northern and Central Italy," from which, says the *Athenæum*, it is plain a great part of his own knowledge is derived, and in which the more important part of the information—that, namely, which remains of permanent value through the changing modes of government and locomotion—is due to no less a competent hand than that of Sir Francis Palgrave. Mr. Hare has been so indiscreet in this instance that one reads his book with a feeling of vexation; but still it is pleasant reading, and when the *Athenæum* says sarcastically that it might appropriately have been called, "Materials for Conversation for the use of Tourists," we are inclined to think that a very good idea, and that the conversation of tourists would be materially improved in interest and vivacity by a large admixture of

these materials, which are, indeed, borrowed, but have been admirably combined. The *Athenæum* points out a number of errors, some of them grave, some of them very slight; but we agree with the *Pall Mall Gazette* that no traveller who really desires to make himself acquainted with the marvels of art which form the strongest inducement to Italian travel, will ever repent of having taken Mr. Hare for his companion and guide.

There has been a sensible abatement of the enthusiasm which greeted the appearance of the first chapters of "*Daniel Deronda*," among some of the critics, and the *Spectator*, with a manly contempt for that impossible infallibility of utterance which is affected by certain of their number, has actually reconsidered its first judgment upon the earlier portion of the book, and has re-issued its opinion in a somewhat lower key.

We are now more than half through the book, and we think we may venture to say—the tantalizing method of its publication is much to blame if we are in error—that "*Daniel Deronda*" will not turn out to be among the greater of the author's productions. Indeed, we do not think that George Eliot will now ever produce better work than that which she has already given to the world—at least in the way of fiction. We may fairly consider that her evangel has been fully uttered in the course of her various works,—that her utmost literary skill has been attained in "*Romola*,"—and that when she gave us "*Adam Bede*" she gave us the truest and best novel that has come of the modern English spirit.

A writer of novels must, sooner or later, in his journey through life, arrive at a point of view from which men and women seem to him to do more interesting and even more worthy things than fall in love with each other, and when this stage of opinion is reached by a writer much of his potentiality for writing a good novel is gone; for it is absolutely certain that no novel in which love-making is not a chief motor, gives a true picture of human life, and can, in any true and wide sense, be popular. To the philosophic mind, contemptuous of the littleness of poor human nature, love-making is an obvious subject of scorn. George Eliot has arrived at this philosophic and contemptuous standpoint. In her quality of a great literary artist, she knows she cannot omit the passion of love from her story altogether: it is there, indeed, but it plays

but a sorry part. It was very different in "Adam Bede," in "The Mill on the Floss," in "Romola," and even in "Middlemarch." The love-story in those novels was the strong golden thread on which the author strung her pearls of great price. In "Daniel Deronda" we have pearls, indeed, but no thread, or only a flimsy one. The extreme listlessness in the conduct of the love element in her story arises partly from the fact that the loves of the chief characters are of a kind that can have no interest for the author; nor has she so contrived that they can either ennoble a very ignoble character, or interest or even edify the reader. When we predict for "Daniel Deronda" that it will not rank among George Eliot's greatest efforts in fiction, it is because we find it thus wanting in one element of human interest. The master hand is visible in every line; the mere literary skill was never so great; the wit is as keen as ever; in reading the book our admiration is constantly aroused; social problems are dealt with profoundly and wisely on every page:—

"And many a knot unravelled by the road;
But not this master knot of human fate."

It promises to be a great book, but very far from a great novel.

To many readers it may appear still more to fall short of perfect fiction in that it is, as we have already observed, wholly untrue to life. Certain it is that a recent work of a great contemporary French novelist is more untrue, and is yet a great work. In Victor Hugo's "*L'Homme qui Rit*" the English life is far more of a caricature than anything in "Daniel Deronda;" but Hugo's novel is almost a pure work of the imagination, "Daniel Deronda" professedly "*A Story of Modern English Life*." English modern life it is certainly not; and we have internal evidence that George Eliot has, in drawing the character of the fine gentleman, Grandcourt, gone to no more recent an authority on manner than the novelist Richardson. Here is a scene from the wooing of a modern gentleman, of "perfect behaviour," with a modern fast young lady:—"Grandcourt did at length lay down his hat, and advance to take her hand, just pressing his lips upon it and letting it fall. She thought his behaviour perfect." . . . "Now," says the young lady, after some further courteous formalities have been exchanged between the lovers, "Now,

I must go and fetch mamma.' 'Take my arm to the door, then,' said Grandcourt, and she accepted. Their faces were very near each other, being almost on a level, and he was looking at her. She thought his manners as a lover more agreeable than any she had seen described." We agree with Miss Harleth. Nothing so agreeable and refined as this stately deportment of Mr. Grandcourt has been known in English life since Sir Charles Grandison "conversed" with Miss Byron, in the "cedar parlour," more than a hundred years ago.

It is odd that a young lady with such keen perceptions should not notice the singular contrast between her lover's manners and his speech. She begs him to dismiss Mr. Lush, his companion, and he grants her request in the following very un-Grandisonian style: "I let him hang on me because he has always been a poor devil. . . He was always that coarse-haired kind of brute—a sort of cross between a hog and a *dilettante*." The young lady, strange to say, is enchanted with both speech and manner. "Grandcourt's fastidiousness enhanced the kindness," says the author!

We are inclined to regard Mr. Lush's existence in a modern story as almost as great an anomaly and anachronism as Mr. Grandcourt's fine manners, or the extraordinary coarseness of his speech just quoted. Mr. Lush is, indeed, not represented as being an agreeable person, but he is a man of education and culture. There is nothing abject about him but his toadyism; and the toadyism of such a man as Mr. Lush is fortunately a thing of the past; for there is this social reform in modern times, that though toadies of the great and rich still exist, they are of a lower class than they used to be. They are of the stud-groom class, but no longer educated men. Formerly, as we know, people of rank and position could find cultivated and intellectual men to be their humble companions. Now a man of any worth loses caste instantly by associating with those higher than himself socially, though morally or intellectually lower. Therefore, we hold the introduction of Mr. Lush into a story of modern English life to be a mistake.

These things are blunders, and they go some way to spoil the book. It is chiefly because George Eliot has taught us to regard her stories as subordinate to her philosophy, that we do not think more of such blun-

ders; and likewise because we cannot but feel that her acquaintance with the broader lines of human nature diminishes the importance of these errors of detail. They cannot, nevertheless, be condoned—as one critic suggests that they should be—on the grounds on which Victor Hugo's still greater liberties with facts have been condoned. The cases are wholly different. Hugo's grand imaginative fictions are indeed founded on knowledge of humanity, but it is humanity in its essences and first principles; he deals as a great poet only can deal with abstractions, and his fiery imagination reaches into regions far beyond the scope of George Eliot. It is not, therefore, false art in him if, at times, his imagination carries him beyond the region of the possible. Every ordinarily-cultivated and tolerant reader can make allowances for him. Only specialists feel outraged by the occasional liberties which genius takes with the possibilities. Mr. Keith Johnston would perhaps object to the "Winter's Tale" because Bohemia has not a sea coast; Professor Huxley is no doubt too well grounded in the theory of heat, not to feel aggrieved that Milton's Satan should have supported his steps on burning marl with a wooden staff; and Mr. Darwin might be offended at meeting Victor Hugo's Frigate Bird so many degrees to the north of its true habitat; but to those who can take a wide view of literary art, these things are not stumbling-blocks at all.

Still, not every one can take such liberties with impunity, and they can certainly not be taken in a philosophic novel of "Modern English Life." When one of the younger Miss Brontës once produced a manuscript story dealing with circumstances of which she was absolutely ignorant, her wiser sister, the author of "Jane Eyre," reproved her: "It is growing potatoes in a cellar," she told her. This homely criticism is not inapplicable to the case of "Daniel Deronda." Some of the growths of the author's fancy have never seen the wholesome light of day.

"The Hand of Ethelberta: a Comedy in Chapters," by Mr. Hardy, deserves, for many reasons, a large share of our notice, and shall receive it. Why does Mr. Hardy call his novel a "Comedy in Chapters"? This is surely a complete misnomer. In one sense, indeed, every novel is, or should be, a comedy in chapters; but, seeing that in a comedy the story is

told wholly in dialogue, and that in a story it is told partly by dialogue, partly by narrative, and is helped on greatly, by descriptive writing, the collective wisdom of men of letters has agreed to call the one form of literary art a novel and the other a comedy. Least of all should Mr. Hardy use the wrong term, for he happens to excel in narrative, and all his books depend greatly for their interest on the singular felicity of his descriptions. Moreover, we have all understood that a comedy should, beyond every other kind of written art, "hold the mirror up to Nature." By common consent of critics, this is just the very thing that Mr. Hardy fails to do. We agree with the critics; therefore we hold him to be doubly, and even trebly, guilty of a misnomer.

This, and some other trifling oddities or affectations of oddity, have a little ruffled the critics; but they are prepared to admit that Mr. Hardy has, on the whole, done a good piece of work in "The Hand of Ethelberta."

What the critics say of Mr. Hardy is of no small importance to him and even to his readers, for his introduction to many of them was owing to a singular critical misappreciation. When the opening chapters of his last work but one appeared, in a well-known periodical, the *Spectator* pronounced that the work was from the pen of George Eliot! It happens that Mr. Hardy's merits are not those of George Eliot. He can make no pretence to reflective utterance of any particular depth or subtlety; and, on her side, George Eliot has not condescended to the portrayal of what are the humours, rather than the more permanent characteristics, of men and women. The error was, however, one to be thankful for, since it called from the limbo of comparative obscurity a writer who, with many shortcomings, is a very delightful novelist.

In "The Hand of Ethelberta" Mr. Hardy contends, with no small success, against two very great difficulties in the way of the achievement of good fiction; difficulties which are entirely self-imposed. His plot is absurd and even impossible, and he deals with people, and with manners, of which he knows almost nothing. Ethelberta is the daughter of a butler, who, marrying a gentleman, becomes a widow before her honeymoon is over; conceals her identity in a manner which would be simply impossible in English society of the kind she moves in; is half in love throughout the book with an early lover; flirts with, and goes near to marry, several

fashionable gentlemen; courts publicity, and becomes a public lecturer or reciter; lives a life of shifts and deception, surrounded by brothers and sisters, who are mechanics and domestic servants; holds her own among people to whom she does not dare declare her origin; dines at houses where her father waits at table;—in this Mr. Hardy strikes over again the only false note in Thackeray's fine sketch of J. J. Ridley—and finally captivates and marries a disreputable old Lord Mountclerc,—handing over her first and faithful lover, Julian, to her sister, on the last page of the book!

No one but Mr. Hardy could have invented such a plot—if plot it can be called,—no one but he could have worked his way through this tissue of absurdities with such satisfaction to the reader, for the book is, from beginning to end, readable and amusing.

Nevertheless, the reading of such a book, even if it affords amusement, must leave on the mind of the least exacting reader a sense of expectation unfulfilled—a feeling that he has wasted his time over an extravagant farce when, by the very terms of his contract with his author, he was to have a “comedy in chapters.” This is why “The Hand of Ethelberta” is a very inferior work to Mr. Hardy's last novel—“Far from the Madding Crowd.” In that book the author dealt with an important and interesting class, which he clearly knew a great deal about. His farmers, and farmers' wives and daughters, were real people. It was evident that in describing their lives and their surroundings—their loves and their vanities—their hopes and their fears,—the author felt at home. He was sure of himself, and his confidence was shared by his reader: he could write at his best. The comedy here is the real comedy of life; the tragedy, real tragedy. In “The Hand of Ethelberta” the reader feels that his author is half-hearted—that he is fearful of showing his ignorance—of committing some solecism; that he knows so little of the people he describes that he never dares to launch forth; that he puts oddity for reality because he knows not the reality; and is cynical and ironical because he does not know how to be earnest. The reader is never carried away, as he often was in “Far from the Madding Crowd.” He never ceases for a moment to be a critic; he never believes in the Ladywells and Neighs, and Picotees and Julians. They are all shadows. There is not, as the *Spectator* truly suggests, “a single figure

in it, from beginning to end, of which we should say, as we do of some few of Dickens's, many of Mr. Trollope's, and most of George Eliot's, that we know them as well as we do most of our personal acquaintances." It would be easy to give instances of the unreality of the characters: one shall suffice. The worldly old reprobate, Lord Mountclerc, is represented, with a naïveté of ignorance that one might have smiled at in the novel of a schoolgirl, to take in the periodical books of fashion, and to gloat over the milliner's dolls' figures depicted therein!

The great abiding fault of Mr. Hardy's book is that it is untrue to nature; it is the fault that is to be found in "Daniel Deronda:" but whereas in George Eliot's novel there is ignorance of the real ways of the *dramatis personæ* of the story, and a consequent reticence and timidity in coming to close quarters with them—the ignorance takes a not undignified aspect of vagueness—in Mr. Hardy's book it is for the most part laughable and absurd. In "Daniel Deronda" we have a large and most valuable residue of wit and of wisdom in reflection; in "The Hand of Ethelberta," if we deduct the story and the characters, we have only some pretty descriptions of scenery, and some quaintnesses of utterance which, racy as they are of Mr. Hardy himself, he thinks proper to put into the mouths of hostlers, milkmen, and grooms. That these amusing speeches are so often ill-fitted to the persons who utter them, is a reproach which nearly all the critics have made—justly indeed, as we admit; but the things themselves are often so delightful that we are thankful to have them, by whomsoever spoken.

Again, Mr. Hardy's descriptive power calls for high praise; he can claim a place near the two of his contemporaries who best deserve the title of idyllic novelists, Mr. Black and Mr. Blackmore. Though Mr. Hardy is nearly always wanting in the spontaneity and freshness of Mr. Blackmore's nature-painting, and though he seldom reaches to the exquisite finish of Mr. Black, he now and then strikes a note beyond the compass of either. At times his work in this kind has a touch of dramatic force in it which raises it above any mere portrayal of the moods of nature, and distinctly stirs the stronger emotions. No reader of "Far from the Madding Crowd" can have forgotten the description of the fire at the farm, and that of the storm. In both these descriptions, effect was obtained by certain touches of exaggeration, which

neither Mr. Black nor Mr. Blackmore would have condescended to employ ; but effect was legitimately produced, and power of a remarkable kind evinced. Salvator Rosa went some way beyond nature, but we allow him to have been a good painter.

Clever people are apt to treat fools contemptuously, and, when they deal with the public, to forget that it is not wholly made up of those towards whom they can be contemptuous with impunity : a large minority will resent such treatment. Mr. Hardy's originality, his freshness, his humour, and his quaintness, will always excuse some extravagance, but not, we think, the consistent false drawing of the majority of his female characters. His ideal of women seems to us remarkably and even ignorantly low, and a favourite motive in his stories is the fascination exercised by one more or less ignoble woman over a crowd of men. As a rule, the heroine of Mr. Hardy's novels is of an unworthy type : irresolution quite beyond the common irresolution of silly women, want of principle and of purpose, foolish levity, and that which accompanies levity—cruelty, distinguish the exquisitely fair and attractive creatures whom Mr. Hardy describes. They are passionless, or rather heartless, for they are invariably willing to sacrifice their love, such as it is, to their material interests, as they understand them. They have a short-lived pride, which is at bottom vanity and self-esteem. Such is Ethelberta, who throws over a poor lover for a *roué* old nobleman ; such is Bathsheba, in "Far from the Madding Crowd." We suspect that our author's cynicism is, like much other cynicism, only a form of ignorance, and that he knows almost as little of women as he does of lords and fine gentlemen. There exists, indeed, such a type of woman as Mr. Hardy represents, but he should remember that women of weak character, like men of weak character, have correspondingly feeble minds. Bathsheba, to be sure, is a conspicuous fool, and so far true to nature ; but Ethelberta, we are told (for we might easily not guess it), is intellectual. She influences all who come near her, induces her father, mother, brothers, and sisters to let her lead them how she will ; and yet all the time she is as intrinsically weak, heartless, and purposeless as any previous heroine whom Mr. Hardy has ever drawn.

The strongest claim which Mr. Hardy has to the unusually long notice we are bestowing on his work is his originality.

This is, after all, a grand quality, to which, as a rule, the world hardly does full justice. Perhaps it a little hurts our latent Philistinism; perhaps originality is too much akin to reform, and insults our conservative instincts; yet only for its rarity we might be lenient to it, only for the difficulty of consistent originality we might pardon its occasional eccentricities. To take an illustration from the hunting field: fifty men will ride creditably to hounds, if only some one will lead the way—will take hedges and ditches in their stride, will gallop up hill and down dale with due preservation of their equilibrium; but for these fifty, there will hardly be one who, as the phrase goes, can “take his own line,” whose resolution is so tempered by his judgment, and his judgment so made available to him by power of quick resolve, that he can trust himself to make his own way safely through all the vicissitudes of the hunt. If he falls, or, trying an impossible fence, is foiled, allowances are made for him; he is not disgraced by his misfortune. The same rule ought to hold good in literature. Mr. Hardy is the rare novelist who can take a line of his own. Many a less original writer steers his way through plot, incident, and character-painting with better success; but they are in the crowd—they are following a “lead.” Mr. Hardy, to continue our metaphor, is sometimes “pounded”; now and then he recklessly charges the impossibilities, as we have shown; occasionally he is all but unseated; but at least he is always “taking his own line”; and if his vagaries were as many again, we ought to allow for them.

We believe that the cause of Mr. Hardy's occasional failures and occasional success lies on the surface. He has all the gifts of a great novelist, except one—that one is a wide acquaintance with human nature. He does not lack powers of observation, and it is obvious that he has observed closely in at least one restricted circle; but it is not observation alone that gives a man a universal pass-key to the hearts of men and women. He must be fitted in other ways, and we suspect that Mr. Hardy is not so fitted; therefore we cannot agree with one part of the judgment pronounced by the *Saturday Review*—“The book is full of faults, but their existence has not shaken the belief which we have long entertained, that Mr. Hardy is capable of making himself a place in the first rank of novelists.” We do not think this; we believe that Mr. Hardy will fail so often as he steps beyond the narrow

circle in which he has already shown that his power lies ; when he does that, he will be "growing potatoes in a cellar," and the process in his hands will not be interesting. Nature he knows in some of its phases ; but of men and women, in any universal sense, he has shown himself strangely ignorant. Great poetry may be the fruit of meditation ; great problems in science and even in philosophy, have before now been solved by recluses ; but a great novelist or a great playwright must be a man acquainted with the laws that have sway over human nature. The history of literature may be searched in vain for an instance to the contrary.

Of a quite distinct kind of literary art is Mrs. Lynn Linton's remarkable work, "The Atonement of Leam Dundas." Mrs. Linton, among other and greater qualifications for fiction, has the faculty of making interesting and satisfying plots ; and it may be noted, in passing, that she understands the writing of a plot to be a wholly different operation to that achieved in such works as Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White," or Miss Braddon's "Lady Audley's Secret."

We should be sorry for the novel-reader who, having taken up either of the admirable novels we have named, could put it down without a lively desire to know the end. They are, by universal consent, absorbingly interesting ; but they are not satisfying. When we come to the end, and the fever of curiosity is past, we see that we have been a little taken in. There has been a suppression here, an exaggeration there ; this personage has not come up to the expectation held out by the novelist, this other one has gone far beyond what we were led to look for. We have been ingeniously duped—had we been frankly told the facts as we went along, we should never have been curious about the ending. We have been tricked by a mere artifice, puzzled by an ingenious sleight-of-hand ; we put the book down and are none the wiser—or if we have learned anything, it is the extent of our own simplicity—our outlook on the world is not a jot the wider. We have wasted our time, and promise ourselves never to be caught again by the same manœuvres.

Mrs. Linton's plots are not of this kind. They are not written from the detective's point of view, the incidents do not turn upon the catching of an express train, or the miscar-

riage of a registered letter. They are founded on a broad and deep acquaintance with men and women, and the development of the story follows the development of the characters of the personages of the story. There is little artifice; great art. If a hundred years hence a student of the ways of this generation should take up the "Woman in White," or "Lady Audley's Secret," he would get a wholly erroneous idea of our ways and thoughts; if he took up "Patricia Kemball" or "Leam Dundas," he would come near to knowing us, perhaps, better than many of us do ourselves. It is not unlikely that Mrs. Linton and Mr. Trollope together will leave behind them a body of fiction which shall serve as a record and picture of contemporary life, as important as the great series of novels left by Balzac. Some sort of comparison might even be made between the great French writer and Mrs. Lynn Linton, though there is no imitation, conscious or unconscious. The method of work is alike, because it is founded on the same great immutable principles of art; in both the acquaintance with contemporary life is wide and deep; in both the analytical faculties are largely developed; both writers are realistic, and care not to preach pleasant doctrine only because it is pleasant; in both writers, therefore, the outlook upon human life is not wholly cheerful.

It is often made a reproach to Mrs. Lynn Linton that a tone of hardness and cynicism pervades her work; and it must be admitted that there is no gush whatever about her books. We cannot regret it. That she is sometimes cynical must be allowed; but cynicism founded on earnestness and on experience, is not a thing to be protested against. The cynicism which comes only of ignorance or affectation is another thing, and that we never fail to object to. After all, is the world so rose-coloured, are its ways so perfect, that there is no room for a sneer? and is a sneer not sometimes the most effective weapon against an abuse? Allowing that it is, we believe no one can reproach Mrs. Linton that she wields this two-edged sword of cynicism unwisely or unfairly.

We hold "Leam Dundas" to be at once Mrs. Linton's most serious and her best novel. To those who complain of her hardness we commend a study of the character of Leam, the proud, shy, and loyal heroine,—full of fire, single-hearted, honourable, possessed by her great love, oppressed by the remorse of her great crime. In this careful delineation there

is not less apparent the charity and sympathy of a tolerant and tender nature, than the firmness and justice of a strong one.

We do not think that Mr. Black's great and growing popularity will be much enhanced by "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart" and the stories that are bound up with it,—the more so as we believe that in "Madeap Violet" Mr. Black is at this moment working at what is to be his *chef d'œuvre*. In spite of the despairing cry of the critics for one-volume novels—the *Saturday Review* welcomes the book almost as much on this ground as on its other merits,—the booksellers care only for three-volume novels, for the mundane but sufficient reason that it costs no more to advertise three volumes than one volume, and the reading public has its own reasons for preferring the longer tales. It takes a share of literary perception somewhat keener than that of ordinary readers, and even ordinary critics, to appreciate good work in a small compass, and it is chiefly for this reason that, we fear, Mr. Black will not greatly increase his reputation by his present venture. The *Examiner* is loud in praise of the literary mastery displayed by Mr. Black in these tales, and we think the *Examiner* is right. The *Athenæum* and the *Academy* follow suit, and, indeed, we hear but one discordant note in the chorus of praise.

In one of the tales the characters in "A Princess of Thule" are re-introduced, and this we protest against as a fault in art, though Thackeray has done it sometimes, Mr. Trollope very often, and Balzac oftener still—all of these authors, as we think, to the great detriment of the interest of their stories. The better the book the less do we like the characters of it to be resuscitated; and in this case, when it is the charming heroine of the "Princess of Thule," Sheila herself, who is brought again on the scene, we feel it to be almost a desecration of a pleasant memory.

The art in these stories is the making of a good effect with few materials. The stories are called by one critic slight and hasty; but their appearance of haste is, to our seeming, rather an appearance of ease. The *Saturday Review* points to this characteristic, and bids us remember that such ease is itself the result of "labour and practice." We take the same view. Macaulay, says his sister, used to compare eloquence to fresco painting: "The result of long study and meditation; but, at

the moment of execution, thrown off with the greatest rapidity." Mr. Black's stories are clearly produced under similar conditions, and we commend them for imitation to the writers of short tales generally.

Prior to its completion, we should have placed "The Dilemma" in the very limited category of first-rate novels, but we are compelled to deny it such eminence by the uncalled for and inconsistent burst of piled-up tragedy with which the author concludes a story to which the great central incident of the Indian Mutiny, affecting all its personages, supplied quite sufficient of the tragic element. The horror upon horror of the end; the mutilated and half-crazy Falkland, whom we have admired in his nobleness, and his frank, simple, soldierly gallantry and trust; the miserable Olivia, the violent and horrible deaths—spoil the *genre* of the book. It is as safe to refer to certain incidents and personages in "The Dilemma" as it is to refer to Gwendolen Harleth or to the Duke of Omnium as subjects upon which none of our readers can possibly be ignorant, so that we may declare at once that we dislike the Peevor episode. It is very laboured in so far as it is intended to be funny, but in truth it is neither witty nor wise. The great merit of the book is in the first and second volumes, and the central interest is in the admirable description of the siege of the Residency. In these, as the *Times* points out, the author's "intimate acquaintance with the art of war translates itself into animated action; the whirl of stirring public events is subordinated to the fortunes of private individuals. The Indian scenes are so fresh and vigorous that it is with regret we come home with the hero on furlough, to mix in the more familiar circles of English provincial existence." The reviews are very much in accord in awarding high praise to the work, but confining it to the Mutiny episodes, and to the very clever delineations of character. Olivia is a fine, sweet, womanly creature—we grudge her a little to Falkland, though only because she is not in love with him, and we grudge her much more to Kirke, because he is quite unworthy of her from the first.

The *Academy*, we think, forces the key a little in its eulogy of "The Dilemma," though it is true that, as the reviewer says, "It depends for its interest on the simplest of all passions—love, hate, and pity." But we are inclined to

think there is more of happy instinct than of high and elaborate artistic arrangement in the contrast between the "simple station-life of the first volume, with its little jealousies and great passions seeming little, leading up to as cunningly as it contrasts with the tremendous incidents of the Mutiny." The *Spectator* gives, somewhat clumsily, expression to what we feel sure was a very general impression produced by "The Dilemma."

"The story of the Indian Mutiny, or at least an admirable sample of the indefinite number of individual stories, tragic, tragic-comic, dramatic, and pathetic, of which that great congeries of events was made up, has never been told in so popular a form to English ears as in this vivid and spirited novel. Of the chief portion of it, of which the scene is placed on Indian ground, it would certainly be impossible to say too much, at least with this qualification—that the story is evidently told by a soldier, with a soldier's rather than a novelist's appreciation of the relative importance of events, so that at times the tragic situations dwindle into the dimensions which they would naturally assume to a military spectator of the events, and this even when the private feelings of the reader have been so deeply interested in the turn of events, that it is almost with a sort of amaze that we note the military reserve and business-like punctuality with which the casualties are noted, and the mourners over some favourite's death dismissed to their friends and to the hills. All this is the more to be regretted that the author is a considerable artist where there is no call for that extra touch or two of pathos beyond what military stoicism admits, which even the severest literary taste demands in the chief situations of a tale containing so much that is pathetic and terrible as this."

The *Saturday Review* dwells with much appreciation upon the sketches of Anglo-Indian life, which are certainly done with very great skill, and remarks that however dull the existence they portray may be to the people quartered at Mustaphabad, it is anything but dull to the readers of the novel, and it points out that—

"The tone of the narrator is that of the besieged officers, who undertake the most dangerous service in the natural round of their duties, and never show themselves disposed to grumble, save when they see comrades preferred to themselves for some desperate sortie. Their deeds of unassuming heroism are left to speak for themselves, and their jests over the privations they endure only serve to keep up their spirits. Though the narrative painfully recalls the sad associations of the time, we feel it to be a faithful and reassuring picture of the genuine warlike temperament that makes the English soldier so formidable. From Colonel Falkland, who has naturally taken the command, to the sub-alterns whose souls used to be in billiards or their betting-books, all

are elevated and animated in the presence of imminent peril. The women evince a patience and composure worthy of the men who are fighting for them, although death is making gaps in the ranks of the defenders, and some of the wives and their families already find themselves widowed and orphaned. Yet in spite of the sustained strain on the nerves, gaiety is not altogether banished, and the weary days and anxious nights—they never drag in the pages of 'The Dilemma'—are not unenlivened by gleams of fun."

When "Ouida" commenced her literary career it was as a close imitator and exaggerator of some of the worst tricks of style of the author of "Guy Livingstone." That book, wherein we found in startling conjunction the manners of the prize ring, the stable, and the common room, had yet its value as a protest against much that was over-effeminate in contemporary fiction. It was melancholy, however, to see the useful reaction which "Guy Livingstone" inculcated, brought into contempt by its many servile imitators. Among the cleverest and closest of them all was "Ouida." One read her first works with a smile of pity for the author of "Guy Livingstone." Nothing afflicts an author so much as a parody, and the old axiom that imitation is the truest flattery, loses its force in the dominion of letters. To be sure, much of the original was wanting—the real manliness of the "Guy Livingstone" style was replaced by hysterical violence; of the erudition of the original author, which was pedantic only because it was out of place, the pedantry alone remained, and his imitator imitated his reckless muscular cynicism with aggravated recklessness, wholly wanting in muscularity. It was the too common cynicism born of ignorance and feebleness and petulance—the cynicism which may be heard in the mouths of wicked little boys and girls of ten, and of which the formula is, "I don't care, and I *will* be naughty."

"Ouida's" novels have since then held a considerable place among the second-rate fiction of the day. Many of them were ludicrously ignorant, alike in a literary sense, and as regarded the lives of the fast men, from among whom she selected her heroes—those wondrous persons who revelled in purple velvet dressing-gowns, and draughts of "burning curaçoa,"—and the lives of the great ladies who wore "purples and trailing laces," and whose "women" were accustomed to "wrap them in some cashmeres" as a preliminary to their toilet operations. All her scenes were stagey, and fresh air and sunshine

were unknown in the gassy and unwholesome atmosphere in which she exercised her fancy. Of humour she was so utterly devoid that the absence of it in her writings was almost funny; she would write pages of intolerable nonsense with the sober seriousness of perfect good faith; and so plain was this *lacune* in her intellect, that the reviewers used not to quiz her absurdities; they castigated them, with what sometimes looked like needless severity, but which was really needed, because she was entirely obtuse to the finer processes of ridicule. There was nothing but thumping for such productions as "Strathmore" and "Idalia;" the author did not know when she was tickled. But "Ouida" has improved of late, not indeed that she has, even now, a ray of humour, or that she has learned moderation in endowing her people with wealth, or conquered the fact that purple is a colour and not a stuff, or abandoned the notion that god-like chins and wine-coloured hair are attributes of the British aristocracy, but that she has taken to foreign scenes, and gets on much better. She has genuine taste for the beauties of nature and art, real eloquence though she sometimes misapplies it, and happy audacity, largely due to her lack of humour, which encourages her to dash at subjects concerning which her knowledge is of the flimsiest, with surprising boldness, and in many instances with great effect. Her bitter railing against women, and her gross flattery of men, have won her a good deal of popularity among certain classes of readers, and she still adheres to the poor expedient. But otherwise her more recent novels have had real merits. "Pascarel," and "Folle Farine," and "Two Little Wooden Shoes," are works of quite a different calibre from the novels which may have delighted remarkably young subalterns, and fired the imagination of milliners' girls. The latest of "Ouida's" novels is, "In a Winter City," and it is very clever, though rather unpleasant. There is genuine beauty in her descriptions of Florence, and real interest in the story of the Lady Hilda. If only Miss de la Ramé could have endowed her with something less than £50,000 a year! The style of this book is no less eloquent than that of its predecessors, but it is much more accurate; and the chief characteristics of the novel are well put in the following:—

"Miss de la Ramé has laid in Florence," says the *World*, "the scene of a book which will, perhaps, give less chance to her detractors, and afford greater delight to the vast reading public, than any of her former

works. It is written with all the spirit and fire, all the keen knowledge of female character and power of dissection, for which Ouida was distinguished in her best days; and in addition, it has tenderness and refinement, which in the earlier novels were often lacking."

At the rate at which novels are published now-a-days, and considering the vicious system which has prevailed for some time—a system by which novel-writers purchase the gratification of their generally ill-directed vanity—it would be impossible within our space to do more than comment upon a few which have anything to distinguish them from the crowd which come within the limits of the quarter. Among those so distinguished is a novel called "Linked Lives," by Lady Gertrude Douglas, which, though set aside by the *Athenæum* as a polemic, not a story, has been praised very highly in critical quarters, where agreement in opinion concerning the merits of any book is exceedingly rare. The *Academy* can hardly believe that "Linked Lives" can be the author's first work, so much does it find to admire in her finished style, and in the vivid pictures of Scottish and Breton life which she draws. The *Spectator* gives the book one of its characteristically analytical and painstaking reviews; and the *Tablet* imputes to it a high degree of merit in the moral as well as in the literary order. The anticipatory interest aroused by Lady Gertrude Douglas's novel, was due mainly to the rarity of works of fiction from Roman Catholic sources which deal with broad social aspects and questions which appeal to the world at large while distinctly maintaining a religious tone; the subsequent success of the book is due to its very unusual interest, and to the life-likeness of the scenes of Glasgow life among the lowest classes, which carry conviction of their truth to every reader, however far removed from personal experience or the chance of observation of them. We are old-fashioned enough to take delight in a beautiful, sad, and elevated love-story, and therefore the author's hero and heroine, Hugh Fortescue and Mabel Forrester, are very charming persons to us; but we feel that the chief strength of the book lies in its portraiture of Katie Mackay, the Glasgow waif, whose life-history is told with remarkable vigour and pathos. That it is a study from life we learn from the preface.

The whole of Katie Mackay's story is admirably told, and there is high art in the description of the matter-of-course criminality of the family of thieves who take the child under

their protection ; but perhaps the sketch of Katie during her durance vile at the Reformatory when she is sent for by the Mother Superior to be remonstrated with, is as good as anything in the "ower true" tale. It is full of the wild longing for liberty with which the reader is made to sympathize all through the story :—

"The mistress's chair was by the open window, which immediately overlooked the school play-ground, and afforded in the distance a charming glimpse of the Clyde valley. The mistress, when Katie entered, was standing by the window watching the children at their play below ; nor did she at first take any notice of the little delinquent, who, in order to attract attention to her presence, began to whistle, and stamp with her feet upon the deal floor of the cell. Then the mistress turned round, exhibiting a fresh, young, pleasant face, with large, dark, serious eyes, and an expression singularly winning and beautiful. She was, however, flushed, and it did not escape Katie's quick eye that 'Mother St. Cecilia' put her hand suddenly to her head as if in pain. She sat down at once, desiring Katie to shut the door, which Katie did with a very bad grace, banging her back up against it. 'Now, Katie Mackay,' began the mistress quietly; then she paused, fixed her penetrating glance upon the child's countenance, and gravely shook her head. 'Div ye want me?' asked Katie defiantly. 'Yes,' said the Sister, briefly, 'I sent for you.' 'What's this ye's wantin' then?' 'Is that the way to speak, Katie Mackay? Can you not be civil even to your Mothers?' Katie laughed contemptuously. 'Why are you such a bad, naughty child?' continued the mistress pleadingly. 'Just,' said Katie, saucily. 'Just!' repeated the Sister, without the least show of impatience—'just what, Katie? Does it make you happy to be always in disgrace? Do you like to be locked up in the cells? Do you like rice and water and porridge? Answer me, my child—do you enjoy punishment?' 'I's no heedin' aboot the parritch. I can tak' the rice; an' for the cells, aweel, Mither, I aye likit them fine.' 'Oh, nonsense, nonsense, Katie—that is all silly bragging! Come now, try to be a sensible child, and listen to what I am going to say to you. You have been two years in the school; you know you cannot get your own way here; you know that all your naughtiness only ends in getting penance for yourself. You surely have found out by this time that your life is not made happier to you for all your rebellion. Now, do you not think you have tried your own foolish way long enough? Don't you think, my child, you could try *my* way for a change? I promise you it will make you happier than you are now.' 'I dinna ken,' replied Katie, a little more humbly than she had hitherto spoken. 'I's wantin' oot. I's awfu' miserable here.' 'Well, but, Katie, all your bad conduct will not make your time in the school one atom shorter. You have still three years before you, and you know you cannot leave us until they are over. Now the question is, are you going to spend them miserably, or will you not try my advice? You are thirteen years old, and yet you have never been good enough to allow me even to put down your

name for your first Communion. My dear child, this is sad—very, very sad!’ The mistress’s face had flushed more deeply while she was speaking, and more than once she leaned her head wearily on her hands, with a transient look of excessive pain. Katie saw it, and was distressed; for in her heart she was really attached to the Mother St. Cecilia. ‘Mither, ye’re sick. I ken fine ye are, ye’re that rosy-lookin’!’

I have a bad headache,’ was the response, ‘and your naughty conduct has made it rather worse.’ ‘Wull ye get better, Mither, gin I tak’ meesel’ up?’ ‘Perhaps I may. Now, Katie, you were very rude this morning to your Mother St. Philomena—more than rude, in fact. Do you know that you might have hurt her severely?’ ‘Och! I hate yon Mither—she’s aye flytin’ on me.’ ‘Does she “flyte” on you when you are good, Katie?’ ‘I ken fine I’s aye bad. Weel, I’s nae heedin’ I war just born t’it.’ ‘Born to it, poor child! no, indeed,’ said Mother St. Cecilia, emphatically. ‘No, you were born to be happy, and good, and to live for ever with God in heaven. That is why we are all here—that is why this house was built—that is why there are such places as schools, where children can be taught all about God, and their own souls, that are so valuable in God’s sight, my poor child. Born to it, indeed! No, no; remember my words to you, Katie—you were born for better things than you at present know anything of.’ A tear glistened in Katie’s eye while she listened to the earnest voice talking so kindly to her; a right chord was touched in her little heart, and this time she answered very differently. ‘Mither, I wull try—so I wull! I gie ye me word I wull tak’ myself up. D’ye feel happy noo, Mither, gin I promise ye? Say ye do, Mither, say ye do!’ and the child left her position by the door, where she had sullenly remained, and kneeled humbly down at the mistress’s feet.”

In “A Fight with Fortune,” Mr. Mortimer Collins has done some of his very best work. The brightness and movement which are never absent from his novels are conspicuous in this one, in which he has exercised no more self-restraint than usual. He is more than usually humorous in this instance, if equally fantastic, and we congratulate him heartily on old Richard Cotton, who, “confident in his own power to live long, felt a certain pride as his friends and acquaintances dropped into the grave one by one.” To Mr. Mortimer Collins, in his novel-writing capacity, we always feel disposed to apply Ingoldsby’s “Moral” to his “Lay of Saint Medard”:—

“*Gourmandise* is a vice; a sad failing at least;
 Recollect that ‘Enough is as good as a feast.’
 Then do not set your mind on stewed, fried, boiled, or roast;
 Or on delicate woodcocks served up upon toast.”

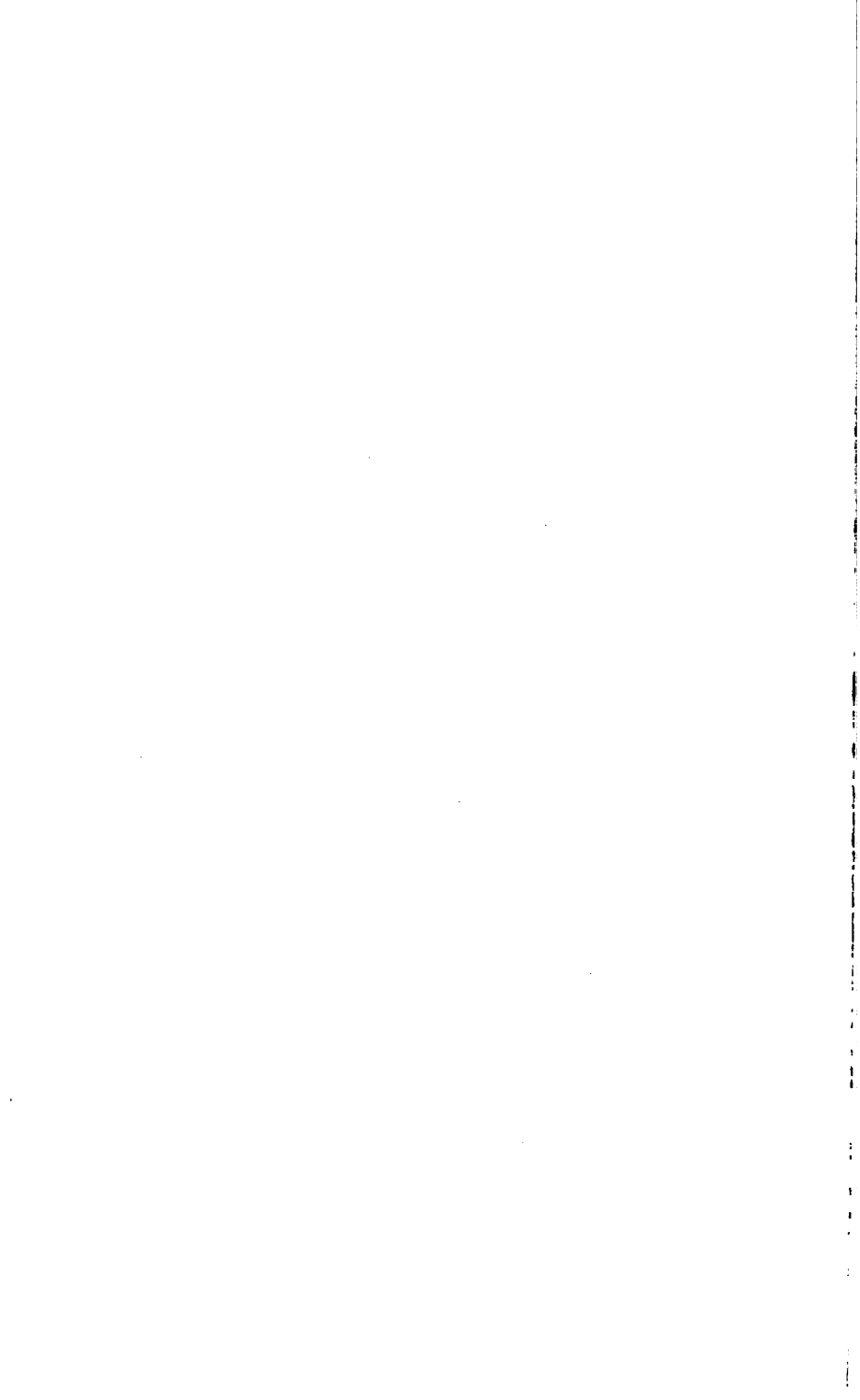
He carries his *mirage-menus* too far; he imperils the charm of his heroes, whether artisan or aristocratic, by keeping them

perpetually at rack and manger. In short, his Pegasus' muzzle is perpetually in the nosebag; and only that the fine flavour of his true and rare scholarship makes amends, only that his own palate is even keener for the strong meat of classic learning, and the Hymettus honey and Castalian sparkle of the poetry of the ancients, we should lose patience with his perpetually spread feasts of Trimalchio. We are quite aware that Mr. Mortimer Collins is good-humouredly unassailable on this point; but has it never occurred to him that he is a kind of literary torturer to—how shall we manage that impossible plural?—innumerable Tantalus, who know nothing about these wonderful meats and drinks which he spreads for them, not like a Barmecide feast, for there is a great deal too much under the covers; but “leastways in a contrary sense, which the meaning is the same,” as Mr. Dickens, likewise a convivial writer, though of a coarser turn of bill-of-fare imagination, makes the orator say who proposes the health of Cheeryble Brothers? In “A Fight with Fortune,” Mr. Mortimer Collins is delightfully witty, ingenious, and scholarly. We prefer his impossible hero, a glazier this time, to his equally impossible and less interesting “blacksmith and scholar;” and, in fact, have nothing to complain of except the prevalence of the larder and the cellar.

With “A Dog and his Shadow,” Mr. Francillon's latest novel, we are disappointed, and we suspect we are in the majority in that feeling, for the trumpets of the reviewers give forth but an uncertain sound, and all the praise is in generalities. We are unable to find in the book “sufficient plot,” with the *Athenæum*, or “distinct character;” and as for the “strong but unobtrusive moral,” it entirely eludes us, not that we think the worse of the book for that. But it is eccentric and tedious, and when we lay it down we are troubled by the questions, “Who is the Dog? and what is his Shadow?”











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